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*"Studies in the Art of Illustration," "Sunday-
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PREFACE

EVERY generation has to make its own books of illustrations. Stories of the Greeks and Romans, of triremes and phalanxes and the Olympian deities, do not touch the consciences of modern men. If this book proves useful, it will be on account of the freshness of the material it contains,—just what I have read and observed during recent years. Many of these illustrations are based upon newly discovered facts of nature or the marvelous inventions in which our age excels. The teeming pages of the most trustworthy daily papers have furnished the incidents on which many others are built. Others spring from the doings and words of the people I have met. Some of them, for the sake of variety, are cast in the form of dialogues or fables, but the fundamental thought of these also is of the practical affairs of modern life.

I have written these present-day parables during the past few years for my own paper, *The Christian Endeavor World*; for *Forward*, *The Westminster Teacher*, and other Presbyterian publications; for *The Sunday School Times*, and *The Continent*. It is my hope that in this permanent form, under an alphabetical arrangement of themes and thoroughly indexed, they will be of service to Christian workers, especially preachers, evangelists, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Sunday-school teachers, and prayer-meeting participants. Like my former, briefer volume of similar nature, "Studies in the Art of Illustration," I hope that this "Cyclopedia of Illustrations" will not only furnish illustrative material, but be suggestive of the various ways in which illustrations may be presented helpfully and interestingly to audiences. Further, as a large part of these nine hundred articles were originally written as devotional chapters, for the stimulus and guidance of devout and earnest meditation, I hope that this will be included among the uses of the book; so that it will become not merely a volume of reference, but a welcome friend and companion.

AMOS R. WELLS.

Boston, Massachusetts.

A CYCLOPEDIA

of

Twentieth Century illustrations

ABILITY.

The American Can Company.

Taking a walk is a good thing, especially if one doesn't think while one is walking, but holds the mind all ready to think when something worth thinking about comes along.

I was in that receptive frame of mind the other day while taking a noontime stroll through South Boston. It was a very monotonous district I was traversing, and I was beginning to feel a trifle bored, when all of a sudden I came face to face with a big sign:

THE AMERICAN CAN COMPANY.

Now I don't know a thing about The American Can Company. They may make tomato cans or sardine cans or milk cans or biscuit cans, or all of them together. I do not know, and I do not care. But they have a capital name.

The American Can Company! That's what I want to belong to! The great company of Cannors! The group of men that have cut the word "can't" out of their dictionary. And, by the way, "can't" isn't in the dictionary. Sensible dictionary.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans do belong to the Can Company. That's why our country is forging ahead so fast among the nations of the world. If we belonged to the Can't Company, we should be back with Tibet and Patagonia.

And certainly every Christian should

belong to the Can Company. Paul did. "I CAN do all things," he stoutly asserted, "through Christ, which strengtheneth me." That strength, and not our own, admits everyone that will take it into membership in the Can Company.

The Cannors, as Carlyle was fond of reminding us, are the kings, and the only kings, of this earth. The two words have precisely the same origin. Our nation is a republic, but the trade mark of The American Can Company should be a royally jeweled crown.

I'm going to walk around South Boston again some day, and see if I can't see something else as good.

The Scissors and the Sandpaper.

"I'm brighter than you are," said the Scissors to the Sandpaper.

"But if you get dull, I can brighten you up," said the Sandpaper to the Scissors.

"I am made of steel and I am stronger than you," the Scissors urged.

"I am made of paper and more pliable than you," the Sandpaper replied.

"People tear you," remarked the Scissors.

"People break you," answered the Sandpaper.

"You grow limp and useless," the Scissors sneered.

"You grow rusty and useless," sneered the Sandpaper.

The dispute reached such a point of violence that the Scissors attacked

the Sandpaper and cut it to bits; but in the course of this savage proceeding the Scissors grew so dull and rough on the sand of the Sandpaper that they were ruined and can never be used again.

Moral: Everything is good for something, and nothing is more stupid than a rivalry of excellences.

Light All the Jets.

I have in my study a gas stove with seven or eight burners, these burners being merely holes in a horizontal gas pipe. When I let on the gas, turning the "spreader" over the pipe, and then light one end, the flame flies from one jet to the next, till in a flash they are all lighted.

All, that is, but the last one. Sometimes that does not catch the flame at once, and I must wait a minute until it does, before turning down the "spreader."

Once, in my hurry, I did not do this, but hastened to my desk, not noticing that the last hole in the pipe was still dark. I went to work, and was soon absorbed in my task. It was winter, and the windows were shut; also the door.

In about half an hour some good angel—I believe in angels, and that they do not stay up in heaven all the time—aroused me to what was going on. It was not an instant too soon, for I was nearly asphyxiated. I staggered to the stove and turned off the gas; to the door, and opened it; to the window, and pulled it down. It was a long time before my head was steady again.

The episode taught me a lesson, you may be sure. Several lessons, one of them being to be in less of a hurry. But chiefly, to light all the jets.

Yes, and all the jets in my life as well as in my house. For whatever energy is given me, to heat and light withal, becomes poison if it is

allowed to escape dark and cold. Turn it to some good purpose! Your conviction, my soul! Your zeal, your holy ambition, your prayers! They are not given thee merely to escape into thin air. Thus escaping, they will fill that air with death. Put them to service! Apply the match of decision! Light every jet!

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Plans—and That's All.

The city of Boston paid \$35,589 during six years for architects' plans that it has not used and probably never will use. Our national government is, we understand, quite as wasteful in the same direction.

Some official has an idea for a new building. It may be a needed building. He gets people interested in the scheme. He gets permission to set forth his idea in an architect's drawing. Then the official may leave office. Or the boards whose approval is necessary may fail to approve. Or a popular objection may arise. Or a new site for the building may be adopted, requiring quite new drawings. Any one of half a dozen contingencies may render the old drawings useless. But they have to be paid for, just the same; and taxes continue to soar.

Planning is well, in all undertakings; but planning is an expensive waste unless the undertaking is carried beyond the plans.

ACCURACY.

The Typewriter That Talked Back.

There was once a typewriter that talked back. It was manipulated by a young lady whose front hair was level with her eyelashes, and who chewed gum as she pounded the keys. Her ears were acute, and she heard what the typewriter remarked as she struck the keys. "Why didn't you learn how to spell?" said the type-

writer. "R-e-c-i-e-v-e—don't you know better than that? What opinion of your employer will the man have who r-e-c-e-i-v-e-s that, eh? And why do you strike two of my keys at once, landing one letter on top of the other? Why are you writing 'send them out of the city,' when the dictation was, 'send them out of the State'? Can't your shorthand distinguish between two such words? Why did you leave that smooch in my upper left-hand line when you made that erasure? Why did you crumple the sheet when you put it in? Don't you know that you discredit the firm every time you send out a letter? Is that what you are hired for? How long do you expect to hold your job if you don't try to improve? Say! You listening?" The young lady at the typewriter didn't say anything, but she grew red, and stopped chewing gum for a full minute. Then she flirited her yellow head, and rattled off a sentence with "seperate" in it.

Just a Figure Wrong.

For years there was an agitation for the raising from the mud of Havana Harbor of the twisted remains of the battleship *Maine*. It was a task that should have been accomplished long before it was done. It began to look as if our country was afraid to do it for fear it might turn out that the ship was sunk by an interior explosion, after all. The wreck was for all these years a peril to navigation, and Cuba properly desired its removal.

At last a bill appropriating \$200,000 for this purpose passed Congress. It was learned that this was not enough even to start the difficult operation, and later \$200,000 was added, the second bill stating that the money was to be used for raising the wreck of the *Maine* "in accordance with the

provisions of the act approved May 10, 1910."

Now that "May 10" is a blunder, for the act was passed on May 9. It is said to be merely a printer's error; but whether the printer or the person who drew up the bill was at fault, the evident intention was to apply the money to the raising of the *Maine*. But the question was whether that \$200,000 could be legally used, and the War Department was obliged to wait for the decision of the attorney-general. If he had decided in the negative, the entire project would have been hung up until Congress could pass another bill.

And this, in a large matter, is just what is happening, in small affairs, every day. For example, last week I spent more than an hour in anxious hunt for an important piece of manuscript designed for the week of August 21. It was not until I was fairly crazy with worry that I chanced to notice that what I wanted had been under my eye all the time, but "August 31" was carelessly written on it instead of "August 21." The aggregate of these little blunders and of the trouble resulting from them in a single day is quite beyond computation.

I long ago concluded that nothing in this world—absolutely nothing—is rarer than strict accuracy. Few workers review what they have done, and then review it again, to make sure that it is as nearly perfect as it can be made by them. No; the rule is, Dash it off, and let the other fellow fix it up.

ACTIVITY.

Muscle and Nerve.

Which came first in God's development of animal life—muscle or nerve? This has for a long time been a puzzle among biologists. It has been the

fashion to believe that muscles developed as nerves acted upon them, and nerves developed as outside impulses acted upon them. Therefore an animal without nerves to respond to the myriad exciting impulses from the outward world would, according to this theory, not develop its muscles, but would lie an inert mass.

But now biologists have come to believe that some of the lower animals—among them some of the sponges—have no true nervous system; yet they have muscles which are brought into action by the stimulus which comes from outside. In the case of these animals the stimulus does not need to travel to the brain from which it comes back to the muscles in the form of an order to move, but the stimulus acts directly upon the muscles. Indeed, there are those who suppose that parts of the human organism itself—the eye, for instance—are capable of acting, on occasion, independently of the nerves.

These considerations would seem to indicate that muscles were formed before nerves, and not nerves before muscles; that nervous action is based upon muscular action rather than the reverse.

If that is the case, we have a very pretty analogy with the higher world of mind. For it is a question here whether doing precedes thinking and causes it, or thinking precedes doing and causes it. Of course it is true that our most worthy actions are based upon thought, and that few deeds are worth while if they are thoughtless. And yet it is true that the highest heroism is spontaneous, impulsive, the instantaneous response of the individual to the need. If while a child is drowning a man stops to deliberate, to weigh the pros and cons, before stripping off his coat and plunging in to the rescue, we count the act far less than heroic. In the same way the highest genius, like the

writings of Shakespeare, is least measured and artificial.

First muscle, then nerves. First doing, then thinking, then more doing. That seems to be the order of highest efficiency in the spiritual world as in the natural one. Live a life of deeds and you will come to live also a life of thought; and the thought will react upon the deeds in its turn. It is by doing the will of Christ that we come to know His doctrine, and it is not necessarily by knowing His doctrine that we come to do His will.

Easy-chair Diseases.

Since 1880 our nation has been growing appreciably richer and lazier. More and more we have been using street-cars, automobiles, escalators, and elevators. Less and less we have been using our feet.

The result has been a marked increase in the number of deaths from the diseases of degeneration, diseases of the heart, of the circulatory system, of the kidneys, of the nervous and digestive systems. Every year there are about 410,000 deaths from such diseases in the United States, and that is 170,000 more than there were in 1880, account being taken of the increase in the population.

In order to get back the more favorable death rate of 1880 we need to use our muscles more, stir around more in the fresh air. These are all sedentary diseases, easy-chair diseases. We need to get out of the easy chairs, tramp over the golf-links, swing the tennis racket, or pedal the bicycle. Health is to be sought for, walked after, run after. No one can sit in a swivel chair and expect health to drop into his lap.

ADVICE.

Ice and Advice.

Often, in walking through the streets of a city, particularly in the business

sections, one will see cakes of ice melting on the sidewalks. They have been delivered at the doors, but careless office boys or janitors have forgotten to take them in, so that they melt in absolute waste, a real grief to the frugal spectator.

Now ice and advice are alike in more respects than the spelling. Both are cold and forbidding in their touch and aspect, but both are preservative, and both minister to health and pleasure. Advice, too, like ice, must be taken in promptly or it goes to waste. Advice, like ice, is sadly often left carelessly in the street, to melt shamefully away. As soon as it is heard, whether in a sermon, a conversation, or a lecture, or read in a book, periodical, or letter, it should be taken into our hearts and used in our lives.

Simplifying Safety.

No one who is in an automobile even a short time can fail to notice the endless variety of safety signals put up to guide or warn motorists and other users of the highways. They are of all sizes, all colors, all styles of types, and they are stuck up in every imaginable place. Moreover, their phrasing is constantly varied, and the laws back of them have not even the semblance of uniformity or consistency. In an hour a motorist will pass through a dozen towns, each with a different speed limit, from ten miles an hour to go as you please. During the hour he will pass hundreds of safety signals, no two alike, probably, and no two emanating from the same source. It is no wonder that the average driver, confused and angry, gives to these signals only a small part of the heed that proper signals would receive from him.

Now, however, the Public Safety division of the National Safety Council has decided to attempt the stand-

ardizing of all safety signs in all the streets and roads of the nation, this as part of a country-wide effort to lessen the immense number of highway accidents. It is high time that this effort was made.

And while they are unifying the safety signals on the highways, would that they might do the same thing for the signals shown on the spiritual highways of life! Here the multiplicity of signals and their enormous diversity is endlessly confusing. Books, magazines, papers, orators, statesmen and politicians, all are advising us, all are warning us, and the counsels of no two are alike. One only gives unified and consistent advice, and He is the Wonderful Counselor. One book only is an unfailing safety signal, and that book is the Bible. Christ and the Bible! these are the standard warnings and guides for all the roads of time and eternity!

Too Many Lights.

Boston Harbor once saw a singular accident. Nix's Mate is a small rocky island in the middle of the harbor, and one night the steamer *Brewster* grounded upon it. The cause of the mishap was not manifest till the next day, when it was seen that a lantern placed near the island by dredgers had been mistaken for the regular gas buoy, marking the reef on which the unfortunate vessel had stranded.

The pilot was completely exonerated by the owners of the vessel. His error was perfectly natural. The fault was the dredgers', who should not have placed a light so near that marking the reef, or, if they did, should have chosen a light of some distinctive color.

The incident was one of importance, since the repairs on the ship's bottom cost \$15,000; but it is of value to me, because it has set me to thinking

about the multiplying of signal lights along the way of life.

There are so many of these lights! I wonder that the young pilots of these life-crafts which I see around me do not get more confused than they do. Perhaps it is because they pay so little heed to the signals!

But really, with oral advice and written, with the multiplicity of books and papers and addresses, all of us, old as well as young, have far more counsel, good and bad, than we can heed or digest. There is serious need of some discrimination. What shall we consider carefully, and what shall we neglect?

Fortunately, the answer is ready. Fortunately, there is one series of lights, well marked, distinct, easily read. It is the Bible series. Every step of the way is marked by them. They shine out brightly on the darkest night. They cannot be confused with any others. And whoever commits his life ship to them will never go astray.

AGE.

How Depew Grows Old.

Ex-Senator Chauncey Depew has long passed his eightieth year, and is still as vigorous as many a man of forty-three. The other day, in a characteristically sprightly address, he laid down his rules for attaining a hale old age. Some of them are the following: "Have regular habits. Get up early; no matter how late you go to bed, get up early. Keep a serene mind. Don't be a mollycoddle. Find some interest outside of business, and stick to it. Don't retire from business, unless you can retire into something just as interesting."

These rules imply much that Senator Depew may have brought out in his speech. For instance, "Keep a serene mind." That implies a conscience right with God, a life at peace with

men. It implies religion, and religion of the practical kind, the Bible kind. Without it no one can grow old successfully.

Too Old to Dance.

My daily newspaper, that exhaustless, unconscious purveyor of spiritual suggestions, has just furnished me with a most forcible and startling one.

It is a paragraph concerning a man in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who shot himself because he was too old to dance.

He was only thirty-two, this terpsichorean enthusiast, but he evidently had danced so long and so hard as to dance himself out while still young. At any rate, on returning from a dance he complained that he was too old to enjoy that pleasure, and in the resulting fit of despondency he gave himself a dangerous revolver wound near the heart.

The account says that he has a chance to live, and as he has a wife and four children one must wish his recovery; though, all things considered, that may not be an amiable wish.

Now it is not impossible for even a man of sense to sympathize to some degree with the feeling of this Cambridge ex-dancer. No one likes to part with the sprightliness of youth, the spring of the muscles, the bounding of blood through eager veins, the ready song and laugh, the unwrinkled face and plump hands, the daring and beauty and sunshine of youth. It is all glorious, and it is not pleasant or easy to say good-bye to it.

One need not be a dancer (certainly I am not) to understand a dancer's feelings when obliged to abandon the ballroom. The music and the lights, the lovely costumes and smiling faces, and the intoxication of sensuous motion, must gain a wonderful fascination over soul and body, so that to know that it is at an end for one

is to feel oneself condemned to a dungeon.

Yet, after all is said that can be said in sympathy for this would-be self-murderer, how pitifully trivial it all seems to the earnest Christian!

Dance? Why, with all his heart, through all his days, he has been dancing before the Lord, even as David danced exultantly when the ark was brought to Jerusalem.

The burst and swell of the sweetest sounds, the breath of the most fragrant odors, visions of all beauty and grace, of all benignancy and affection, surround his pathway from earliest dawn to deepest midnight.

There is no exhilaration that he does not know, there is no pleasant stimulus that he does not feel. He has excitement the most healthful. He has exercise the most inspiring and companionship the most delightful. The world, in every corner and at every time, is a paradise to the soul that walks with God.

That this is no rhetorical exaggeration but the most sober truth all Christians know. Christ came that we might have joy, his joy; peace, his peace that the world cannot give or destroy.

Too old to dance? We happy Christians dance the more buoyantly the older we grow! Eyes dance. Voices leap. Hearts exult. Spirit ears hear a sweeter music. Spirit eyes see lovelier visions. Our souls know more blessed companionships.

Shoot ourselves at thirty-two because we are too old to dance? Why, at that age the Christian realizes that he is only learning the first steps in the springtime measures of eternal youth. He is only learning how to throw off the old man, and put on the new man, which is renewed thereafter daily.

Soon, very early, the worldling grows too old to dance. His dancing is like the brief whirl of the ephemera

upon the breezes of a day; and when it is over, his spirit dies within him. But the joy of the Lord is strength, and even in the midst of trials those who are Christ's shall rejoice and leap for joy.

ALARMISTS.

Fire Alarms for Fun.

On a certain December day some villain pulled a fire-alarm box in Boston. There was no fire, but the department did not know that, of course. The engines turned out promptly and went tearing down the icy streets.

The abominable fellow went on a little further and rang another false alarm. Then further, and rang still another. Yet further, and sounded a fourth.

By this time the fire chief had guessed what was the matter. He stationed men at the downtown boxes to try to catch the rascal, but they were not successful. He had had enough fun for one evening.

His fun cost the city \$300. The condition of the streets was such that it might easily have cost the lives of horses and of men. And all because of an insane craving for excitement.

That exploit, which is by no means unknown in other cities than the Modern Athens, reminds me of the performances of the Alarmist.

Unable or unwilling to do anything himself to make a stir in the world, he goes around sounding alarms.

Society is in danger, he asserts, at this point, at that point, at the other point. He sets the engines tearing down the streets.

If a horse slips on the pavement, if an engine capsizes, if serious loss or injury results, the Alarmist does not care a whit. He has made a stir in the world—by proxy.

And our easy-going civilization does

not put detectives on his track, hunt him down, and punish him. No; we run our engines back, take off our coats, and wait for the next alarm.

S. O. S.

A sixteen-year-old grocer boy in Brooklyn had a wireless apparatus on his roof, and amused himself with sending out the wireless distress signal, the well-known "S. O. S." He added the signature of the Government's Arlington station at Washington. The wireless operator on board the *Arizona* caught the message and concluded that a ship was in distress. Further listening brought no more messages, and he decided that the ship must have gone down. He conducted, however, a wireless investigation, and speedily learned that Arlington had sent out no "S. O. S." Station after station was called up, and at last this enterprising grocer boy was fixed upon as the guilty party. He confessed as soon as the United States commissioners arrested him, and was held in \$500 bail. It was a serious offense, and matters doubtless went hard with him.

Plainly, it is the first half of the old story of the mischievous boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" in order to see folks run; then when the wolf actually did come, they did not believe his outcry, and a number of people were killed. If grocer boys are to send out "S. O. S." signals as a prank, no one will heed the real signal when a vessel is in distress.

The Government is sharply checking such irresponsible use of the wireless, but there is much similar mischief which the Government cannot punish. Newspapers, magazines, books, public addresses, and private conversations are full of unbased "S. O. S." signals. The ship of state is sinking. Business is going to the dogs. Religion is at a low ebb. Society is demoralized. The Christian Endeavor society is a

spent force. Politics are rotten. Finances are frenzied. What will become of us? S. O. S.!

Men become so accustomed to these distress signals that they finally disregard them; yet it is always possible that among them may be a genuine call that should be heeded instantly and anxiously. What is needed is the punishment of the fraudulent alarmists, not by amused neglect, but by indignant and scornful repudiation. For they are dangerous pests.

Take Heed What Bell You Ring.

An alarm of fire was rung in from a New York hotel. Promptly four fire engines made a wild scramble for the spot. With them came two hook-and-ladder trucks, a number of hose-carts, and the engine of a battalion chief. They massed themselves around the hotel, pouring out showers of sparks and great clouds of smoke. A gaping crowd instantly packed the streets. Within the hotel the fire gongs were sounding clamorously, the guests were rushing down the corridors and stairways with what they could snatch up, and the hotel servants were plunging around in a bellowing uproar. The half-crazed hotel manager ran to the box which had turned in the alarm. It was on the second floor, near the elevator. Near it stood a calm gentleman newly arrived from London. "Where's the fire?" the manager panted out. "I only rang for the lift," said the Londoner.

From this incident we may learn a lesson, whether that Englishman did or not. We may learn to distinguish among bells as we use the push-buttons of life. Some are for personal convenience, some are for danger signals, and the two kinds should not be confused. Yet there are many who turn in general alarms when they are only seeking to serve their own convenience. They want

to increase the value of a lot they own, and to that end launch the city on an extensive and unwarranted scheme of improvement. They have a grudge against a teacher who has punished their child, and thereupon upset the entire public-school administration. They think the minister was aiming at them in a certain sermon, and forthwith prod him into a resignation and split the church. They object to a private and inconsequent utterance of an Anti-saloon League superintendent, and at once write to all the papers in bitter condemnation of the League and its work. They want an elevator, and they turn in the fire alarm.

There are more folks of this sort than you may realize.

ALLITERATION.

The Mischief of the Letter P.

Do you know, I sometimes think that we should be far better off if our language had no P.

It works this way.

An orator will be preparing, for instance, a commencement address for a class of young men. He proposes to set forth the elements of success. And what are those elements? They will be

Promptness,
Perseverance,
Persuasiveness,
Purity, and
Prayer.

Or, perhaps, they will be

Pertinacity,
Painstaking,
Preparedness,
Patience, and
Piety.

Another orator is declaiming against the follies of the day, and warning his auditors to avoid them. What does he urge them to avoid? Why, he warns them solemnly against

Phariseeism,
Peculation,
Passion,
Parsimony, and
Poisonous Politics.

Still another speaker is picturing the steps in the downfall of the man who meddles with intoxicating liquor. These steps are as follows. First he

Passes by the temptation;
then he
Promises himself to take only
one glass; next he
Promotes folly by treating;
then he
Pleads with the Police judge
to let him off; next he
Proceeds to prison; finally he
Perishes in a drunkard's grave.

I hope that further illustrations are unnecessary. You all recognize the type of discourse. With the first P that comes out, you can place one of these P'sful orators; and, if you are at all familiar with the P section of the dictionary, you can Prognosticate his Performance from Portico to Peroration.

It is amazing to see how many Pranks can be Played with this Productive letter. Providence has ordained that it should contain within its boundaries the names of most of the virtues and vices, and synonyms for almost every noun and verb. You can alliterate with other letters, and inveterate alliterators will sometimes boldly venture on the unfamiliar ground of L or D or M; but it is not quite so satisfactory, and they always come back with a sigh of content to the Pleasant Purlieus of P.

They can argue for it; of course they can. You can argue for *anything*. They say that when they arrange their thoughts along lines of P, they are easily remembered; though the irreverent would think more of thoughts that grew together than of thoughts

pinned together, no matter if the pins are stuck in with beautiful regularity. And then, they say that a P discourse can be better held in memory by the auditors; though a critic might consider the natural linking of ideas a more efficient aid to memory than any amount of artificial P'sing.

But, passing that by, the fundamental objection to this habit of alliteration is its departure from truth. Our orator who is stating the elements of success does not first coolly and patiently think what those elements are, but he draws up a list of success-producing virtues that begin with P. All good; I grant that. But something that ought to go in will be left out, just because it does not happen to begin with P; and something of quite inferior importance will be put in, because its initial is the magic letter.

In fine, this habit of alliteration

Deviates from the
Direct course of
Durable
Dissertation, and is
Daft,
Doubtful,
Dangerous, and
Diabological. Therefore,
Don't
Do it!

AMBITION.

The Snails' Race.

The snails had a race one day. It was a widely advertised affair, and snails came from as far as the next pasture to see it. The competing snails had trained for weeks. They were famous runners, and expectation ran high throughout snaildom.

A vast crowd of snails gathered in the bottom land by the brook, where the course was laid out. There were fully a hundred of them. They waved banners and shouted themselves hoarse as the competitors set off. Their

speed was tremendous, fully ten feet an hour. No such running had ever been seen among the snails. The enthusiasm of the spectators mounted with each hour of the race. They kept pace with difficulty. In five hours the runners had reached the goal, with only brief intervals between them. It was the most exciting event of the snails' year, and the victor was honored with a crown of parsley.

Moral: Who knows but our mad frenzies, our hot competitions, look to the angels very much as snails' races look to us?

Getting Down Again.

Horses are very much like people.

For instance, the employees on the third floor of a Boston paper-box factory were greatly astonished one day when a large horse, fully harnessed, walked into their room.

He had just been shod in the street below, and had taken it into his head to walk out, enter the neighboring establishment, and walk up two flights of stairs!

The problem was how to get the fourteen-hundred-pound beast down to the level again. He was far too large for the elevator.

At last the driver took him by the bridle, a rope was tied about his body, and twenty-five or thirty men held him back while he made a stumbling and precarious journey down the way he had come up.

On the same day, in a suburb of Boston, another horse created some amusement at a drinking-fountain. He had quenched his thirst, but was not quite content with that. He backed a little, and then managed to lift his front feet into the fountain, where he splashed them about with evident enjoyment. Here also the problem was to get him down again; and though this was accomplished, it was not an easy matter.

At my home there is a cat, Topsy by name, who was a long time in learning the full trick of tree-climbing. He was very ambitious, and delighted in scampering *up* all the trees in the neighborhood. Moreover, he was very timid, and would often retreat into those trees to escape hostile dogs or cats. But, once up, he could not descend.

There he would remain, sometimes for hours, stretched out upon a limb, trembling, looking eagerly down upon the desired ground, and meowing pitifully. Baskets were lifted to him on long poles. He would put out his paw and test them. They were too shaky for *him*. Punches with the said pole would merely send him further up the tree. Usually there was nothing for it but to climb after him, and rescue him at the peril of his desperate claws.

And now let all over-ambitious animals take warning!

Yes, let me myself take warning.

For how many, many times I have sprung up into some tree of lofty endeavor, only to find myself "up a tree" in the slangy sense of the term! I have attempted more than I can carry out. My task is too much for my time, or my strength, or my wisdom. And I am at my wits' ends to know how to climb down again.

For promising is so easy, undertaking is so alluring, but fulfillment is so very, very hard.

The Parable of the Shingles.

Two carpenters were shingling a roof. One had the north and west sides, the other the south and east. Occasionally they inspected each other's jobs, and the first, who was the younger of the two, criticised the second severely.

"Why don't you set your shingles close together?" he said. "One would think you were just learning the trade.

Why, any beginner would know better. Such gaps! A fourth of an inch, at least, between every pair, and the rain will pour right in. You'd better do it all over before some one makes you."

The older carpenter flushed angrily, but pressed his lips tightly together and said nothing.

The roof was finished, and then came a heavy rain which froze as it fell, covering everything with a sheet of ice. Then the sun came out.

The next day the owner of the house was horrified to see the shingles on the north and west sides of his new roof swollen and wrinkled in waves that rose in many places an inch from the roof. They were red cedar shingles, and that was their fashion when laid tightly together. But the shingles on the south and east side had merely swelled out till they touched.

Therefore the smart young carpenter was summoned and compelled to do his job all over again.

Moral: The programme of a meeting—or a life—may easily be too closely packed.

The Ambitious Flashlight.

Once there was a pocket Flashlight, whose notions became inflated from conversing with an electric chandelier in the shop.

"Why," he asked, "should I give forth only flashes of brilliancy, while the Arc Light shines all night? Am I not electric, the same as he? Is not my light as bright, while it lasts? Why this paltry button arrangement, springing back so quickly, and condemning me to darkness so promptly? I also will have a career! I also will be a permanent luminary!"

"Look out!" a Gas Fixture warned him. "Don't try to ape your betters. Be content to be what you were designed to be."

"My betters!" the Flashlight ex-

claimed. "I'll show you that I'm as good as the Arc Light."

Thereupon, the next time his master pressed the Flashlight button, it stuck fast, and the Flashlight continued to burn, unknown to his master.

"There!" the Flashlight exclaimed. "Now you see what I really am. Behold me, Arc Light, Incandescent, Gas Light, all of you. See how bright I am. See how steady I am. Am I not a wonder?"

So the Flashlight continued to exult for half the night; and then, suddenly, he grew red and went out.

The next night, when his master tried to use him, there was no answering flash, nothing but darkness.

"Pooh!" said his master. "Another Flashlight gone wrong. I've lost patience with the whole lot of them. They are more bother than they're worth."

He tossed the Flashlight on to a dusty shelf, and there it has remained to this day.

From Cab to Crown.

I have just been reading about two horses of spirit. One was a night cab horse of London. He plodded along for some time before a man came along that was struck by the horse's fine lines, and bought him for \$25. He trained him, and won many races with him. His name was Lottery.

Another case was that of Corkscrew. Corkscrew was a butcher's horse, and when he was sold to a discerning stranger, the butcher obtained \$25, less the value of a large piece of meat which he was obliged to "throw in." But Corkscrew, a big, clumsy beast, won many a race before he died.

Of course, you know that I don't approve of betting on horses, or on anything else; but that's the fault of men, and not of horses. What I admire is the pluck of those two

animals. Cab and butcher cart had not taken the spunk out of them. Hard conditions had not destroyed their ambition. Plodding had not rendered them incapable of racing. And when the chance for speed arrived, off they flew like the wind!

I want to be like that. I may be an old hack now. I may have routine and drudgery and long days of steady grind. Never mind. Let me keep in trim. Let me not lose buoyancy of soul. Let me front each day with a smile. Let me maintain a vibrant spirit.

Because, some time,—perhaps not in this world, but in *some* world,—they will unstrap the harness, the shafts will fall, the smooth path of unhindered effort will stretch out before me, they will slap me on the side, and shout—"Go!"

"Above Your Job."

We sneer at a man who is "above his job," and rightly. If he thinks he is too good to be doing what he ought to be doing, he simply isn't doing it. No man can be "on his job" if he is above it.

And yet, in a sense, every true worker is above his job. He has ideals above it, plans above it, methods above it, associates and reading above it, all that he may elevate his job to the plane on which he has come to stand. He thinks so much of his job that he does not want to leave it where it is; he wants to advance it, promote it.

Edison was above his job as a newsboy; but what a newsboy he made! Wilson was above his job as a college president; that's one reason why he became President of the United States.

Never get above your job in pride; always get above your job in ambition. Those contrasted maxims define success.

My Own Ground.

In building one cannot be too careful not to encroach upon the ground belonging to another. It is the law that such a building may be torn down by the owner of the ground encroached upon; indeed, he himself owns whatever is built upon his land; the builder does not own it.

A very striking illustration of this principle has been discussed in the papers. It concerns the great Singer Building in New York City, which for some years had the distinction of being the highest building in the world, not counting the Eiffel Tower.

The city government had been investigating the position of buildings with reference to the sidewalks, and discovered that many of them encroach upon the sidewalks of the metropolis to a considerable extent. The most serious of these offenders is the Singer Building, 110 feet of whose Liberty-Street side project fifteen inches beyond the proper building line. The city notified the owners of the building that this fifteen inches must be removed.

The cut will not be made until all resources of litigation have been exhausted. To do the work means the slicing off of thousands of tons of the heaviest and most expensive construction. Great blocks of stone must be pared, and in places even the steel of the frame must be cut away.

It is thus, many and many a time, with the superstructure of our life-work.

We enter an occupation which is already crowded. We take up a work for which others are fitted far better than we are. We engage in an enterprise which others have previously undertaken and are carrying to measurable success already. We gain a comfortable fortune, and become ambitious for a fortune still larger. We embark in operations beyond the

powers that God has given us. In many ways we are likely to extend our building beyond the ground that belongs to us, and build upon ground that belongs to others. And the results are always disastrous.

We overtax our strength. We disclose the poverty of our intellect and the inadequacy of our training. We use up all our money and exhaust our credit. We make ourselves a laughing-stock. We are soon numbered with the failures. The great knife of public opinion sweeps around us and slices our pretensions to the quick of the meager reality. We are left there, shorn, aghast, ridiculous.

When Christ, in the parable, gave the command, "Occupy," He implied that we are to fill up the full measure of our legitimate ground space; but we are not to go an inch beyond it. It is a fine thing to develop our muscles and chest. It is an absurd thing to blow ourselves up into a bursting gas bag.

Your Eye on the Ball.

Perhaps the commonest rule in the game of golf, if one would be proficient, is "Keep your eye on the ball"; and it is the rule most frequently broken. There is an almost irresistible tendency to look, not at the ball you are hitting, but at the far-away flag toward which you are driving it. To be sure, you must glance at the flag to get the direction, but if you would send the ball thither, you must keep your eye upon it throughout the stroke, and you must even keep your eye, for an instant after the stroke, upon the place where the ball was. If you do not do this, the ball will fly off at an angle.

The rule is also a rule for the game of life. Keep your eye on the work in hand rather than on the far-off goal. You must look at the goal enough to get your direction, but your

mind must be on your immediate task or you will never reach the goal. Ambitions are reached by way of daily duties.

Loaded for Rabbit.

A funny incident occurred in western Massachusetts. A party of hunters came upon a bull moose which had escaped from a reservation, but their guns were all loaded for rabbit! There was the big beast, staring angrily at them; and there were those ineffectual little pellets in their guns! The bull moose seemed to sense the situation and charged the hunters, who were obliged to run for their lives.

How often this happens in more important hunting! Nay, is it not usually the case that we go out hunting for rabbits, when the woods are full of bull moose? We go out after small thoughts, trifling thoughts, little, easy thoughts, when the big thoughts, the epochal thoughts, the revolutionary, vitalizing thoughts, are right at our hand, ready for capture.

We select little books, inconsequential books, while it is just as easy to pick from the shelves the great books, the books that will inspire our lives to grand activity.

We choose the little tasks, the rabbit tasks, the soft, cottony, furry tasks; we seldom deliberately hunt up the tasks that are worthy of men and women, the tasks that call for muscle and make muscle, that require determination and courage and make courage and grit.

In our Bibles we read, over and over, the easy, familiar passages, and seldom venture into a new book or a difficult one.

In our Christian Endeavor societies we ask to be placed on the easy committees, or none at all. If we must lead a meeting, we insist on being being assigned the easiest topic.

In the Sunday school, if we teach at all, we must have the class of gentle little girls, not the class of obstreperous boys.

In the prayer meeting we read a Bible verse, but never stand on our feet and give a word right out of our lives or a prayer right out of our hearts.

The bull moose—I am not talking politics!—is a magnificent, bold, gigantic animal. The rabbit is a timid, tiny, insignificant animal.

Will you live a rabbit life?

ANGER.

Look Out for Your Own Torpedoes.

Dirigible torpedoes, it seems, are not always dirigible.

One day they shot a torpedo from the *E. W. Bliss*, a gunboat, near Sag Harbor, Long Island.

The deadly missile got out a way in the water and then jumped from its steering-gear and ran wild. It headed straight backward for the *E. W. Bliss*, and the forty men on that vessel were in immediate peril of their lives.

By good luck, a coal barge was in the course the torpedo chose to take, and the barge saved the gunboat. The torpedo struck the barge with great force, tore out most of one side, and it started to sink. There is no explosive in torpedoes while they are being tested, or the barge would have been blown up. As it was, the barge's crew were just able to get it on shore in time, and beach it.

This event is calculated to make a person think twice before he launches against another man any injurious projectile whatever. We have heard of boomerangs. We have heard of "being hoist with one's own petard." But a torpedo is both American and modern; it is a present-day warning.

You do not think the torpedo will run away. No one ever does that,

when he fires it. Probably you are red-hot mad when you fire it. It is a word of anger. It is a sneer. It is a wrathful letter. It may even be a blow. Out it goes, hissing through the ocean of life, its head sharp to pierce and its tiny hull crammed with nitroglycerine. Ah, but it will tear things to pieces when it strikes, and serve 'em right!

But hold! what is that foam on the water? The pesky thing has stopped! It has whirled around! It is heading this way! It is aiming for the very gun that fired it, and there's no time to get out of the way! Nor will you probably be fortunate enough to hide back of a coal barge.

On the whole, I think I will keep out of the torpedo business.

The Quarrelsome Hands.

The hour hand and the minute hand of a certain clock were not in agreement. When the hour hand marked half past, for instance, the minute hand marked quarter past.

The two had many a dispute about it. "I am exactly right," said the hour hand.

"You are exactly wrong," asserted the minute hand, "and I am right."

"You are obstinate," declared the hour hand. "You are mulish," the minute hand replied.

"You make the clock inaccurate," the hour hand charged.

"You make it ridiculous," answered the minute hand.

At last the quarrel grew so fierce that when the minute hand overtook the hour hand in the course of his circuit the two locked together in a wrestling-match, and neither would let go. As a result, the clock stopped.

"Dear me," cried the owner of the clock when he observed what had happened. "That old clock has stopped again. The attic is the place for it."

So to the attic it was packed forth-

with, to meditate its follies amid the cobwebs and the mice.

Weighing Words.

It happened in Chicago. Joseph Garron came home drunk. His poor wife, half frenzied—and no wonder!—with grief and righteous wrath, received him with these bitter words: "Leave this house! You'd better jump into the lake and drown yourself."

"All right," was the maudlin answer. "I'll do just that."

In drunken, stupid rage the fellow rushed off, and plunged into Lake Michigan. He was still alive when they discovered him, but he died two hours later in the hospital.

In his pocket they found a brutal note: "This is to certify that my wife, Maggie Garron, told me to leave the house and go to the lake and drown myself. Good-by and God forgive her."

Mrs. Garron reached the hospital a few minutes after his death, and knelt in an agony of sorrow at the bedside.

"Oh," she groaned, "I was only joking, I was only joking."

This is a sad story, but I tell it because it teaches two greatly needed lessons: Weigh carefully your own words; weigh carefully the words of others. Don't say anything that you would not willingly have taken literally. Don't take literally anything that you know is not intended to be taken literally.

Passionate speech and passionate hearing are responsible for many of our saddest tragedies. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Watch the Acid.

The storage battery of an automobile does wonderful things: it explodes

the gasoline and so brings to bear the power that moves the car, and it lights the car at night. But all this work depends upon the current of electricity in the battery, and that current depends upon the sulphuric acid there. This acid must be weakened by water, and the water must be kept at a certain height, fresh water being supplied as the old water evaporates. The water is squirted by a rubber "gun" through a dozen holes in the top of the battery. A man was filling his battery thus when he found he had put in too much water. He sucked some out with the "gun" from each of the twelve holes, and squirted it on the garage floor. Then he put the "gun" into his tool case. He found the next day the cloth and leather articles in the tool case eaten to a powder, and great holes eaten in his shoes and the legs of his trousers where the acid-laden water had spattered. Next time he will be more careful.

Moral: Anger is an acid; keep it out of your life.

APPEARANCES.

Valuable Swords.

It is said that the most valuable sword in the world belongs to the Gaekwar of Baroda. (Doubtless you know offhand what a Gaekwar is, and precisely where Baroda may be found.) This sword is worth \$1,125,000. Hilt and scabbard are of gold, but you cannot see the gold for the great diamonds and rubies and emeralds with which it is encrusted. It is an heirloom, and has passed from father to son for seven centuries.

Another valuable sword—though so much less valuable as not to be mentioned with the former—is one owned by the Shah of Persia. It is covered with eastern pearls, and it is worth \$50,000.

The Czar is—or was—the proud

possessor of a sword worth \$75,000, covered with diamonds, and the Sultan of Turkey, when he wants to cut a particular dash, straps on a scimitar whose hilt alone is worth \$118,000.

It is said regretfully that the United States does not possess a sword worth more than \$3,000. Too bad!

And yet—how about George Washington's sword with which he carved out a new republic? How about Grant's sword with which that republic was preserved a united nation? How about the sword of John Brown? And, to go to other lands, how about the sword of Chinese Gordon, the sword of Havelock, the sword of William of Orange, the sword of Lafayette?

This country—every country—possesses more than one sword whose value in the eyes of all sensible men is not to be estimated in money. Not all the diamonds and rubies and emeralds in the world are to be compared with it. Could the wealth of Great Britain buy from the United States the sword of Washington, or the wealth of the United States buy from Great Britain the sword of Wellington?

A diamond-encrusted sword is about the most absurd object in the world. It is self-contradictory. It proclaims its own uselessness. It is like the surface glitter of "society men." It is like the show of learning made by pedants. It is like the rhetoric of certain orators I have heard. It is like the Pharisee's prayers on the street corners. It is like the man in the Epistle of James who said, "Be ye warmed and fed," and let it go with the saying.

For the best beauty of the sword is the glitter of steel and the sharp edge—provided there is any need of a sword at all; and the best splendor of a man is that he do the work which God means him to do.

The Crooked Poker.

Once there was a Poker that became twisted and ugly. Moreover, he grew rusty, and was a sad contrast to his bright companions, the Tongs, the Brush, the Shovel, and the Bellows.

Said the Tongs, "Why don't you straighten up?"

The Poker answered, "I can poke just as well as ever."

The Brush sneered, "You'd better brush up, my rusty friend."

The Poker replied, "I'm bright enough to brighten the fire."

"Your ugliness," declared the Shovel, "makes the whole Set look ugly."

"Handsome is as handsome does," the Poker rejoined.

"But you have such a rustic air," wheezed the Bellows.

"I don't believe in putting on airs," said the Poker, stoutly.

A few days later the Owner entered the room triumphantly, flourishing a new poker.

"I've been hunting for months," she said, "to find a decent poker to match this set, and I've just found it. Now the old crazy one can go into the ash barrel."

Moral: Looks count.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Honesty Requires Honest Neighbors.

A large commercial concern, being on the point of advertising widely a new invention, deliberately chose in each city the newspaper it would use, not on the basis of circulation among the business men it sought to reach, but on the basis of the cleanness of its advertising columns, their freedom from lying, trickery, and immoral advertisements. The investigation resulted in a rather surprising list, including some unusual papers, and conspicuously omitting some that would surely have had a share in an advertisement sent out in the ordinary

way. Why is not this a good principle, not only for advertisements but for all relations of life? Honest people cannot afford to associate with liars. Those that would make known the good news of Christ's kingdom cannot wisely have for their friends those that are advertising the kingdom of darkness. We are not only known by the company we keep, but we are largely made by that company—or unmade.

ATTRACTION.

Pull Versus Push.

People have become familiar with the vacuum carpet-sweeper. There is a vacuum pump driven by steam down in the street. From that a long rubber tube runs into the house. At the end of the tube is a flat, broom-shaped affair, hollow, and with a slit at the end. This is run over the carpet, and as it moves it sucks up the dirt from the floor, through the carpet, leaving a clean space wherever it goes. A bit of glass is usually inserted in the tube, and through it one may see the stream of dust flying down to the receptacle in the street.

That was fine, but rather cumbrous. It required a steam engine, and steam engines cost money. Moreover, steam engines are not at all easy to move around. So the patent-office men thought up something else.

The new contrivance is also a vacuum sweeper, but it works by foot power. You stand on a treadmill sort of affair, and walk up and down in one place, your motion producing the vacuum. At the same time you move your broom-shaped instrument over the carpet near you, and lo! the dust flies into your receptacle, and the room is clean. [NOTE: And of course the Patent Office has now a still better contrivance!]

Such an improvement, this pulling the dust toward you, over the old-

time pushing of the dust from you! Now, no dust-filled air, no dust-covered furniture, no dust-filled lungs. The dust is kept where it belongs, and it is put where it belongs. And it is all done so easily, and thoroughly.

On the whole, in all kinds of work, pull is better than push. "I will draw all men unto myself," said our Lord. Attraction is better than compulsion. Magnets are stronger than hammers. Invitations are more effective than invectives. The human way is to drive men from evil. The divine way is to draw men to the good.

AUTHORITY.

The Voice of Command.

An adjutant-general of the United States Army wrote home about the voices of the young fellows who were in training in the various camps. Many of them failed of promotion because of the weakness and uncertainty of their voices. They had not, and seemed incapable of acquiring, "the voice of command."

Now this voice of command is not a bellow. It is not a rasping shriek. It is not a fog-horn boom. Those who have heard it never forget it. It is crisp, vibrant, authoritative in every syllable. It is not egotistical, but it has power and the consciousness of power back of it. It is certain to make the rawest recruit take notice, straighten up, and move instanter. It unifies a command. It moves it, electrifies it. It is the voice that gets obedience and wins battles.

Not that elocution can win a battle; but the voice of command is far more than elocution. Manliness speaks through it, resolution, vigor, dauntless courage. It not only testifies to these qualities, it inspires them. But the flabby voice, the muffled voice, the wavering voice, inspire no one, because they issue from uninspired lives.

Can any one cultivate the voice of command? Most assuredly, given the spirit of command. In that case, what is needed is a healthy body, the physical vigor which lies back of all voice vigor. But can anyone cultivate the spirit of command? Most certainly, if he will cultivate his soul; if he will go to the one Source of patience and power, of perseverance and determination and courage. If first he learns thus to command himself, he will become able, spirit and voice, to command others.

BEAUTY.

The Flower in the Buttonhole.

I have seen it declared that the man who wears a flower in his buttonhole is a public benefactor. The sentence is not an overstatement.

The man may smell the flower. He has a fine sense of its presence. But certainly the chief pleasure is given to others, since they can see the flower and he cannot, except a glimpse out of the corner of his eye. He is an altruist.

The principle is one of wide application, and need not stop even with the loveliness of buttonhole carnations and pansies. It applies to the entire exterior of men.

A pair of brightly shining shoes gives an air of elegance and leisure to every room they enter and every company to which they add themselves.

A neat suit of clothes, smooth, trig, and well-brushed, contributes to the orderliness of the world and the proper dispatch of business.

Shoulders erect and a head well poised and alert impart a briskness to everyone that looks upon them. They leave behind them an atmosphere of exhilaration as they march down the street.

A cheerful smile is the center from which spreads out an ever-enlarging

circle of cheer waves, breaking upon the shore of lives—in Manchuria, perhaps; no one knows on what distant shore.

In short, any man that goes through the world looking his best helps the whole world to *be* its best. He is a spiritual factor, and that without saying a word.

You will notice that I have been saying "man." There is no need of saying any of this about women. They do it anyway. They cannot help it.

Face Masks.

One of the most seductive of recent contrivances to lure money out of the pockets of the beautiful and beauty-loving side of humanity is the face mask. This face mask is a rubber affair that fits tightly over the face, leaving holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Some paste is spread on the inside, the mask is tied on, the lady goes to sleep, and in the morning when she takes off her mask she is supposed to find herself a beauty. Her skin is supposed to be a miracle of loveliness, ivory white where it should be white, rose pink where it should be pink. No ghost of a freckle, no shadow of a tan, no hint of a pimple or a blotch. The softness of a baby's skin, the clearness of a young girl's. That is the way the advertisements read, and do you wonder that thousands of muddy-complexioned women are eager purchasers?

Some of them come to grief. One woman of whom I know was not satisfied with the generous share of loveliness that nature had already bestowed upon her. Her face, which was to other eyes as beautiful as an artist's dream, she fancied could be made still more beautiful. So she put on one of these masks for a night, and woke in the morning to find her

beauty gone forever, her face one horrible mass of discolorations.

That was an **extreme case**, I know; but always, as I insist, muddy complexions are to be cleared from the inside and not from the outside, and beauty is to be won not by a night under rubber, but by days in the fresh air, by proper food, proper exercise, proper bathing, proper sleep, and proper thinking. Face masks create, at the best, only a mask of beauty easily recognized by the most careless observer as a mask and artificial.

In fact, there is no short cut to beauty of any kind—physical or spiritual. It must be worked for. It cannot be put on; it must grow out. Slowly and sweetly it grows, in the gentle process of the seasons, as one lives according to the law of God. Slowly and almost imperceptibly it grows, but steadily and surely, until at last one happy day we know that we are beautiful, with a loveliness that time nor fate can take away from us, a beauty that is one with the charm of all creation and the ceaseless grace of God. And that is better than a face mask, isn't it?

The Duty of Being Beautiful.

Lots of people get so discouraged about their looks that they stop trying.

We have much to contend against, I'll not deny, we unhandsome folks. Muddy complexions, sandpaper skins, crooked noses, slits for mouths, fishy eyes, elephant ears, rope hair,—what's the use? To talk to us about the duty of being beautiful seems the height of sarcasm.

And yet it is one of my doctrines that everyone ought to be beautiful. I do not mean that everyone ought to look as well as he or she can—that begs the question. I mean that every one ought to look lovely. I do not

mean that everyone ought so to live as to get to heaven where every one is to be of dazzling beauty, but that beauty ought to be ours now and here.

"Oh," you say, "he means beauty of soul!"

No, I don't. I mean eye-beauty, exterior loveliness, the fascination that chains the fancy and transforms every beholder to a devoted and eager admirer. That is what I mean.

"What nonsense he is talking!" you exclaim. Which shows only how little you have observed and how shallowly you have felt.

For if you make a study of personal attraction,—and everyone *should* make a study of it,—you will find that the secret of it is within the reach of everyone. Socrates had it, and he was the reverse of a natural beauty. Spurgeon had it, though nature quite passed him by when dealing out her features of comeliness. Some of the most famous belles of the world's history have begun with a very scanty supply of physical charms.

I believe that grace of motion is within the reach of all but cripples. I believe that a skin radiant with cleanliness is everyone's possibility. I believe that a form eloquent with full muscles and rich in nature's lines of grace may be had by Jack Spratt as well as Apollo and by Susy Griggs as well as Venus. I believe that proper food properly eaten, lots of sleep and outdoor exercise, and soap and water sagely applied, will give red lips, pink-and-white cheeks, and flashing eyes to almost anyone. A great part of the acquiescence in homeliness is pure laziness or crass ignorance.

But I believe more than that. I believe that soul acts upon body very directly. I believe that a sound mind creates around it a sound body and a beautiful mind a beautiful body. I believe that inner purity comes to

shine outwardly and inner loveliness to fascinate the eyes of all beholders. I believe that conscience is a genuine cosmetic and unselfish service a literal beauty parlor. I believe all this because I have seen it, over and over again. You will believe it, if you investigate. Best of all, you may prove it in yourself.

And if I am right, then it is everyone's duty to be a beauty.

Concerning Cosmetics.

I have just read an advertisement put forth by a famous, conservative department store, one of the best in the country. It was all about cosmetics, and included a long list of them, at high prices. There were rouges, and face-powders, and secrets of beauty, and liquid lilies, and lipsticks, and eyebrow pencils, and a lot of other devices to improve on nature.

What impressed me in the advertisement was its crafty argument. In former days, it said, the use of any aid to beauty was condemned; but to-day, it asserted, women are expected to have regard to their personal appearance, and the one who neglects these methods of making herself as presentable as possible is the one who is condemned, rather than the one who uses them.

The writer of that advertisement is either ignorant of history, or he lied, for it is well known that the fashionable ladies of olden times painted and powdered till not a whit of their original faces appeared. A healthy revulsion from the custom set in and has lasted till recent years, women in general leaving the barbarous practice to the women of heathendom, where it is abundantly in vogue.

Silly vanity, however, has led to a very pandemonium of cosmetics. Painted faces are almost in the ma-

jority on the city streets. They are seen, alas! even on young girls, and by the thousand. They glare upon the observer in the most startling contrast with the reality. They deceive nobody. They are as far from real beauty as a barber-pole is from a rose. Men pass them with cynical smiles. They cause hideous sores and other disfigurements, and render real beauty forever impossible.

When will women learn that the only "aids to beauty" are absolute cleanliness, proper food, proper exercise, abundant sleep, fresh air, and an unselfish character?

BEGINNINGS.

A Slow Start.

Many drivers of automobiles race their engines after they have stood all night in a cold garage. The idea is to warm them up quickly, so that they can be off. During the night, however, the oil has run down off the bearings, and it takes some time for the plunger to lubricate the engine properly again. Moreover, the oil is stiff with the cold, and racing the engine under these conditions is sure to injure it. A car should be run slowly for a while until it has gradually become warm; then back out of the garage, and full speed on your journey.

A similar blunder is made when, in starting out on any enterprise, we race our life engine. We make a big noise. The car vibrates fiercely with energy. Clouds of steam arise. The exhaust is black behind us. Bang! Fizz! Bang! we miss fire and detonate. The whole neighborhood realizes that something is doing. We are starting out.

But later, when the engine breaks down after a mile or so, and we must be towed ignominiously home, we do not feel so grand. Better a slow start—and arrive.

A Place for Saving.

It is amazing to see what gains we can make when we once establish a place or a method for making gains. Have a pigeonhole in your desk for odd sheets of paper, and you will hardly need to buy paper tablets. Have a place in your cellar for old boards, and you will not need to purchase kindling. Make shelves for books, and you will soon have a library. Start to write an essay on any topic, and facts, illustrations, and arguments will rain in upon your mind. Open an account at a savings bank, and you will soon see that you have been wasting a small fortune. Nor is this less true of the religious realm. Once open your eyes to the blessedness of a godly feeling or a Christian practice, and opportunities for it or provocations to it will multiply like magic. One of our American humorists has said that if a man starts to go downhill he finds everything greased for the occasion. It is equally true that if he starts uphill he will find helps and incitements at every turn. It is wonderfully easy to do good, once we begin.

BIBLE.

How We Print Our Bibles.

26 ¹As I was ^mreading my Br'ble the other ⁴day, I ^{was} particularly ⁿstruck with the exceedingly confusing ⁵manner in which ^{it} is ^oprinted: 27 The various diacritical marks, ^pthe indexes—both ^qletters and ^rfigures—pointing to numerous cross ^rreferences and textual notes in the ⁷margin; 28 ^sAnd the use of italics, to indicate words ^somitted in the original ^{but} ^tsupplied by the translators: 29 ^uAll this was exceedingly ^uconfusing.

27 ¹ ^oAnd this was all in ¹⁰one of the very latest ^wforms of the Br'ble, namely, the Amër'icān Rē-vīs'yon. 2 It ^xperpetuated the many

typographical ¹ stumbling-blocks of the Authorized Ver'sion, ² and even succeeded in ³ introducing one more, namely: ³ The printing of the ² verses in long paragraphs, ⁴ ^a Plentifully besprinkled *with large* figures, ⁵ ^b In addition to the little ³ figures and ^c letters that had been used aforetime. ⁶ On ^d rising from my reading—which, out of ^e regard for our ^f composing-room, I refrain *from* ^g imitating further—⁷ I came to the ^h conclusion that Profēs'sor Mōul't n is entirely ⁱ justified in *his* statement that ^j the Bi'b'le is the most ^k poorly ^l printed ^m book in the ⁿ world.

Practical Reverence for the Book.

One of the artists that work for my paper was talking with me the other day, and happened to speak of her indignation at seeing an old Bible exposed for sale at the price of ten cents upon a sidewalk bookstand in Boston. She had no need of the book, she said,—and I can well believe that she has Bibles galore,—but she bought it in order to rescue it from the indignity of such a public exposure of the sacred volume.

But she said that one of her friends had taken her to task for buying the book. "You should be glad," this friend had said, "to see the Bible offered for sale in that public place and at so low a price. Your buying it prevented someone from getting it that may have needed it and may have been unable to pay more for it than the ten cents."

The artist asked my opinion, and though I commended her motive, I agreed with her friend.

This artist feels so great reverence for the Bible that she will never lay any other book or any object on top of it, and always removes such objects when she sees them. A torn, dog's-eared, and maltreated Bible fills her with a sense of sacrilege.

I heartily wish that more Christians had such a practical reverence for the Book of Books. This is not bibliolatry, book-worship. It is simply the respect that should be shown to the material repository of divine truth.

If we take off our hats at the tomb of Washington and even within the mausoleum of Napoleon, why should we not show all possible reverence when we stand in the presence—not of the mere dust of Moses and David and Isaiah and John and Paul and Christ—but of their recorded words, which are the most significant and vital of all memorials?

The Lords of the Library

Once the books in the library had a quarrel.

"We are the lords of the library," said the rich leather-bound books behind glass doors. "See how much money our master has lavished upon us. See what care he takes of us. See how we glitter and shine."

"No, we are the lords of the library," urged the encyclopedias and dictionaries. "See how big we are. See how many we are. And we embody the substance of all knowledge."

"No," urged the volumes of belles-lettres and philosophy, "we are the only lords of the library, for we are the climax of human thought. Our pages contain the most profound and most lofty of human imaginings and hopes and faith."

"Pshaw!" sneered the volumes of science. "You are all dreams, but we are the realities. We come down to facts. Real life is based upon us. We are the lords of the library."

"You are all wrong," cried the novels. "The lords of the library are the books of refreshment and charm. When our master is weary, does he turn to you? No, only when he has more work to do. But he comes to

us for delight. We are the lords of the library."

As the dispute was at its height and all were speaking together, suddenly, no one knew why, a mysterious silence fell upon them, and a quiet voice came from a book on a table in the center of the room. It was a worn book, its pages were much marked, in places they had been wet with tears. Gently it spoke: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That was all it said, but no other word was uttered in the library that night. The books knew that the Lord of the library had spoken.

The Foolish Apothecary.

Once upon a time there was an apothecary, the only drug-seller in a certain country neighborhood. He was a lazy fellow, and, as he had bought the establishment from another druggist, he had actually never looked over his stock to see what it contained. He was acquainted with a few of the bottles, and when the farmers came in for their remedies, if he did not know where to find what was asked for, he would persuade them to take their doses from one of the bottles he knew about. That community, therefore, got pretty well dosed with quinine and camphor and ipecac and a few other drugs, and the doctors grumbled, and the people died.

Well, one day the apothecary's oldest son was taken suddenly and violently ill, and the doctor that was called in declared, with a very sober face, that nothing on earth could save the lad's life except a certain rare medicine. There was some of it in the stock of the late druggist, he was sure, and he had no doubt it had not been used up; but where was it? Almost frantic, the foolish apothecary turned his store upside

down, fairly throwing the bottles here and there in his anxiety to hit upon the right one.

And while he was hunting, his boy died.

You think there never was so foolish an apothecary? Probably not. But there are just as foolish men and women by the hundred thousand. For the Bible is our pharmacy, crammed by the Great Physician with whatever is needed for a sick soul going down to death. And how few of us have even read it clear through to find out what is in it, to learn, as it were, the names on the outside of the bottles, so that, for a case of doubt or sorrow or of trouble of any kind, we can put our hands at once upon the right remedy! Alas, how few!

Laws That Cost and Laws That Are Free.

The average number of bills introduced in our State legislatures is 7.4 per 10,000 population. That would be about 70,000 bills for the entire country! Of course only a small part of this enormous mass of proposed legislation is enacted, but the time spent in drawing up the bills and considering them has to be paid for. Also each bill involves no small amount of printing, which also has to be paid for.

The different States vary greatly in the number of bills introduced by their legislators. The Nevada legislators appear to be most fertile, producing 58.6 bills, per 10,000 population. That, however, is only an apparent preponderance, because their population is so very small. But of the large States compare New York's 4.5 per 10,000 with Pennsylvania's 3.6, Illinois's 2.9, and Ohio's 2.1.

The average cost of each bill introduced has been found to be \$164.45. Here also the States differ widely.

New York spends the most for its legislation, or \$582.26 for each bill introduced. The cost per bill in Ohio is \$269.82; in Vermont, \$231.81; Illinois, \$429.76; while in California it is only \$88.67, and in Florida only \$68.74.

Of course when we remember that not one-fourth, probably not one-twentieth, of all the bills introduced are passed, the cost of each bill finally enacted is found to be very large.

In view of all this one is led to remark that there are laws that have been in existence for four thousand years which are to be had at no cost whatever, and if they were faithfully observed, most other laws would be entirely unnecessary. The Bible is the great fundamental law-book of the human race. Preachers and missionaries are the lawyers of mankind. As fast as men can be persuaded to heed these free laws, in that proportion these enormously expensive laws of man's contrivance will be thrown aside as useless lumber. Indeed, have we not the highest of all authority for the statement that all the laws really needed for perfect living are two, and these two reducible to one?

Read Your Policy.

A certain man used acetylene in his summer house for a year or more before he learned from a friend that he was probably violating the terms of his insurance policy. He read the document and discovered that if his house burned down it would be a total loss; he had no insurance protection at all. He promptly paid for special permission to use acetylene, and thenceforth his policy was good.

Now the Bible is a far better protection, safeguard, and resource than any insurance policy, but it is no safeguard unless one reads it carefully to see what it allows and what it forbids, and promptly conforms his

life to its injunctions. There is no other safety than that. You may have fifty Bibles in the house, but they will do you no good if you deliberately cherish sin in your soul.

BIBLE QUOTATIONS.

Pass It On Straight!

Many years ago the British army was practicing for the first time the transmission of messages by word of mouth. A cavalry corps was drawn up at Windsor, each trooper 800 yards from the next one, many miles of country being thus covered. Then a message was given to the soldier on the extreme right to be passed along the line: "Enemy's vedettes at Englefield Green." The message did not go "straight" more than half way, and when it reached the officer on the extreme left it was this preposterous communication: "England's bets paid by the Queen!"

We have all played a whispering game on the same principle called "Gossip," and have been amused to see how absurdly different a statement becomes after it is whispered around even a small circle.

It would seem that the art of accurate transmission is a rare one. In testing stenographers I often give them a page of print to copy. Usually there are errors in the copy, sometimes very bad ones, though ample time is allowed, with every facility for revision.

Every lawyer and every judge knows how seldom two witnesses of the same scene or two hearers of the same conversation agree in reporting it on the witness-stand. The most important differences occur, though the witnesses may be persons of considerable intelligence.

All this should make us exceedingly careful how we believe what is told us to the disparagement of any person or institution. At the same time it should render us more careful how

we pass on any bit of gossip or slander. The chances are that it is not true at all, or is greatly exaggerated.

And when it comes to the transmission of great truths, such as the teachings of Christ, how heedful should we be that our words may exactly represent the divine original! We cannot be too careful in the quotation of Scripture, and yet the average Scripture quotation is incorrect, not only in minor details but often in essential particulars. My readers are doubtless well informed regarding the Bible, and yet it is probable that not one out of one hundred can accurately repeat even so common a verse as the Golden Rule.

"England's bets paid by the Queen"! How many of us—honestly—are beating that record?

BIBLE TEACHING.

Bakery and Bible.

The great city of Chicago has 1600 bakeries, and it takes good care of them. There are six bakery inspectors, each with a district in his charge. No bakery can get its necessary license till it is approved by him. If it is in the basement, its floor may not be more than five feet below the sidewalk, and it must be of cement. Besides, the room must be at least eight and a half feet high. If the bakery is above the street level, the floors must be of cement or hard wood, or some other impervious material.

The ceilings must be smooth and well painted, or whitewashed or calcimined, as well as the walls. The lighting and ventilation must be good, everything must be clean, screens must keep out the flies, the employees must be free from consumption and from skin diseases, and they must wear washable clothing, including slippers or shoes that can be washed. No one may sleep in the bakery, and cats are the only animals allowed

there. These regulations have brought down the number of cellar bakeries from 744 to 187 in eight years, and have resulted in many other improvements. It would be difficult now to find a baker who would say, as one did say when forced to wrap his bread in paper, "The papers get so dirty that the customers refuse the bread"!

All of this care for the material bread leads us to wonder whether we are careful enough regarding the Bread of Life which we feed to the hungry souls of little children and of adults. Are we heedful that it shall be the pure word of God, undefiled by our human fancies and blundering misconceptions? Is it always "the finest of the wheat"? Are our hands clean of sin as we handle it? We have the blessed privilege of those that minister to others in the Bread of Life; it is a blessed privilege, but ah, it is also a heavy responsibility. Let us allow no baker to put us to shame.

BLESSINGS.

Scarcity, the Good Teacher.

When a family moves from the country to the city, its members have much to learn, and among the most surprising of their discoveries is the cost of water. They have been in the habit of using it with the utmost freedom. On the farm it is exhaustless and without cost. In the city it is metered and they must pay for every drop. The experience is disagreeable, but nothing to that which comes when a great fire or a phenomenal dry spell so reduces the supply of water that the greatest caution must be exercised by all the city to make the supply hold out, and the water may be used only for bare necessities.

Scarcity is a good teacher, one of the best. Many of us have no conception of the value of our most precious blessings till some stress of life renders them hard to obtain.

It is thus with health, with friendship, with work, with play, with music, with books, with the sunlight. Make any one of these scarce, and instantly we see that it is priceless. How sad that so often we do not learn this lesson till it is taught by so stern a teacher!

BOASTFULNESS.

—Est.

"The Longest Bridge in the World." One foot six inches longer than two other bridges.

"The Tallest Building in the World." Nine feet taller than three other buildings.

"The Biggest Mill in the World." One room larger than six other mills.

"The Richest Street in the World." The real estate on it cost \$100 more than the real estate on two other streets.

"The Largest Railroad Station in the World." Bigger by one track.

"The Grandest Scenery in the World." As perhaps one out of a hundred travelers will agree.

"The Loveliest Picture in the World." According to a few critics.

"The Absurdest Humbug in the World." Just such superlatives as these.

BOLDNESS.

"With a Mission, and Without a Muzzle."

This is the motto of a certain metropolitan daily. I hope the paper lives up to it, and I think it does. At any rate, it is a great motto for a newspaper or a man.

A man with a mission is a man sent on an errand. That is what the word "mission" literally implies. He is not a man who picks out what he would like to do, but someone in authority tells him what to do. He is not a man who says what he wants to say, but someone who has the right

tells him what message to give. He does not go; he is sent. He does not speak; he repeats. He does not direct; he executes. That is a man with a mission.

It seems like slavery, weakness, subjection. There is need of the other half of the motto.

For what is a man "without a muzzle"? He is a man of independence. He thinks his own thoughts. He speaks his own words. He goes his own ways. He does his own deeds. He is tied to no apron strings. He obeys no beck. He is in no one's pay. He is his own master. There is no fetter upon his leg, no chain upon his hand, no muzzle on his mouth, no gyve upon his soul.

Are the two halves of the motto compatible with each other? Only when the mission is God's and the muzzle is man's.

For the man who is sent on God's errand, who speaks God's words, who thinks God's thoughts, who does God's deeds, though he is, as Paul delighted to call himself, the bond servant of the Master, yet no man on earth is so independent as he. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. God's truth makes men free. This is because God's men are identified with God as no man can ever be identified with man. His will is their chief joy, His words their loftiest music, His commands are their delight.

Whoever—be it newspaper or man—has a mission—a command—from Him, need fear no muzzle. There is not in all the world enough iron to bind his exultant spirit.

Stub Pens and Stubby Minds.

Stub pens are the abominations of writing masters. This is because stub pens make fine writing, writing with lovely curves and beautiful shading, quite impossible. All lines, with a

stub pen, are ugly and thick. *O*'s and *r*'s and *a*'s and *e*'s and *p*'s are only blots, the little circles full of ink.

But stub pens are the delight of poor penmen. They hide most charmingly all imperfections of chirography. They are vastly convenient, also, for the poor speller. *Ie* and *ei* look quite alike under its diplomatic indistinctness. And at the same time the stub pen communicates to the writing a deceitful dash and vigor, which serve as a silent challenge to the world: "Don't you dare say that I can't write well, or spell to perfection!"

Now I care not a whit for the frills of writing. To me a page of writing is beautiful if every letter has its evident meaning, unmistakable and perfectly clear. More in writing, I think, than anywhere else, the useful is the beautiful.

Also, I like the bold writing of the stub pen. Black is black, there. The letters, such as they are, go half way to meet the eye. If I had to choose between careless writing which was bold and black on the one hand, and on the other hand writing which was painstaking but written in ink the color of skim milk, I should choose—neither!

For neither is necessary. A stub pen can be made to write with the most beautiful and unmarred accuracy. Every *o* may be open. Every *n* may be an *n* and every *u* a *u*. Pains-taking, not too much ink, large letters, and practice, will do the trick. And that is the ideal writing, black and clear. It is like those modern adaptations of the old black-letter types, freed from the old-time roughness and excess of ink, but retaining the ancient vigor and distinctness.

And that is the sort of mind I prefer. A mind that is as clear as a bell, but not finicky. A mind that makes definite distinctions, but is not hair-splitting. A mind that is

forcible, but not overbearing. In other words, a stub mind, but not a stubby mind. And if you have ever used a half-stub pen, you will know precisely what I mean.

I use a half-stub pen!

BOOKS.

Six Volumes.

Thomas Trumpett wrote a book in the pursuit of fame. It fell flat from the press.

Gideon Guinea wrote a book in the hope of large royalties. They averaged \$2.65 a year.

Caspar Callingcard wrote a book for the social standing it would give him. He was blackballed by the University Club.

William Wordy wrote a book because it was so easy for him to write. The book was anything but easy to read and to sell.

Isaac Ideas wrote a book because he had thoughts he was bound to express. The rest of the world did not care for them.

Hiram Helper wrote a book, with extreme difficulty and much shrinking, because he saw a great need and humbly hoped the book would help to meet the need. The book found a million readers and lovers, and made him famous.

A Clean-Food Crusade.

I have learned of a Clean-food Club, which is making a systematic effort to obtain groceries that are not microbe hotels. The club proposes to set up an exhibit of a model store, where no cats shall be allowed, no chickens be kept in crates on the sidewalks, no flies be permitted to roost on the butter and cheese, no piles of vegetables be heaped on the floors, no horse-blankets be stored in the delivery wagons. In short, this wide-awake organization will seek to edu-

cate the public and the grocers in some of the ordinary principles of cleanliness, in the hope that the public health may be improved.

All this is fine work. That it is needed work may be proved by the most cursory examination of almost any set of groceries in almost any city.

But there are other stores, that do not deal in foodstuffs, but yet need overhauling quite as much as the groceries and butcher shops. I mean the book stores.

In these stores, where we get our mental food, the food which we build up into our eternal bodies, microbes of the most deadly varieties swarm more thickly than in the worst infested grocery in any slum. The microbes of infidelity, the microbes of licentiousness, the microbes of bigotry, the microbes of falsehood, the microbes of trifling and folly, are to be found by the trillion in these abodes of uncleanness.

There is so much good food in these stores that we shut our eyes to the impurities. Often the impurities are concealed back of beautiful binding, and fine, white paper, and delightful pictures by the best artists. Often they bear the marks of the leading publishers. We swallow them without knowing that we are taking into our mental systems a poison compared to which all material venom is healthful nectar.

We appoint inspectors for butcher shops and groceries, and we organize Clean-Food Clubs; but what organization or officer is adequate for the purification of book stores? Censorship seems to do more harm than good. No two would agree as to the scope of their authority and the subjects of their prescriptions. It is one of the most difficult problems before a thinking being. It can be met, for ourselves and others, only by the cultivation of that inward

purity, that faith and love and wisdom, which instantly and indignantly reject what is false and impure. Thus, in the temptation, we shall find a way of escape.

BORES.

Anæsthetic Pistols.

Do you remember that dramatic siege in Paris of the automobile bandits, the desperadoes who committed so many crimes and made their escape always by means of their swift automobile? The Paris police cornered them shut up in a house, to which they laid siege, finally burning them out.

It was at that time that the city chemists of Paris invented an anæsthetic pistol. This pistol fires substances which burst into a stupefying gas, which speedily overpowers the person against whom they are fired, without harming him in the least.

The contrivance was used a short time ago in the case of an artist, a woman who suddenly became insane, shut herself up in her apartment, and threatened her neighbors with a revolver. The police fired an anæsthetic pistol at her, the shots at once put her to sleep, and she was removed to an infirmary.

Ah, what a happy contrivance if someone would apply it to cranks and similar nuisances." If when someone is making a long speech, deadly dull and unimportant, he could be put painlessly out of the way with the anæsthetic pistol! If someone who prolongs a business meeting with unnecessary points of order and unessential discussion could be treated in the same summary manner! If the braggarts, the infidels, the calamity howlers could thus be silenced!

The Parisian pistol has its uses, but they are of rare occurrence compared with the uses of such a weapon as I have described. Where is the

mental chemist who will invent it for us?

BRILLIANCY.

Just Light Enough.

Up in Massachusetts the Highway Commission has a rule regarding headlights that makes endless trouble for motorists, and also results in much good both to them and to all other users of the roads.

According to the rule automobile headlights must be strong enough and not too strong. They must be strong enough to show any person, vehicle, or substantial object upon the roadway straight ahead for at least 150 feet. There must be enough light ten feet on each side and ten feet ahead of the vehicle to show substantial objects. And there must be no dazzling rays more than three and a half feet above the ground on a level road at a distance of 50 feet or more ahead of the vehicle.

More accidents occur from the over-bright light than from the light that is not bright enough, and the rule is especially aimed at the former. Every motorist knows that these dazzling lights practically blind him as he approaches them, so that he has to guess at the edge of the road, and pray that no persons or vehicle may be on the further side of the glare. In that case he could stop in time only with the greatest difficulty.

This law, however, is very hard to observe. Motorists may change for weaker lights, but they must not be too weak. And lights, with use, grow constantly weaker. Moreover, eyes differ greatly in keenness, and what to one driver may seem an adequate light may seem entirely inadequate to another driver or a policeman.

The whole question has also its bearings on the conduct of life. Who does not know some over-brilliant folks whose entrance into any con-

versation immediately reduces it to a monologue, and whose co-operation in an enterprise transforms it into a one-man effort? They are fine, and we admire them; but really, we ordinary folks would get along far better if they would dim their lights on occasion. While as to the stupid folks, whose lights do not shine brightly enough—if policemen took note of them, I fear most of us would be "run in."

Flood-lighting.

The business concerns of many cities are now taking up a new kind of advertising. Instead of using the dazzling electric signs which flash out of the darkness, they are throwing a flood of white light over the entire front of each building. The show windows and their contents are softly illuminated, and the entire edifice glows like a fairy palace. The effect is almost magical, and is far more striking than the electric signs.

The two methods are symbols of two kinds of people. One kind dazzle all they meet. Their wits scintillate. Their knowledge abashes all who converse with them. They are known as "brilliant." They are greatly admired and somewhat feared. On the other hand, some lives shine all over. No one could point to any special features of brilliancy, but everyone catches their mental radiance and the glow of their spirits. They brighten the corners where they are. This is flood-lighting, and it is as magical in life as on the public highways.

BROTHERHOOD.

Bombs and Brotherhood.

An eighteen-year-old girl in New York City is opening the mail for her employer. She comes to an innocent looking package, removes the cord and the brown paper wrappings,

and is instantly killed by a fearful explosion.

The bomb was not sent to her. No one wanted to kill her. No one, so far as is known, wanted to kill her employer. But the bomb was there, and it did its deadly work.

Anyone, nowadays, can take a few cents' worth of common substances and in a few minutes, as easily as a cook mixes up dough for cake, can make enough explosive to destroy a city block and all the thousands in it. Bombs are easy, and bomb passions are common. The masses are inflamed, poor against rich, employed against employer, criminal against judge, oppressed against oppressors. Anarchy is possible. It lies within a brown paper parcel.

Under these terrifying circumstances what is more needed than Christian brotherhood? What else can promote mutual good will, inaugurate absolute justice, and establish peace on this troubled earth? It is bomb or brotherhood, and it is within the power of the church of Christ to say which it shall be.

Brutes Becoming Brothers.

Hazing in our American colleges is doomed. It is doomed not by the faculty fiat, but by the growing good sense and manly character of the students themselves.

They are coming to see how cowardly it is for a dozen to set upon one. They are coming to understand the harmful influence of the secrecy and underhand methods involved. They perceive the many lasting results for evil, to say nothing of the increasing number of tragedies.

The old-time hazing was born of silly pride and brutal power. It meant the tyranny of strength over weakness. Its aim was to humiliate. It was the very opposite of Christian.

To take its place, college after

college is establishing the system of freshman advisers. One upper-class man is assigned to each freshman as his adviser. He becomes a friend to him, a big brother. He makes him feel at home amid his strange surroundings. He initiates him into college customs. He pilots him through the difficult first days. He teaches him how to study. He helps him to get work if work is needed to pay his way. The oversight thus begun continues often as a permanent friendship.

How much better is this than the midnight ducking, the tying to railroad tracks, the upsetting of rooms, and the other silly pranks with which new-made sophomores formerly sought to assert their immeasurable superiority over the freshmen! What was a sore trial to the faculty has been transformed into an assistance, and what was a brutalizer of character has become an elevating influence.

Some will pooh-pooh the current tendency as effeminate, and will uphold hazing as necessary to develop manhood. That depends upon definitions. If manhood consists in compulsory submission to over-powering numbers and the endurance of foolish and insulting outrages, the new order does not cultivate it. But if manhood consists in firmness, vigilance, tact, courage, and kindness, I'll back the new hazing against any amount of the old-fashioned variety.

BURDENS.

Unsprung Weights.

The unsprung weight of an automobile is the weight of the car below the springs, the weight that goes pounding directly upon the tires and pulling directly upon the engine, unmollified by the relaxation of springing and vibrating steel. A well-known engineer declares that a pound of unsprung weight is nine times as

destructive as a pound that is sprung, uses up the gasoline nine times as rapidly, wears out the tires and the engine nine times as fast. So that springs are a matter of economy as well as of easy riding. Nor is it otherwise with the spirit-automobiles in which we travel along the highway of life. The more of our experiences, our habits, our daily toil, our relations with others, we can put upon springs, very much the better. Springs of enthusiasm. Springs of patience. Above all, springs of love. Eliminate unsprung weights.

Built for Six Tons.

An auto-truck fell through a covered bridge at South Lee, Mass. The driver was on the wrong road, because some boys had mixed up the signs in a stupid Halowe'en joke.

A State law requires bridges to sustain six tons. The bridge in question may have been adequate to that burden, but the auto-truck was carrying 5000 feet of lumber, and this load, with the truck, weighed ten tons.

Doubtless many more bridges, all over the country, are frightfully unequal to the great loads which the powerful auto-trucks are bringing to bear on them. Nor are the bridges alone in this dilemma. Our entire modern civilization is bringing a ten-ton stress upon institutions and upon human beings that were built for six tons. We are trying to cram twenty-six hours of work into a twenty-four hour day. We are placing sixty-horse-power engines in thirty-horse-power bodies. We are putting thirty-cent characters into thirty-thousand-dollar positions. We are resting cities upon commissions of three men. We are focusing yards of light upon an inch of brain. We are stretching endurance to the breaking point.

Can we tear down the old bridges and put up twenty-ton structures?

If not, we must throw off half the loads from our auto-trucks.

What a Soldier Carries.

I am much interested in a list that lies before me giving the weights that the different nations of Europe place upon their soldiers when they are on the march. French soldiers must carry 57.48 pounds, German soldiers 64.71 pounds, Italian soldiers 64.10 pounds, Russian soldiers, 64.25 pounds, Austrian soldiers 58.55 pounds, and so on. The average weight is 62.41 pounds.

This great burden includes arms, cooking utensils, intrenching tools, and other material necessary for his trade. The American soldier marches much lighter, because he is usually free from the burden of intrenching tools and cooking utensils, with the exception of his kit.

Governments are all the time trying to lighten this load, and the increasing complexity of war is all the time adding to it. Doubtless it will always be necessary for soldiers to go thus handicapped—that is, till the happy day when soldiers and armies will be memories of the past.

But, after all, the soldier's burden is part of the soldier's efficiency. He cannot move so easily or rapidly, but he moves to far more purpose. Indeed, without his burden he would not move far at all, no matter how swift he might become in its absence.

And it is just that way with us soldiers in the long marches and hard-fought campaigns of life. We are heavily weighted. Sometimes we stumble and sink, exhausted by the weary road. It seems cruel to pile all that load upon us. But the burden is part of our efficiency. It is food to us, or it is weapon to us, or it is safety to us. Sometimes we

cannot quite understand the purpose of all our burden, but the great Captain knows, and somewhere in the battle we shall have need for every pound of it, every ounce.

So let us square our shoulders to the load and—forward march!

BUSINESS.

Knowing When to Stop.

I was greatly interested, one day, in a newspaper account of the decision of a certain manufacturer of men's clothing in Baltimore, who has definitely decided, if we may believe the account, to "shut up shop."

Now some men shut up shop on compulsion but this gentleman's business is remarkably successful, is famous all over the country, and he is known as one of Baltimore's leading business men. He is evidently proud of the name he has made, and does not propose to have its prestige lessened by another. At any rate, he has announced that his factories are to close summarily, and that the business is to come to an end. He has turned a deaf ear to many propositions for its continuance.

And why has he taken this step? Because he is tired. For years he has been bearing the heavy load practically alone, and he is worn out. He needs a rest. He is bound to have it. One can read between the lines of the newspaper account and see an almost desperate determination. Almost every business man, in these strenuous days, will understand at once just how he feels. He wants to let go. Sometimes he says to himself, "I shall become insane, if I can't have some let-up on this."

And why shouldn't he have? Why should a man keep in the harness all his life? Is money-getting a worthy end in itself? Are there no others that are able to make men's clothing, and glad to do so? If he

gives them a chance to make more of it, will there not be work in their establishments for all his employees? To be sure, he has "built up a business"; but is not that a personal matter, just as the writer's business is a personal matter, definitely ended when the writer dies or chooses to stop work? Can a business, handed on from one man to another, long prosper on the strength of what the first man has done? Must not the second man, after all, make his own way?

Some are complaining because of this action of the Baltimore merchant. On the contrary, I applaud him for it. He has earned his holiday. Perhaps he should have taken it sooner. Perhaps he has put it off so long that he has lost the recreative faculty. If he has, alas for him! If he has not, I shall look for him to come back from the European trip he has in mind, fresh for taking up the main business of life. For that main business is not the making of money, nor even the making of men's clothes; it is the making of character, one's own and that of others. And in that business may he prove to be as successful as in the business he is laying down.

CALMNESS.

A Water Screen.

They have been equipping one of the big buildings in Boston with a water screen. This water screen is a very modern contrivance for protection from fire. It consists of a line of pipe laid along the roof, so arranged that when a fire is raging nearby the water can be turned on from the ground floor and at once a sheet of water will envelop the building, forming a curtain which it is declared no flames, however powerful, would be able to penetrate. If, however, a bolder flame than others should make its way past the liquid barrier,

a system of window jets is ready for the emergency, and each of these will throw a fan-shaped jet six feet inside.

Now I think I should be able to make use in my life, at times, of just such a piece of apparatus. For there are occasions when it is very necessary for me to keep cool—times when the enthusiasm around me is red-hot, or times when a wave of fiery indignation is sweeping over the community, and I know that the enthusiasm or the indignation is not based upon reason and that some day those that are indulging in it will be sorry.

Then is the time when I want my spiritual water screen, dashing its salutary coolness over my heart and brain, saving me from the fierce contagion of my neighbor's zeal or wrath. Perhaps I can invent such a screen. I think I will try.

Pat. appl'd for.

CARELESSNESS.

Watch the Crossroads.

Twenty-three out of every twenty-four automobile accidents, it has been learned, take place at the intersection of highways; and not in the crowded streets of cities or at times of road congestion, but out in the comparative quiet and loneliness of the suburbs and the country. This is because motorists are there off their guard. One speeds along carelessly, confident that he has the world to himself. Of a sudden another automobile, with a driver equally confident, dashes across his way, and a collision is sure to result, with damage to the cars and possible maiming or death.

In fact, there is no time and no place that will admit of ease and heedlessness in the driver of an automobile; and equal care must be exercised by the drivers of human destinies along the highways of life. Here, too, the commonest accidents

are at the crossroads, where life courses intersect. Be doubly watchful there.

A Few Loose Matches.

On a certain trip the *Monterey*, of the Ward line, was unnecessarily delayed twenty-four hours. As the steamer was setting out from New York southward a strong smell of burning cloth was noticed. The officers thought it best to put back to port, where additional stevedores were hired and the cargo was overhauled. At last the searchers discovered a sailor's dunnage bag in which some loose matches had become ignited by rubbing and had burned up part of the bag and its contents. The flames, however, were all out, and there would have been no danger but of course the captain could not have known that. So the ship's owners suffered considerable loss, and the passengers suffered the loss and annoyance of a day's delay, all because of the miserable habit of smoking and the carelessness which usually goes along with it.

Carelessness is a peculiarly dangerous vice because it is heedless of itself as well as of everything else. By the very nature of his fault the careless man does not seek to remedy it. He calls other people "ussy," and goes serenely on his way imperiling property and lives. He cannot make up the loss he causes. That sailor on the *Monterey* was doubtless sent packing, but his dismissal did not remedy the damage he had done. It is useless to cry, "Take care!" to a careless man. Sometimes we think that he should be shut away from society as a public menace. Certainly we are far too lenient with the excuse, "I just didn't think."

That Board.

At the Atlantic City Christian Endeavor Convention there was the usual

arrangement of rising seats for the great choir, and in front of them a long, narrow platform by which the choir seats were reached, while in front of this was the speakers' platform.

My work kept me at the table on the speakers' platform all through the Convention, and I sat near the long, narrow space over which all day scores of people were passing, except, of course, when speaking was going on—and not always did that exception hold.

This long, narrow platform was covered with a heavy matting, but the matting was not heavy enough to obliterate the bungling bit of work done by the carpenters who laid the floor. Right in the middle of the platform they had left a thick board overlapping another in such a way as to make a ridge fully an inch and a half high—not high enough to note with the eye, but high enough to trip almost anyone.

I am perfectly sure that in the course of that seven days' Convention five hundred persons stumbled over that awkwardly placed board. During the Junior rally at the close the Juniors of Atlantic City had an exercise in the course of which all the societies of the county (some four hundred Juniors in all) marched in detachments across that platform. Hardly one of them but stumbled at that point. Scores would have fallen there if Mr. Bacon, the "Yorkshire Nightingale," and Mr. Foster had not taken their stand, one on either side, and grasped the arms of the surprised children as they reached the hidden trap. It was comical to see their startled looks as their arms were suddenly grasped, and the amused understanding that flashed into the faces of most of them as, in spite of this support, they stumbled and almost fell over the treacherous place.

And as I sat there and watched

the work of that board for seven days I thought to myself, "That is what careless workmanship is doing all the time in millions of instances, and all over the world. It is not always men's feet that stumble over it; more often it is men's minds; but it is a stumbling block everywhere and always. God help me, whenever I have to do with laying ways over which others may walk, to lay them even and smooth, that my deeds and words may not cause the least of God's little ones to fall!"

The Pen and the Sword.

Penmanship is a matter of vast practical importance. Have you ever heard how Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and how the history of Europe and the world got made over? It was very largely a matter of bad penmanship.

It seemed that the Little Corporal, the master of empires, had not mastered the little instrument, the pen. He had not heard that the pen is mightier than the sword. If he had heard it, he did not believe it. At any rate, his writing was not writing; it was scrawling. If you were a good guesser, you could read it. If you were not a good guesser, you imagined what it might be, and trusted to your stars.

You will remember that Wellington won the great battle because of the timely arrival of Blücher with his Prussians. But where was Grouchy, Napoleon's assistant, with his 34,000 men? He was making his leisurely way toward Waterloo, comfortably taking his time. He had received a message from his commander, announcing the "bataille engagée." But for the life of him he could not make out the scrawl. "Bataille engagée" means, "The battle is on." He read it, or fancied that he read it, "Bataille gagnée," which signifies, "The battle

is won." And so he reached Waterloo too late. The history of the world was reversed by the careless wriggle of a pen.

Nor is Waterloo by any means the only battle that has been lost by poor penmanship. Who could count the number of positions lost to the applicants because the penmanship of the letters that sought the positions was such as any schoolboy should hide with shame? How many lovers have been mortified by the handwriting of their correspondents, that seemed to point them out as illiterate! How many contributions, really worth printing, have been returned from editors' offices because the editors really had no time for puzzle-solving!

And, on the other hand, many a battle of life has been won very largely because of good penmanship. If a man writes with clearness and force (I care not for the curlycues), he is held instinctively to have a frank and forcible character; and, nine times out of ten, he has.

These are not days of the sword, but of the pen. In the old days, a man's character was known pretty accurately by his swordsmanship; now it is to be known even more accurately by his penmanship. And this not because he writes books, or articles for the newspapers, but by virtue of his dotting his *i*'s and crossing his *t*'s, and making his *u*'s different from his *n*'s!

The Cost of Carelessness.

The surface cars in New York City have fare boxes intended for the reception of the five-cent pieces of the passengers, and for no other coin. The boxes bear a plain notice to the effect that only nickels are to be placed therein, but often the careless passenger puts a dime into the box before the conductor can stop him.

When that happens there is trouble, for the conductor is not allowed to give the passenger his change, and of course he cannot open the box to take out the dime. He is not permitted, either, to wait till another passenger gets in and hand his nickel to the first passenger.

The only way the careless man can get his nickel back is this: The conductor takes a bit of paper from his pocket, and, while the car goes on its jogging way, he writes on the paper the number of the car, the number of the run, his own number, the number of the fare box, the time of day, and the street at which the passenger got on board. Then he adds a note stating the mistake the passenger made and asking that the bearer of the note receive a nickel from the company.

Then, taking this note, the passenger must go to the office of the company, which may be several miles away from his home. It will cost him five cents to get there and five cents to get back, unless he is going in that direction anyway.

Moreover, the passenger cannot get his nickel even then unless the conductor makes a separate report of the occurrence, and for this purpose the passenger must give the conductor his signature and his address, that the company may compare them with the signature and address he will give when he calls for his nickel at the company's office.

All that trouble for the conductor and the passenger on account of an instant's thoughtlessness. It would be interesting to know how many really follow up their nickels and get them back. At any rate, it must be a warning against carelessness in the future.

Is not all of this a fair parable of the harm done by heedlessness of all kinds and under all circumstances? A match carelessly thrown aside may

destroy a home with the priceless accumulations of a lifetime. The thoughtless holding of the hand too close to a revolving saw may mean a maimed and hindered state for life. The foolish pointing of a gun may send a bullet crashing through the brain of some one dearer to you than life itself. There is absolutely no measure of the value of thoughtfulness, since there is no measure of the sorrow and suffering that may come from the lack of it. Let us go through life, friends, with all our wits about us. It is better not to do quite so many things and to do sensibly and well the things that we do.

The Cost of a Line.

In the famous little town of Plymouth, Mass., they are having trouble as I write. They have been voting on the question of license or no-license, as every Massachusetts town must vote once a year; and a grand good custom it is, too.

But this year the balloting must be done over again. This is because 638 ballots were cast in the affirmative, 637 in the negative, and 36 were blank. That was so close that a more careful scrutiny was made, and it was discovered that one man had marked his ballot at that place with a mere diagonal, instead of the cross which he had properly used elsewhere in the ballot. This ballot was thrown out by the Supreme Court of the State, and as it was an affirmative, the vote was thus reduced to a tie, and the work must all be done over again.

Here are 1311 men that must vote over again. It will take them, on an average, at least half an hour each to do it: that will use up 82 eight-hour days, or more than a quarter of a year of working time. If the time of the average citizen of Plymouth is worth, as it certainly is, two dollars

a day, the cost will be \$164 for that item alone, while the election expenses proper will certainly increase the sum to \$300.

And all this waste of time and strength and money just because one careless fellow did not put another diagonal on his cross!

The moral sticks out so far that there is no need of pushing it farther. If I could choose my way of becoming wealthy, I should simply choose to have the riches that are wasted all the time by people's heedlessness in trifles. I should be a trillionaire at the very least.

The Tragedy of Bacher.

Bacher lived in the last century. His specialty was the history of music, and he spent several years writing a history of the music connected with Vienna. He had been given to understand that his history when completed would be published by the Austrian Imperial Academy, and so when the manuscript was finished he took it to that body.

The members of the Academy kept it for three months, and then returned it. They had done their best, but they could not read it, the penmanship was so wretched. Bacher then gave his work to a professional copyist to have it copied, but the copyist could make nothing of it. Other copyists were tried, with the same result. Finally Bacher tried to dictate the book to a copyist, only to discover that even he could not decipher it. The manuscript was as worthless as so much blank paper.

Bacher was heartbroken. That all those laborious years should have been wasted! He tried to commit suicide, but failed. At last he became insane, and the rest of his life was spent in a lunatic asylum.

So much for poor handwriting. And I do not hesitate to say that this is

a fair specimen of the loss and misery that poor handwriting causes all the time. The penmanship may not be so bad as poor Bacher's, and may not bring about evils quite so tragic, but in proportion to its poorness it brings about just such results.

Poor penmanship causes a loss of time that amounts to years, in the aggregate, on every day of every twelvemonth. If the time thus lost each day were reckoned in money, it would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. If the eyesight is counted in and the racking of nerves and the loss of patience, the charge against poor penmanship is still heavier.

And it is all quite inexcusable. Not everyone, to be sure, can become a handsome writer, but all may learn to write plainly, all may contrive an *m* that is entirely different from an *n*, and a *u* that cannot be confounded with either. All may practice the well-known distinction between an *a* and an *o*, between an *r* and an *s*. The one rule for good writing is that each letter of each word should be perfectly and immediately legible all by itself—that is, if every other letter of the word should be covered up. Examine your writing, my beloved, and see how much of it can stand this test.

Many an honorable gentleman, many a kind Christian lady, who would not for the world steal ten dollars from my purse or give me a blow in the face, has yet, to all intents and purposes, stolen ten dollars' worth of my time and given me an eye-ache or a headache as effectually as any slugger could do it. "But I am too busy for such finical writing," you say. Pray, am I not busy, also? "But others have no difficulty in reading what I write." They have not? The truth is that they are too polite, or too cowardly, to tell you about it; or perhaps they are in your

employ, and it would not be good policy to tell you of it.

Oh, my brothers and my sisters, there are lots of ways of being a Christian—and of missing it!

CAUTION.

The Margin of Safety.

The longer I live, the more I admire cautious people. Yes, over-cautious people, if it comes to that. I'd rather be one of these than— But to illustrate.

In the spring I was cleaning my yard. The grass was dry, and so were the leaves; just the right conditions for burning them off. I carefully raked the leaves from a new privet hedge, set out in the fall. Those leaves made a long row, and I had raked them off to the distance of a yard, lest, as I prudently said, the hedge should get afire. Then I went to one corner of the yard and touched it off with a match.

P-f-f-whr-r-r! In a trice the whole field was ablaze, crackling, spluttering, roaring, flaming, smoking. I could scarcely see the hedge through the smoke, but my mind was easy on that score; had I not raked the leaves to a safe distance?

Well, I had reduced the field to a blackened expanse, and went away, satisfied. But a few weeks later, noting the greening hedge in another part of the yard, I went to see how my burned district was progressing. Alas! not even a bud. Every twig was dead. Something had evidently happened. On reflection, only one thing could have happened. It had been too hot around there.

And then I remembered that the wind had blown strongly toward the hedge while I was burning those leaves. The fire had not crossed my safety gap, but the heat had!

Yes, I admire cautious people; over-cautious people; people that make the

margin of safety broader than there is any need that it should be. For if it is too broad, there is no danger that it will be too narrow.

CHARACTER.

The Trouble with the Watch.

Suddenly the Watch found itself unable to run. As it was the most valuable object in the bedroom, a consultation was hastily called.

"Clean his face," said the Wash-cloth with a flourish.

"Grease his works," advised the Soap.

"Put in new jewels," urged the Jewel Box.

"There's dust in his bearings," insisted the Duster.

"He needs a rest," murmured the Pillow.

"There's a screw loose somewhere," sharply said the Screw-driver, who happened to have been left on the window seat.

"Some wheel is bent," asserted the Tweezers.

They got into a fine row over the matter, and in the meantime the Watch did not utter a single tick, but seemed dead.

Then entered the Master, who took up the Watch, tried to wind it, said "H-m-m!" and carried it off to the watchmaker for the insertion of a new mainspring.

Moral: When the mainspring of character is broken, there's only one thing to do.

What is in You?

The average man contains enough oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen to make \$2.45 worth of illuminating gas; and yet he may not be bright enough to throw light on any subject.

He contains enough carbon to make 9360 lead pencils, yet he may not

have a thought worth noting by a single lead pencil.

He contains enough phosphorus to make 800,000 matches, and yet he may be a poor stick and therefore a very poor match for any girl.

He contains about 60 lumps of sugar, and yet he may be sour-tempered. He contains enough iron to make a spike that will hold his own weight, and yet he may be a man of putty. He contains a lot of starch, and yet he may have no starch in him.

What is in a man? From the scientific viewpoint, about the same amount of chemical elements for every man. From the spiritual viewpoint, elements of endless diversity and of infinitely varied degrees of power.

And you cannot do much toward changing the chemical composition of your body, but you can change the make-up of your spirit at your will.

The Unused Window.

The church where I worship has stained-glass windows, of two designs, alternating. The glass in these windows, predominantly green in hue, is wonderfully iridescent, and especially beautiful when the sun shines through it.

But the last window on one side of the church is dark. A side vestibule has been added to the church where that window comes, and the wall of the vestibule has been built directly across the window, thus shutting off all light from it.

That window, nevertheless, dark as it is, has been filled with stained glass in the same design as the other windows. I asked why the church went to that expense, why plain glass would not have answered, since, without the light, the stained glass looks merely muddy and ugly. "Because," I was answered, "the vestibule may be removed some day, and the window restored to use. Then it would prob-

ably be impossible to match the stained glass, so we had this window filled with the rest."

I wonder if there are not such stained-glass windows in many lives. I am sure there are some in the lives of not a few of my friends. They are modest, quiet, retiring souls. You would not suspect them of stained-glass windows, or of anything else that is brilliantly beautiful. Indeed, they are not "in the limelight" or even the sunlight.

But some day, I believe, the dark walls will be removed and the light of God's revealing will flash in. Then how those lives will glow in splendor! What jewels of light will glitter, what magnificent soft colors will shine, what radiances will dazzle the enraptured vision! For the first time, then, we shall see the real loveliness of their character, and we shall marvel that we have not understood it long ago.

But what if they had been content to put ordinary glass into their walled-up windows?

The Individual Impress.

Typewriting would seem to lend itself easily to frauds. Where a document is typewritten, it would seem to be possible, without danger of detection, to substitute a new typewritten page for one of the original. But if any one of my dear readers is thinking of such a feat (!), let me advise a second thought.

Over in England, not long ago, some one tried it, and the document in which the substitution was made became the basis of a lawsuit.

Well, the defense called in a typewriting expert, who took that suspected typewriting, and analyzed it in the courtroom. He considered the spacing, the position of the paragraphs, the appearance of single letters indicating peculiarities of finger touch,—all such particulars were carefully examined.

The expert proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that that particular page had been written by a young woman, that she was a novice in typewriting, that she had not the best of educations, that she was of nervous temperament, and that she was not strong. All these characteristics stood out on that sheet of paper, and on every other typewritten sheet she produced.

Later in the trial facts came out that proved the expert correct in every detail.

And now, Susie and Jack, Mrs. Brown or Dr. Jones, whatever you may be and do, the same is true of the results of all your work or play. They are stamped *you*. No Sherlock Holmes is needed, either, to decipher the inscription. You are written all over them. Great deeds or small, impulsive or carefully considered, they bear the ineradicable impress of your character.

How important, then, that the stamp be a true one, strong and fine, of which you will not be ashamed when your life pages pass in review at the Great Assize!

Gravitation Powder.

The Great War has developed novel ways of killing men. One of the strangest is the use of steel arrows dropped from aeroplanes. These arrows are little barbs weighing only two or three ounces, but they are dropped from the height of a thousand feet, and gain such velocity in falling that they easily kill any man they strike. Perhaps fifty will be dropped in a "shower." They scatter as they fall, and work great havoc among the men lying in trenches or the troops marching in close order. They are as effective as bombs would be, and many more of them may be carried by the aeroplane. Thus gravitation does the work of powder.

The lesson is well worth transporting into the better fields of peaceful pursuits. It is this: Get up high enough, and every word you say, every deed you do, will count for as much as the most violent activity of men on the ordinary level of life. There is a gravitation of character that is quite irresistible. Men that live much with God, men of the Bible, men of prayer, men of noble thoughts and loving lives, men of large efficiency, in their intercourse with others do not need to make a big noise or use many words or advertise themselves in any way. As the common saying is, they "carry weight." Their every sentence, their least act, falls from such a height of spiritual attainment and mental power and Christian grace that it creates a deep and permanent impression.

This is the easiest of all ways of getting results in the world. It is the way that is least often adopted. Once attain to lofty character, and that character will henceforth work powerfully for you and accomplish results beyond your happiest dreams.

In the Blood.

A young man bought a gold watch from a jeweler on a twenty-year guarantee, and soon brought it back demanding a new case. The case looked as if it were brass, having changed its appearance entirely.

The jeweler looked at the case, rubbed it a little, and then asked the young man if he had been taking any medicine containing iron. The young man said that he had. "Well," said the jeweler, "the iron has come out with the perspiration, and has tarnished the case." Thereupon he took a cloth and speedily polished the case till it shone with all the original golden luster, and the young man went away satisfied.

This incident is a parable of the

spiritual life. What is within comes to the surface. "Murder will out." Love also will out. Whatever you are affects whatever you have. Your character tarnishes your house or glorifies it.

Do not expect to carry gold-appearing watches if you have a brass heart. Do not expect that your diamonds will sparkle if your spirit is gloomy. Do not expect that silk and broadcloth will become you if you have not a lovely soul. For the reality, and the only final reality, is the spirit, and everything material in your life is but its shadow.

CHARACTER CHANGES.

The Aphasia of the Soul.

Many disconcerting tricks are played by the fearful explosions and bombardments of the world war, but one of the worst was played upon Colonel C. J. Mercereau, of Toronto, Canada. When this officer went to the war, with Canada's first offering of troops, he spoke French fluently, but little English. In the second battle of Ypres he was struck by a fragment of a shell, and after a surgical operation lay at death's door for three months. He recovered, however, but found that he had forgotten all his French and could understand and speak only English. During the three months of stupor in the hospital Colonel Mercereau lost one language and found another.

This experience of aphasia, rare enough in the physical domain, is very common in the spiritual world. Men often allow their souls to lose the language of innocence, of purity and peace and love; and men often pick up the language of hatred and foulness and infidelity. Also the reverse is true: the language of heaven supplants as by a miracle the language of hell.

The change may come about through

a great and rapid spiritual convulsion, a happening as swift and terrible as the bursting of a shell. Usually it is the result of slow and almost unnoticed processes. The victim perceives, or his friends perceive for him, that he can no longer speak as he once spoke, but that, for better or worse, he has been revolutionized in character and expression.

Is this your case? Are you losing the higher language, or are you gaining it, on the battle-fields of the soul?

CHARACTER ENJOYMENT.

Enjoying One Another.

Folks are worth enjoying. Wherever you are, you are surrounded by worth-while folks that are doing fine things, folks that are thinking noble thoughts, folks that possess beautiful characters. You may not realize it, but you are. You may think you are surrounded by plain, ordinary, uninteresting folks, but you are not. If you think that, you are probably the only uninteresting one of the lot.

It takes insight to enjoy one another. Some persons have an eye for character, just as some have an eye for paintings or an ear for music. They can spy an admirable character back of any unpromising exterior. Others appear blind to character as some are color-blind. The power to perceive fine character can be cultivated and strengthened. This deepening of insight is one of the essentials if we would enjoy one another.

Nor can we enjoy one another without the expenditure of time and without painstaking. You would think a man absurd if he expected to enjoy a painting with a hurried glance in passing, but that is about the way we hasty Americans enjoy our friends. Rather, we must sit down together and talk for long hours. We must play together and

worship together. We must lavish time upon one another, knowing that there is no better investment of time than friendship.

Strange that men will enjoy a beetle or a butterfly, a tree or a cloud or a waterfall, but get so little enjoyment out of man, the noblest work of God! Next to the enjoyment of God Himself let us learn to place the enjoyment of His children, our brothers and sisters on the earth.

CHARACTER FOUNDATIONS.

Basements.

Before me lies a very interesting picture. It is printed on an envelope used by the famous Chicago firm, Marshall Field and Company, in delivering their goods. It shows a transverse section of their magnificent building, *from the street floor downward*.

First comes the street, with crowds of men, horses, carts, carriages, automobiles. Below that is the basement salesroom. Below that is the second basement shipping room. Still below that, on a level with the freight subway, is what is called the subway floor, with machinery, and much besides. Below that are the solid concrete caissons, enormous pillars that stretch down through layers of clay, gravel, and sand, till they reach the firm rock *one hundred and ten feet below the street level*. Certainly, interesting as is the aerial portion of a modern department store, the subterranean sections are even more fascinating.

I have been moved by this picture to ask myself and you a very searching question: What is below the street level of our lives?

There, the show windows may be crowded with handsome goods, the aisles may be thronged with purchasers, the elevators may whisk their thousands daily up to six or seven or ten stories full of valuable and useful

wares. But what is below the sidewalk?

For a life, as well as a store, cannot long flourish without basements. What we do before men must be carefully prepared out of sight of men, or it will not be effective. We must study and think more than we speak. We must be more than we seem. The caissons of our character must go down to the bed-rock of principle. The coal bunkers must be full, the furnace must be powerful, the elevator machinery must be reliable. However much we may sell, our business will fail if the shipping-department does not get it to the purchasers. Oh, there is much that is of fundamental importance going on in the basement of a well-ordered life!

There *are* lives that begin with the street floor; and when they become bankrupt, the reason is not far to seek.

CHARACTERS WELL ROUNDED.

Overloaded.

The wife of a friend of mine was aroused about midnight by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. The message came from Boston, ten miles distant, and told her that the building next to her husband's had collapsed, and that her husband's building was in danger. Nothing could be done, however, as her husband was in England at the time; and actually, as the event proved, there was no need to do anything.

I visited the scene the next morning. It was a melancholy sight. In the roped-off street lay a great pile of bricks and other wreckage. It was a five-story building, and the three upper floors had fallen, pitching through the great windows enormous bales of leather. These bales crammed the entire front of the second story, and bulged out through the window spaces.

Heaps of the ponderous material lay on the ground. It was all confused, a miserable mess.

Employees were discussing the accident, and saying how fortunate it was that it did not happen in the daytime. One suggested that a recent shifting of the leather had caused the catastrophe. The newspaper account of the event conjectured that the floors had been too heavily laden with leather—a rather natural supposition. It seemed that the top floor was the first to drop. The weight of its contents, added to what the fourth floor bore, was too much for it, and it also fell. This accumulated mass easily bore down the third floor. But the second floor, perhaps more substantially built, held firm.

This happening has set me to thinking about the many-storied house in which I live—yes, and you, and all of us. Faith is one story, imagination is another, knowledge is another, feeling yet another. We work on still a different floor; our society activities occupy another floor, our home life another. One floor is given up to our reading, another to our eating, another to our recreation, another to our sleeping. The list is by no means complete. Some of us abide in regular Woolworth Buildings, thirty, forty, even fifty stories high.

Now some men think that each floor of their lives is independent of all other floors, but this is not at all the case. Men of this type keep their business quite apart from their religion and their recreation entirely apart from both. When they are on one floor, they forget all about the other floors. They believe that they can keep on doing this all their lives, and, for that matter, in the mansions of the New Jerusalem.

In this they are completely mistaken. Each floor exists for all other floors. If anything goes wrong with one story, the disaster involves the

other stories, and usually at once, like that Boston building.

One of the life floors may be overloaded. Too much sport, perhaps. Too much work, maybe. Possibly too much eating and drinking. Down goes the overloaded floor. It piles its mass on the floor below. Timbers creak, bend, break. Crash! Now the load of two floors is tumbled upon a third. Thus floor after floor may collapse till some stouter floor, very likely the religious floor, bears up under the terrible burden, and gives the masons and carpenters a chance, slowly and with great difficulty, to build you up again.

In that hour you discover that you are a unit, that all parts of your life exist for all other parts and are bound to them by vital ties. No abuse anywhere in your life house but is felt, ultimately, everywhere in the mansion. The only safe course is the sensible one of wise conduct in every story, a system of house management which comprehends all floors in prudent, happy, and righteous regulation.

CHARM.

Those Who Give Themselves.

It would pay us to make a study of the persons whom we are especially glad to meet, whom we look forward eagerly to meeting, and whose conversations we delight to recall.

This personal charm has many elements, and never is the same in two persons; but there is one element which is quite certain to be present—glad attention to the one with whom the person is talking.

This is what made Mrs. Cleveland so popular at the White House. Repeatedly it was said of her that, at a reception, though she grasped the hand of a stranger only for a minute, for that minute she met him as if there were no other person in the universe.

If you think this thorough self-giving is common, watch for it; if you think it is easy, try it.

CHEER.

In the Fireplace.

There were two sticks of wood in the fireplace; one of them was grouchy, the other was sunny.

Said the grouchy stick: "I'm not going to burn, and I advise you not to. What have the people in this house done for us?"

Said the sunny stick: "That isn't the question; it's our business to do something for them."

The grouchy stick growled: "Our business! What do we get for it? Only a pile of ashes at the end."

The sunny stick rejoined brightly: "But think what a splendid flame and crackle and glow on the way to the pile of ashes!"

The grouchy stick responded sourly: "All empty flash! I'm wet and cold. Catch me doing anything but smoke."

The sunny stick, however, burst into a cheery flame that illuminated the whole room, and made everyone smile that looked at it. The heat, too, was so great that even the grouchy stick could not resist it, and after a period of smouldering he also was flaming and crackling as finely as his neighbor.

For if it takes two to make a quarrel, it takes only one to make sunshine.

Getting Back the Silver.

Los Angeles has many moving-picture plants, and the business of making the wonderful films goes on at a surprising rate. Silver bromide is the chief ingredient used in one of the chief processes of developing the films, and it is possible to recover part of the silver so used. Formerly the solution containing the silver was thrown away as soon as it became

chemically inactive. Now, however, it is sold and the silver is extracted. An idea of the slight amount of silver involved may be gained from the fact that the price of 200 gallons of the solution after it has been used is only \$30; and yet it pays to treat it chemically and get the precious metal out of it.

Indeed, it *always* pays to look for what is precious and gather it up.

It pays to hunt out the truth in a statement or an argument, even if there is not much truth, and especially if it is an argument on the opposite side from your own.

It pays to discover the good points in the people you meet, especially if at first you think there are no good points.

It pays to find what is hopeful in any situation, though the situation may be very gloomy—all the more if it is very gloomy.

It pays to gather up in your memory all the pleasant events in your life, all your blessings, whatever they have been; and all the more if your blessings have been few.

It pays to mark the best passages in your books, to make clippings from newspapers, to take notes of sermons, to keep a diary, to preserve loving letters.

Why, it pays to hoard all the good there is in life, to bring it all together and gloat over it and cheer yourself up with it. This is part, and no small part, of the art of happy living.

Wet-weather Insurance.

Our British friends use the principle of insurance far more extensively than we do in America. For example, they insure against bad weather. The insurance does not prevent the bad weather—O no!—but it mitigates the consequences of the bad weather by a consolatory payment of money.

One company that issues this kind

of insurance offers four different forms of policy, known respectively as the Pluvius A, B, C, and D. The holder of policy A receives a certain sum for every week of the time covered during which there is rain on more than two days, amounting on at least one day to two-tenths of an inch. Policy B makes a payment for every rainy day of the insured period. Policy C does not pay for the first day of a wet spell—one is supposed to endure that unaided—but for the second day and all following days. Policy D recompenses the holder for four consecutive rainy days, but for no more. The payments are determined by the records of certain weather observatories scattered over the country, and the holder of a policy receives payment if it rains at his observatory, though it may have been perfectly dry where he himself was; or, if the observatory did not happen to be hit by the storm, he gets no payments though he was in the heart of the downpour.

It is a queer arrangement, but one of considerable interest and full of suggestions regarding the variable skies of our spiritual firmament. For it is perfectly feasible to take out policies against wet weather of the soul, policies against those drizzles and tornadoes of the inner realm which are much more distressing than the atmospheric disturbances, as they come closer to the heart of our life.

There is a company—the Sunshine Insurance Company, to wit—which issues policies of many kinds and on the easiest terms. The peculiarity of this company is that it does not pay damages in case of bad weather, but it prevents the storm from breaking and gives us fair days within, whatever may happen without. The president of this company is Common Sense, Esq. The premiums on the policies are paid in the current coin of faith. The policies must be re-

newed frequently, as the company does not insure for long periods; but the renewal is easily obtained, being effected by reading certain pages in a wonderful old Record Book and merely presenting a request for renewal to the One who alone can grant it.

The effect of these sunshine policies is magical. Blue skies and golden air are caused to spread themselves perpetually over the inner realm. It is ideal picnic weather there all the time. You would think that everyone would insure himself against spiritual wet weather. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to see someone whose gloomy face is a sure token of dreary storms that are raging within. The red signal is up most of the time in many men's lives.

They are selling insurance now "over the counter"—that is, in order to make insurance easy and inexpensive for all, agents are often eliminated, and savings banks deal out insurance policies from the cashiers' windows.

Thus let us popularize this wet-weather insurance of the soul. The policies are suited to our spiritual savings banks, for they will save strength and happiness and character. Who will invest?

Mouth-corners.

If they go down, your stock goes down.

If they go up, your credit soars.

When a man is evidently pleased with the world, folks say to themselves, "World must be treating him well." Most folks have a good opinion of the world's judgment, and hasten to confirm it. Seem to stand in with the world, and men will want to stand in with you.

When the horns of the new moon turn up, it will be a dry month: water-bucket won't slip off. When the corners of your mouth turn up,

the bucket of your good fortune won't slip off.

Don't want you to pretend, or be a hypocrite. Just you turn those depressed mouth-corners of yours up where as Christian mouth-corners they belong, and you will see that the smiling mouth represents a glorious, abounding reality.

Cheerfulness pays, because it is true.

"End of the Route."

I have been greatly pleased with the dry humor of one of the elevator men in my office building. To look at him, you would not think he had a particle of fun in his composition. His face is really funereal. But he has.

When, after making the long descent from the top story, he draws back the door and lets his passengers out, he is likely to call, "End of the route!" The passengers look up in surprise, but there is not a twinkle in his eye. On other occasions he will sing out, "Top floor. Far's we go." Or again, "Fifth floor" will become "Fifth Avenue!" Or again, having accomplished the trip and reached the ground floor, he will soberly announce, "Boston!"

A little thing, these bits of waggishness? Yes, but life is made up of little things, and elevators are not usually elevating places; their influence is depressing. It does me good to see a man, whatever his occupation, making the merriest of it.

Smiling by Compulsion.

A queer order was once issued by the mayor of Salem, Mass. He summoned the police of that famous city and informed them that hereafter they must be more courteous. They were not to speak of their superiors by their first names. When two police-

men met they were to salute each other. Moreover, they were to smile.

This smiling to order strikes one as comical. Doubtless is appeared in that light to the policemen themselves, and they were thus assisted to smile. But one would better smile to order than not at all.

A sour visage is a public calamity, especially when large numbers of persons are obliged to look at it. For a railroad conductor, a station gateman, a policeman, or an elevator man to wear a forbidding countenance is almost a sin. His face amounts to assault and battery on the feelings of all spectators.

On the contrary, a public servant with a jolly face is a universal blessing. How his smile widens out, as a wave spreads in radiating circles, till it reaches the suburbs, other towns, other States, very likely the most remote region in the world! He earns his salary, if only by his smile.

If I had my way, no one should be allowed to walk along the street who was not wearing a smile at least one and a half times as wide as his mouth, and the (smiling) police should be instructed to arrest all offenders.

Killed by His Imagination.

The newspapers once reported a death in New York from a strange cause. The proprietor of a Coney Island hotel, a man the picture of health, began to be the recipient from his friends of condoling remarks.

"What a bad color you have to-day!"

"You are looking badly; what is the matter with you?"

"Not so well as usual, old man, are you?"

"Sorry to see you under the weather. How long have you been sick?"

Thus the words went day after day.

Of course the friends were joking; it was all a "put-up job."

At first the victim laughed at the

suggestions, but at last he began to worry about it. He grew pale and began to fail in reality. Then his joking friends saw they had gone far enough, and they did their best to cheer him up; but it was too late. He grew rapidly worse, and soon died, of purely imaginary ills.

I do not doubt that there are thousands of cases like his, though usually the sick man makes himself sick by his own suggestions, and not his friends'. Often, however, the start comes from some well-meaning but entirely foolish words spoken by a thoughtless acquaintance.

We are only beginning to understand the power of the mind over the body. We are only beginning to understand the vast influence of suggestion. Thoughts are mighty, and false thoughts are as strong for evil as true thoughts for good.

Let us bathe our souls in sunshine. Let us radiate good cheer. Let us tell ourselves how good God is and how beautiful is God's world and how kind is God's providence. Let us tell our friends how well they are looking—if they are looking well; and if they are not, let us tell them what a lovely day it is.

Darkening a Church Door.

Among our many queer expressions few are queerer than this: "He never darkens a church door," meaning, "He never goes to church."

In the physical sense, everyone darkens the church door as he enters. The patch of sunlight is temporarily blotted out, more or less according to the individual's ponderosity or tenuousness.

But in the higher and real sense, a genuine Christian never *darkens* a church door; or if he does, there's something sadly wrong with him.

At the sight of a true Christian every eye lights up as if he were a

little sun walking around. We remember how we have laughed with him. We remember his kind hand on our arm. We remember how he has helped us over a hard place. "God bless him!" we say in our hearts. Ah, *he* never darkens a church door. He lightens it. He glorifies every door he enters.

But, alas! there are men whom the queer expression fits. Sour-faced men. Sour-hearted men. Men with sharp tongues and poisonous minds. Men with eyes drawn together and upper lip fashioned in a sneer.

Darken a church door? Yes, worse than a black pall! Yes, as gloomily as their own black hearts!

Sun All Day.

My office faces the east, and so it gets the eastern sun, and well on toward noon the blessed rays shine in; but what happens after noon? Why, my office keeps on getting the sunshine! There it lies on the floor, broad bands of it, and you would think that the building had turned around and was facing the west.

What accomplishes the marvel?

The Massachusetts State House. That great building, across a narrow street, catches the sunshine on its big windows and its yellow brick and its blocks of marble and granite, and sends it over to me in most neighborly fashion. Perhaps our building, in a humble way, does the same for the State House in the forenoon. It is a beautiful exchange of courtesies, and my afternoons are almost as bright and cheery as my mornings.

Isn't that exactly what we ought to be doing for one another, we men and women living our lives in this sunny, shadowy world? Some of us are bathed in the bright rays of prosperity; others are deep in the shades of adversity. But those in the sunshine can reflect it across the way into

the shadowed lives, and those lives can keep their curtains up to receive it, and so we can be cheery all our lives long as my office is bright all the day long. Is it not well worth doing, on both sides of the highway of life?

Smudge-pots.

During an unusually cold season, the poor fruit-growers throughout the country are kept on the anxious seat. They do not know at any night but that on the morrow their long toil will be rendered worthless by the sharp onset of Jack Frost.

In Colorado, one year well on in the spring, the temperature fell to 20° above zero. The buds were swelling, and that degree of cold meant ruin to hundreds of thousands of fruit-trees—ruin, at least, to the season's crops.

But it takes more than Jack Frost to get ahead of a Westerner. Promptly the smudge-pots were brought into requisition. These smudge-pots are great braziers kept burning beside the trees, rows upon rows of them, so as to raise the temperature and keep it raised. A small army of attendants, men, women, and children, thousands of them, kept these smudge-pots burning night and day. It is said that there were in all some 300,000 smudge-pots, and they made the night almost as bright as the day. Crops that were not thus protected were lost, and it is estimated that three million dollars' worth of fruit was saved by this simple means.

Now I should like to do that sort of work. Not necessarily in fruit orchards, though I should not all object to doing it there; but right where I am, in my office and home and church and community.

We get lots of frosts wherever men and women undertake to live and work together. We get frozen up on the

icy ponds of indifference and selfishness and suspicion and envy.

Sometimes an entire town or an entire church gets thus congealed. Sometimes it is a home or a single person. Always it means loss and misery.

On such occasions let me be as mud-pot. Let me be a bright light and a cheery heat. Let me thaw out the social atmosphere. Let me send the warm currents pulsing through the veins and the sap of human kindness rising in leaves and blossoms. All that is needed is persistent smiling and faithful service and generous sympathy and shrewd tact. One man's warmth can thaw out a home or a church or even an entire community.

And it is about as profitable and businesslike a thing as a Christian can do.

"Near" Sunshine.

If you can't have sunshine, have as near sunshine as you can.

This was the purpose of a Brooklyn man who had to build his house on a lot which was shut in from the sunlight. He went to work most ingeniously to supply the deficiency. Wherever he could, he inserted skylights made of amber glass. Everywhere through the house he tinted the walls yellow, or papered them with wall paper of the same cheery hue.

The plan did not work out in a monotonous way, because each room was sufficiently different from its neighbors in its situation and demands to require for its walls a different tint. The result is said to be delightful. Even on cloudy days the house appears to be flooded with sunshine, and the people who live there are responding to their bright environment with health of spirits and of body.

I admire that man's gumption. If he couldn't have golden light, he could

have yellow wall paper. If nature's painting was forbidden him, he would make the most of man's. Such a householder hardly needed the happy device. He would be sunshiny in a rayless dungeon fifty feet under ground.

To be sure, not even the brightest of color schemes has the disinfecting power of sunlight, unless the microbes are ashamed to harm one in an atmosphere so kindly. But the contrivance must have gone far toward banishing the harmful bacteria of gloom and fretfulness and discontent.

Sometimes our life lot is like that man's lot of land. Our life house faces the cold north. Not even on June 21 can sun get into it. It is full of sick rooms. It has no friends in it. There is no nourishing food in the pantry. There is no coal in the cellar. Even the library shelves are bare. There are many life houses like that.

But the triumph of "near" sunshine is almost equal to the comfort of real sunshine. To choose paint cans of the brightest yellow and softest pink and coolest olive green; to spread the paint on vigorously; to watch the blessed metamorphosis from gloom to gladness; to triumph over the clouds; to possess even in the rainstorm an interior sun all one's own—ah, this approaches the joy of creation perhaps as closely as mere mortals ever can.

Houses "stay put." Except rarely in earthquake or cyclone regions, or when the land is worth more than the edifice and a house-mover is called upon to roll the house away to a lot still less desirable, the dwelling place that fronts the north must forever continue to front the north.

But soul mansions may move, and often they do move. Some follow the sun like the sunflower. Some turn from it and shrink into the shadow. And I am sure that no life, however firmly fastened to a gloomy aspect, could resist the sunward tendency

of such a process of room painting as I have described. It must rise from its stony bondage like a thing of life, and float away, a veritable castle in the air, to the top of a sun-kissed hill.

CHILDREN.

The Despised Film.

The electric light was a brilliant affair. Its brass shone, its shade was elegantly engraved, the bulb glittered, the rod was like gold. No wonder the light was proud of itself.

"Nothing in this room," said the light, "can touch me for beauty and splendor. I am the climax, the crown of all these furnishings. There's only one thing of which I am ashamed, and that is the silly, wriggling, contemptible thread which the makers have put right in the middle of me. All the rest of me is shining and substantial, but that is a dull, fragile film, like a cobweb, and a black one at that. If I could only get them to put in a gold thread, now, that would match the rest of me, and would be well worth while."

At this point the film, perhaps because it was mortified "to pieces," broke in two, and when lighting time came the electric light remained dark.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the mistress, "another failure of this light. It is a perfect nuisance. Give me the good old reliable kerosene." With that a kerosene lamp was brought in and the electric light was compelled to remain dark all the evening, on account of the despised film.

Moral: Let not the most brilliant family or church or the strongest nation despise the children. The film is delicate and weak, but that way goes the light of the future.

CHIVALRY.

Women and Children First.

How often have I heard men and women questioning that splendid rule

of the sea, so gloriously illustrated on the *Titanic*, "Women and children first!"

"It is noble," I have heard, "but, really, is it sensible? Of course those hundreds of men should not have pushed themselves forward and crowded the women out of the life boats, and of course they were heroes to remain on the doomed ship so calmly and cheerfully; but should not some discretion and selection have been exercised? Should not the large interests of the world have been considered? Should not such a Christian statesman as William T. Stead have been preserved, to fight on for the oppressed of all lands, for the maintenance of peace and the bringing in of the Kingdom? Should not Major Butt have been saved, the man on whom the President relied for so many indispensable services? Should not Colonel Astor, and Widener, and the other men of large wealth, responsible for vast enterprises and in control of the destinies of many thousands of men, women, and children—should not these have been saved? Since a choice must be made, would it not have been better for the world that such men as these should be selected, rather than the corresponding small number of steerage passengers, poor, perhaps alone in the world, with nothing to look forward to, their lives as meaningless if continued as if blotted out? Was the rule, 'Women and children first,' the rule of common sense? Was it not Quixotic and fantastic?" Thus have run the comments from some with whom I have talked.

To which I must answer "No! a thousand times No! and forever, No!"

With all his deeds of unselfish service for mankind, William T. Stead accomplished more for the world in the manner of his leaving it than he could have accomplished had he pro-

longed his life two decades. With all his tact and skill in the management of affairs, Major Butt, though he had served through four more administrations, would not have served his country so helpfully as during those four hours upon the sinking steamer. Not all the crew on the *Titanic* could have forced Stead, Butt, Astor, and their comrades into the life-boats; but if they had gone there the world would not have been richer, it would have been sadly poorer.

For others can edit magazines, conduct assemblies, manage estates, and paint pictures, but no others but those men could teach the lesson they were set to teach, the supreme lesson of care for the feebler, protection of the weak, defense of the helpless. To teach that lesson, as it was taught in the dark hours of April 14, 1912, is to ennoble all mankind, to vivify all seeds of pure impulses, to make men everywhere and for all time more unselfish and heroic. Blood has been poured out like water throughout the world's history for causes far less glorious, to ends far less magnificent. More men died on the *Titanic* than in many a famous battle, but the victory was better worth winning.

CHRIST.

The Mystery of Magnetism.

Dr. L. A. Bauer, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, appears to have proved that the sum of the earth's magnetism is growing less. That mystic power which holds the needle to the pole is waning. Perhaps some day our compasses will be useless, and we must steer our ships by wireless telegraphy.

More or less accurate observations are available from 1843, and full observations from 1890 to 1900. A

study of these indicates an annual loss of 1-2400th in the magnetic force,—a loss which, in 1600 years, will reduce one-half the present intensity of the earth's magnetism.

Of course, little is known about the magnetic conditions of the oceans and of sparsely inhabited or unexplored regions; the vast reaches of the Pacific are soon to be studied magnetically, and perhaps it will be seen that the magnetism there is increased enough to balance the loss elsewhere. This, however, is not likely.

There is an attraction, however, more mysterious than the magnetic force, that wraps itself around the earth in all its parts; and this attraction increases from age to age. It was never so strong as to-day. It furnishes a compass unfailing and powerful over all the seas of existence. We know that it cannot pass away, but must continue endlessly to increase.

It is the magnetism that draws all men to Him who was lifted up upon the Cross of Calvary.

The One Fixed Star.

Astronomers tell us that the idea back of the term, "fixed stars," is an erroneous one. There are no "fixed stars." Fast as the "shooting stars" dart through our atmosphere, so fast that they burn up or explode in the process just because of the friction of the air, their speed is nothing compared with that of the "fixed stars."

These distant suns, as well as our own, are hurling themselves through space with tremendous rapidity. The only reason they seem fixed is because of their vast distances, or, in the case of our sun, because we in our orbit are fixed to it.

That wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, shows us, by the shifting of the lines in the spectrum, whether the star is moving toward us or away

from us, and approximately how fast it is moving.

If we could see the heavens as they really are, back of their apparent calm and steadfastness would flash out an infinite activity. Energy, speed, heat, mass, beyond our wildest guess, would show themselves in the celestial spaces.

"All is change," said the old Greek philosopher, and made the dictum the basis of his theories. If he had known modern science, he would have had many additional illustrations for his lectures.

But ah! in all this turmoil there is one point of stability. Amid these flowing, darting, whirling masses of stars there is one genuine fixed star. It is the Star of Bethlehem. It is the age-long symbol of Christianity.

Kingdoms rise and fall. Customs and fashions appear and vanish. Great men rise and are forgotten. Systems of thought attain vogue and pass away. Still shines that glorious star, unchanging, unmoving, as it shone above the manger and lighted the wise men on their way.

Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. His love is the same. His wisdom is the same. His power is the same. His sacrifice is the same. His glory is the same. His church is the same. His heaven is the same.

There is no pole star but this. The universe has no center but this. The universes have no other center,—universes of matter, of life, of thought, of hope.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" was the advice of the Concord seer. Nay, hitch your wagon to *this* star alone.

Virtus nostra ducens stella est is an old motto. Nay, *Christus nostra ducens stella est*.

Fixed to this one fixed star, our lives for the first time become stable. Surrounded by change, we need fear no change in our destiny.

The Copy at Hand.

In the bygone school days, when the master set "a copy" in the old writing books for childish hands to imitate as best they might, it was supposed that continued trying would bring improvement, and that the bottom of the page would be much better than its beginning. But the theory did not work out well in practice, for as the young scribe moved farther away from his example he began to follow his own blunders instead of his copy, and the last lines were often worse than the first.

New methods have provided a movable copy that can slide down as the writing progresses, and be constantly kept in sight. That is what we need in our Christian work—close contact with our Copy. Otherwise we fall into a rut in our service, and either complacently or in discouraged, half-hearted fashion follow our own blundering ways year after year. If we are to do better work and grow into finer character as life goes on, it must be by the ever-fresh vision of our Lord.

When Medicine is Needed.

Many persons have foolish ideas of independence of the doctor and of medicine. They think that every day they can put off calling a physician or taking a pill is so much clear gain. In point of fact it is so much loss, if the doctor and the pill are needed at all. Perhaps the delay may mean irreparable loss; in any case it means a hindered recovery.

For medicine, real medicine, is a food for the body. It supplies what the body should supply but does not, or what the body should be getting from outside but is not getting. The doctor is simply the man who restores the course of nature and puts the erring body on the right path again.

Independence of the doctor and his medicine case is willful choice of weakness before strength, of sickness before health, of incapacity as against power.

This, which is true of the physician of the body, is most of all true of the good Physician, the Physician to the soul. His medicine is renewal, peace, power. His coming is the coming of life. Why do we so often, in our silly independence, neglect to summon Him?

CHRISTIANITY.

Climate and Christianity.

A missionary writer calls attention to the fact that every country in the world that enjoys an attractive climate is a Christian country. The countries that broil and bake and blister, the countries seething with fevers and reeking with miasmas, the countries of the jungle and the desert, are pagan lands, whose licentious or fear-goaded worship echoes the horrible natural conditions that oppress the people.

Of course, religion is more than climate. Send Christians into the heart of Africa, and they remain Christian, and Christianize all around them. But Christianity is the religion of strong bodies and clear brains; it belongs to fresh air, to the uplands, to the temperate zone. It is the religion of purity and strength.

When we lack patience with paganism, and tend to an overweening pride in our Christian superiority, let us take thought on these things.

Better Roads.

During a recent twelve years the expenditure for roads in the United States has increased from \$80,000,000 a year to about \$282,000,000, or more than 250 per cent. Since 1891 every State but three has established a

highway department, and these departments have spent a total of \$265,350,825. They have built more than 50,000 miles of good roads. The value of this work, to the farmer, the manufacturer, and to citizens of all occupations or none, is inestimable.

While all this has been in progress, have Christians made equal advance in the work of spiritual road-building? Have we raised the valleys, brought low the hills, and prepared a smooth, firm highway for the King? May all Christians bestir themselves, lest these magnificent secular forces excel them in enterprise and results.

CHRISTIANS NOT WORKING.

Church Invalids' Rooms.

A well-appointed modern church, especially one that happens to be situated in a town that is a health resort, is quite likely to boast an invalids' room.

This room is placed near the pulpit, so that the occupants can hear easily. It is set a little above the pulpit, so that the invalids will not be stared at by the congregation. The room has little windows in it, through which the invalids may look out and see the congregation and the preacher. In these comfortable apartments are rocking chairs, and reclining chairs, and couches. Of course there are no drafts. Here the sick folks may come or be carried, and here, well wrapped up, they can hear the singing and the prayers and the sermon, and, while still virtually in a sick-room, can go to church.

That is very well for the invalids, and no one should be anything but glad over it. But what is to be said about the arrangement if one is not sick? Certainly that it would be a great absurdity.

Nevertheless, where is there a church, though a thousand miles from a health resort, and though every

member of the congregation is in sound and flourishing health, but boasts an invalids' room? Nay, some of these churches are nothing but invalids' rooms, from the front door to the pulpit, and including the vestry in the rear.

The people that occupy these invalids' rooms are sensitive Christians that must be protected from all kinds of spiritual drafts. They are weak Christians, too timid or too retiring or too lazy to do any work. Their idea of "service" is going to church—and listening. They seem to sit in pews, these church invalids, but the angels, who see things as they are, know that they are really lying on couches, every one of them, each covered with a soft little afghan.

But what a pleasure it would be to open all the windows in such a church, and fill it full of drafts, and fling around a whip of small cords that would give the invalids some salutary exercise! Alas! I am not likely to have the privilege, for no one is admitted to such invalids' rooms but the doctor and the nurse.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

A Crank and Mixer.

The religious press once made merry with an announcement that came from a certain church in Illinois. The pulpit of that church was vacant, and the trustees decided that their new pastor must possess these seven qualifications (seven being the number of perfection!):

1. He must not be more than thirty-five years old (wisdom and experience being at a discount nowadays).
2. He must be married (and, of course, his wife must be a duplicate pastor).
3. He must be an evangelist (and must do the soul-winning for all the church).

4. He must belong to a secret society (of *all* things).

5. He must be willing to assume the burdens of his flock (and skillfully conceal his own).

6. He must be a mixer.

7. He must be a crank.

Now really, aside from No. 4 (which we cannot believe was correctly reported; probably a "not" has slipped out), that is a pretty sensible list. It enumerates some qualities that should be possessed by all successful Christian workers, lay as well as clerical. That is,

1. They must have in their hearts the zeal and zest of youth (though their hair may be gray).

2. They must have entered, by sympathetic understanding if not by experience, into all the deeps of life,—birth and death, love and marriage, pain and sickness, childhood and age, joy and sorrow.

3. They must have a whole-souled love for God and man, and a passion for bringing the two together.

4. (Ahem!)

5. They must be helpful, self-sacrificing.

6. They must be sociable, at ease themselves and setting others at ease.

7. They must believe their beliefs with all their might.

When you get that combination, things begin to move.

CHRISTMAS.

The Stockings Talk.

"I am Burton Bullion's Christmas stocking, which he borrowed from his tallest female relative. Every stitch in me aches and is ready to break. I am bulging with things, loaded and groaning with things. The nail I hang on is sagging. I'll never be a decent stocking again. Down at my toe is a pill-box half filled with happiness. Oh, hum! I'd rather be anything else than a Christmas stocking!"

"I am Carl Common's Christmas stocking—just a sock, but O my! I am carrying a twenty-five-cent knife which is the wonder of the world. And the biggest and best orange that ever came out of Florida. And ten sticks of the sweetest candy man knows how to make. And a new dime possessing unutterable possibilities. And packages of happiness filling me out till I feel as big as a golf-bag. Glory! I'd rather be a Christmas stocking than anything else in the world!"

A Municipal Tree Worth Having.

The municipal Christmas tree is a lovely sight. It stands for a beautiful thought. And yet we fail to notice any enthusiastic appreciation of it.

Possibly this is because it is all glitter and no gifts. Possibly every other Christmas tree would be received as impassively if it were hung only with electric lights.

We could suggest the kind of Christmas tree that would wake up a municipality, and send caps into the air, and put a grin on every face. It would shine all over with lights of Human Sympathy. Its branches would bend with bundles of Fair Play, and packages of Strict Justice, and boxes of Practical Helpfulness, and stockings bulging with Right Prices. The mayor would make a very acceptable Santa Claus, with the board of aldermen as assistants. And over all would gleam a Star that would not be an anomaly.

This is the kind of municipal Christmas tree we are going to have some day.

CHURCH.

What is Your Church's Name?

One night the Angel of Nomenclature visited all the churches in our town, erased the denominational

names upon them, and painted instead, in large letters, names of his own selection. A certain large church, accustomed to seat immense crowds, was dubbed "The Church of Oratory." Another, whose congregation was stylish and select, was named "The Church of Fashion." Still another, a congregation famous for orthodoxy, was called "The Church of Sound Opinions." A church frequented solely by the wealthy was renamed "The Church of the Golden Eagle." A sensational church was set forth as "The Church of Big Type." Yet others were named "The Church of the Backward Look," "The Church of Spiritual Cobwebs," "The Church of Dead Wood." Many, of course, had beautiful and encouraging names, befitting Christian congregations; but the name that pleased all beholders best was painted upon a modest, homelike edifice. It was called by the angel "The Church of Divine Friendship."

CHURCH-GOING.

Sabbath Snap.

An old woman in New York City—she is eighty-eight years of age—goes down several flights of stairs and walks four blocks to church every Sunday. Another woman—to be sure, she is younger, namely, seventy-eight—travels six miles every Sunday to get to the same church, including a walk of a mile.

The example of these aged ladies is a rebuke to all of us younger folk. How easy we find it to stay home from church! Rain—why, of course we cannot go in the rain. Even cloudy weather is enough to deter us, for it might rain. Cold, heat, headache, or "headache coming on," toothache (church drafts are proverbial), backache, face-ache, "nothing to wear," too tired, company coming, company come, company just gone,

worried to death, bored to death, can't stand that Jones boy's wiggling, can't stand that Brown baby's crying, can't endure the way the preacher reads the hymns, can't bear the new soprano—she flats, *went* last Sunday, *going* next Sunday, can read a sermon in *The Tribune*, lovely day for an auto ride, really need a long walk, *must* take a rest, you know—why, the reasons for not going to church are as many as there are Sundays in the year, and a few left over.

Then, in the face of them all, those two old ladies in New York.

CHURCH CO-OPERATION.

When the Doctors Work Together.

A well-known Boston physician, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, is reported as saying that the poor man who goes to a hospital when he is sick receives far better treatment than richer folks, except the very rich, because at the hospital he is served by specialists, while others in their homes are served by doctors who are probably not specialists in the diseases with which the patients are suffering. Dr. Cabot looks forward to the time when doctors will form companies, each group including a number of specialists and covering a wide field of knowledge. A man will then pay by the year for the services of the group of doctors. He will consult them when he needs to, and not when his disease has gone so far that pain forces him to go to them, for consultation will cost nothing extra, and he will wish to get his money's worth. And he will be treated by the doctor that has specialized in his trouble, whatever it is.

The idea is a good one, and in the coming church it will be adapted to spiritual troubles. When our excessive denominationalism has given way to genuine federation among the churches, the ministers will combine

their labors, and each will deal with the type of men and women, sinner and saint, with which he is best fitted to deal. No longer will the pastor of a church be obliged to do all kinds of pastoral and evangelistic and social and convention work, for much of which he has no inherent fitness and perhaps no training, but the group of ministers will include specialists in all kinds of religious work needed by the community, and each specialist will work the field to the best of his ability.

That would be applying to our Father's business the sane and practical methods that have proved themselves valuable in the business of the world, and the result would certainly be great gains for the kingdom of God.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Name It!

Some folks have queer notions about advertising anyway.

For instance, on the way down from Boston to Buzzard's Bay, all along the railroad track there are big yellow signs bearing nothing under the sun but the figure 27. Sometimes you will see it on a fence, sometimes on a tree trunk or a barn, sometimes it will gleam out from the foliage of a tree: "27" in black upon a yellow ground; nothing else.

Probably every passenger of all the thousands that pass along that railroad has asked what that mysterious "27" stands for. I asked and asked until I found out. It means that some dealer in clothing has twenty-seven stores. I heard the name, but I straightway forgot it. I didn't care about the name, nor where the dealer has his stores. I had found out what "27" signified, and that was all I wanted. I have no doubt that my experience is the experience of every other person whose interest has been excited by the eccentric signs.

A grain more sensible is the advertisement seen plentifully in the same region:

RAY.

Everywhere RAY. Just RAY. No explanation, no adornment, only RAY.

Of course you have to find out about it; you *have* to. You learn that it means that a man named Ray (of course that is not his real name) keeps a furniture store somewhere, I have forgotten where. Your curiosity is satisfied, and the advertiser has wasted his money.

No; you may set it down as one element in a successful advertisement that it should always contain as plainly as possible the name of the article advertised, and the place where it may be obtained, if only "of all grocers." If you do not make your advertising thus definite, you might just as well dig a hole in the ocean, throw in your money, and quietly cover it up.

Now why do you suppose I have been giving this lecture on advertising? Not because I care whether people throng Mr. Ray's furniture store, or buy their clothing at one of those 27 emporiums, but because I want everyone to see the common-sense necessity of—joining the church!

You cannot "be as good a Christian out of the church as in it." In the church you have taken Christ's name upon you. You bear His stamp, His trade-mark. Now all your good deeds, your good words, your excellences of character, go to increase the sum of Christ's honor in the world. And it is hard to see how that honor can be increased in any other way.

If you think it could, then pull down your signs, take your advertisement out of the paper, and try doing a strictly anonymous business in the mercantile world.

Those that are in earnest about their Father's business are glad to

say, "Look at me. I am of Christ. I am a pretty poor sample of what Christ can do, but I should be much worse without Him. I owe to Him all I have, all I am. I am a part of His church. If you want to be helped as I am continually helped, there is the place to go."

Talk about being as good a Christian outside the church as in it! No cheaper, more insincere and witless talk is ever heard than precisely that! "Let the redeemed of the Lord

SAY SO."

The Sickle.

Nathan Keen was walking by George Grundy's front yard when he saw the old gentleman on his knees going over the grass laboriously with a sickle.

"Well, of all things! Mr. Grundy," said Keen; "why don't you get a lawn-mower?"

"I like this exercise. I'm not used to lawn-mowers. This way, I feel I'm doing something. And I have time to burn."

"Can't you twist out some more reasons? Why, Mr. Grundy, it's absurd to spend six hours on what machinery would do better in half an hour."

Grundy straightened up. "Not half so absurd, Nathan, as for you to insist on going over a lot of philosophic and theological ground that has been cut and raked and put into the best possible shape for generations."

"Why—er——" stammered Keen.

"You won't believe anything unless you can study it out for yourself. You stay out of the church and live a sickle life when you have ample capacity for a lawn-mower life."

"But—er——" said Keen.

"I tell you what I'll do, Nathan. You give up your nonsense, take for granted that the millions upon millions of Christians before you have done

good thinking, enter into the heritage of sound doctrine they have left you, and join the church. The very next day I'll buy a lawn-mower and throw away my sickle. Is it a bargain?"

"Mr. Grundy, it is," said Nathan Keen.

CHURCH UNION.

"Wait Till Noon."

I take it for granted that every Christian is tremendously interested in the movements toward church union that are being made among the denominations.

They were building a great bridge across a river, and the structure was carried from both sides to meet in the middle. But, some way, when the central span was swung into place, they found that it did not fit; it fell short by two inches, and no ingenuity could bridge that little space.

In dismay they telegraphed to the designer of the bridge, and in great impatience awaited his reply.

When the reply came it was enigmatical, for it merely said, "Wait till to-morrow noon."

To-morrow noon the mystified builders found that the sun's rays had expanded the metal so that, section to section, it precisely matched, and there was no crack at all; the bridge was one.

And so our Christian churches are separated from one another by spaces that it seems impossible to bridge. They are little differences, but they are very persistent ones. Men insist on them, perpetuate them, cannot get over them.

Ah, wait till noon. Just wait till the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, with healing in His wings for this and all other troubles. As men's hearts grow warm, as our ecclesiastical beams and trusses expand under the loving rays, less and less will grow the sep-

arating rifts, and some glad day the churches will all come together. There will be but one firm bridge on which men may walk with glad feet from earth to heaven!

Amen. Let us hasten that happy day!

CHURCH WORK.

Good Business?

When a young fellow is hired in a store, the boss is not satisfied if he merely gets to the store in the morning, fairly on time. No, indeed; he sets the boy right at work. He must run errands. He must do up bundles. He must sweep out. He must tidy up the shelves. That boy is kept jumping from morning to night, and made to earn every cent of his pay.

Through it all, his master's eye is on him. If he seems to be a bright boy, and if he is thoroughly reliable and faithful, he is advanced in the work. He is allowed to wait on customers. He is sent out with the delivery wagon. He makes out the bills. According to his ability, he is given harder and ever harder work to do. And his pay is advanced accordingly.

If the boy is original and progressive, he does not wait for his master's suggestions of new work, but now and then asks permission to try this and that branch of the business, or he even quietly drops a hint of an improved method or a novel undertaking. Such a boy, if he is sensible as well as enterprising, gets into the firm in time, and becomes wealthy. But the point is that, whether he is of the self-pushing kind or not, he is set to work at once, and kept at work, and given every incentive to better his work and to forge ahead. That is what happens to a boy when he is hired in a store.

Now what happens to him when he joins a church, when he enters his

Father's business? Is he set to work at once? Probably not. Are people satisfied with his mere attendance? They probably are. Is there anyone whose business it is to look after that particular boy, keep him busy, study his capabilities, and advance him as rapidly as is wise? Usually not.

What does the boy see ahead of him in the King's business? One full-grown efficient man whose sole contribution to the business is hiring the choir once a year. Another who walks up and down the aisle once a week with a contribution box in his hand. Another who offers a stereotyped prayer once a month in the prayer meeting. And all active in their secular work to the very top of their bent.

Is it any wonder that the boy soon settles down in his pew and concludes that "the King's business" is not very urgent?

Brethren, no other enterprise in the world has the resources in boys and men, girls and women, that the Christian church possesses. And a secular enterprise that made so little use of its employees would go bankrupt in a month.

Acre Clubs.

"Acre clubs" are planned among the farmers of a western State. Twelve or fifteen farmers of a community are to form the club in that neighborhood. Each farmer agrees to plant a single acre for a certain crop, to give it the best care he can, and keep an exact account of his expenses and labor with reference to that acre, together with the growth and development of the crop and of other matters necessary to make the experiment as instructive as possible.

After the harvest the club is to hear in turn the results of all these acres, and thorough discussion is to

give to every member of the club the full experience of all the other members with regard to their acres. So far as possible, each acre is to be planted for a different crop, so as to bring in the largest amount of information.

The idea is so admirable that it is a shame to confine it to agriculture; why not apply it also to things of the spirit?

Why, for instance, should not a dozen Christians band themselves together, each agreeing to cultivate some little corner of the great "field which is the world," and report to the whole club from time to time just how they are getting along and all that they have learned?

One will take a Sunday-school class. One will take a church committee. One will take an old ladies' home. One will take a discouraged mother. One will take a "tough" young man. One will try personal evangelistic work. One will undertake Christian correspondence. One will see what can be done by lending good books. One will use a consecrated talent for music.

And each will "occupy" his acre,—will fill it full, that is, of earnest planning and ardent toil. The one will learn from the other, and all will learn from God. His rain and His sunshine will help them with their acres, and will accomplish far more than all their hoes and plows. And after the harvest they will meet for such a jubilee as their lives have never known before.

Acre clubs! Come to think of it, that is what all churches and all prayer meetings should be.

CITIZENSHIP.

Your Share of the City.

Did you ever, in counting up your possessions, reckon in your share of the city or town in which you live?

Few people realize that there is such an element in their wealth.

If your city has twenty thousand inhabitants, then you own one twenty-thousandth of all the city owns. Yours is one twenty-thousandth of the streets, and the parks, and the schoolhouses, and the municipal buildings, and the library, and the water-works, and the art museum, and the many other fine things that go to make up the city's goods.

You may stand in the center of a noble park and look around upon the beautiful flower-beds, and the stately trees, and the sparkling ponds, and the delicate shrubbery, and you may please yourself with picking out your own particular corner—one twenty-thousandth part of it all. You may go to that corner and feel at home.

You may visit the handsome stone city hall, and, going to the various rooms, you may choose your own private window or take a seat in your very own leather-covered chair.

You may draw a book from the public library,—of twenty thousand volumes, we will say,—and as you turn over its pages you may realize that it is your own book that you are reading.

You may pick up a bit of paper in the street and place it in the wastebasket; you are only caring for your own property.

You will pay your taxes with a ready mind; you are only keeping up your property, as is right.

This sense of ownership in the municipality is perfectly legitimate and highly enjoyable. That it is growing among men and women and boys and girls is one of the happiest signs of the times in which we live.

CLEANLINESS.

The Bane of the Bath.

A certain professor has immortalized himself, and won the gratitude of

civilized (and more especially uncivilized) man.

It was in Chicago he did it, and the annual meeting of a certain medical society was the occasion.

The paper in which the great discovery was announced was given only partial publicity, but its essence was preserved in the following extract:

"When people leave off bathing, there will be little or nothing for the doctors to do. Pneumonia, colds, and a hundred other ills result from the foolish habit of washing the body. To bathe is to be 'dirty,' for you thereby make a sewer of the skin. Blood, attracted by the skin, gives up the products that should be left to seek a natural outlet, and so soils the skin."

The professor went on to nail the false assertion that the closing of the pores of the skin would result in death. He next annihilated the dry bath, asserting that the rough towel carried off the natural scales of the skin, leaving a surface where bacteria rioted. His peroration was a pathetic account of a poor Greenland brought down to Boston and given a bath. The victim of misguided cleanliness had never been sick before in his life, but immediately after the bath he was stricken with pneumonia, and died in two days.

I read that article to my little daughter, and she said, "Good!"

I read it to my wife, and she said that if that professor put his theory in practice, she wouldn't care to be in the same room with him.

But think from how much toil the professor's sublime discovery saves mankind! And think of the saving in soap, and bath tubs and towels! And how reasonable it is, now the great truth is pointed out! Of course none of the waste material of the body would think of coming out with the perspiration; it wouldn't be so ill-bred. And that little boy in Florence

whose skin was covered with gold foil and he died next day, probably died of gratified vanity, and not of clogged pores. Come to think of it, all the centenarians the newspapers hunt up, and print their pictures, are disreputable old men and women who never took a bath in their lives.

Long live the Chicago professor! for he has discovered how to live long.

Is Cleanliness Next to Godliness?

I once received a letter from a Kansan who criticised severely the famous proverb, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." A lot of folks believe that is in the Bible; but it isn't; it is far from being there.

As my correspondent remarked: "Cleanliness is sometimes characteristic of the meanest men, men in whom there is no semblance of godliness. Where there is godliness and the godly soul is clean—and he must be clean physically as well as spiritually—that cleanliness is a part of his godliness; but that is all."

The proverb smacks of the Pharisees and their elaborate rules for exterior purification, while all the time they were neglecting the weightier matters of the law. No one knows the origin of the proverb. Wesley quoted it in a sermon, and that is as far back as we can go, though Bacon wrote something like it. Probably all that the original writer meant is that a godly man will not be content with dirty surroundings, nor allow his person to remain unclean.

But we have made the proverb mean that cleanliness stands next to godliness as a virtue, and that is absurd. Some of the worst of men have been the neatest. Some of the most immoral of women spend the most time in the care of their bodies. When the Roman empire was at its

worst the bath was most elaborate and most frequently used. Your own observation will doubtless show you the falseness of the proverb taken in this sense, and I need not multiply examples.

This is simply one more illustration of our common tendency to see things out of proportion, to set the less in place of the greater. We allow some trifling fault to turn us from our best friend. We take exception to the preacher's gestures, and close our ears to the great truths he is uttering. Yes, and in our personal lives we are sometimes more anxious about polishing our finger nails than about winning our friends to the Christian life.

This does not mean, however, that our finger-tips may be black.

CLEARANCES.

Scrap Baskets in Every Room.

Few homes have enough scrap baskets. There should be one in every room. Even in the parlor we are apt to have newspapers, envelopes, threads, and the like, to throw away. Even in the dining room material collects for a scrap basket. If the rubbish receptacle is not at hand, the rubbish is not likely to be carried into another room or down cellar; it is just left around.

Similarly, there should be a scrap basket in every room of life,—in our friendship room, for so many friendships are hurtful and we need to get rid of them; in our workshop, for some occupations do us harm; in our planning room, for many ambitions are unwisely cherished; in our amusement room, for not a few recreations do not at all recreate.

He is a sensible man, she is a sensible woman, who keeps scrap baskets wherever rubbish can possibly come, and they make vigorous use of them.

CONCEIT.**Overheard in the Library.**

"I am writing a great book," remarked the Pen. "It will make me famous."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Ink-bottle. "I was rather of the opinion that I was writing that book. How much would you write without my ink?"

"Well, of all the conceited fools!" sneered the Paper. "It is not your book at all, but mine. I am the book. It is written on my pages. Take it from me if you can!"

"You are all wrong," said the Dictionary. "What is a book but words? And where does the writer get the words except from me? You have all seen how often he comes to me for them. The book is manifestly mine."

Thereupon the author, who had overheard the conversation, chuckled aloud. "I suppose," he mused, "no one ever did something worth while but a dozen assistants, completely his inferior, took credit for it themselves."

CONCENTRATION.**Its Heart in the Song.**

A trustworthy authority says that the nightingale, when it sings, is wholly absorbed in the beautiful music it makes. No matter what happens around it, the bird sings on. This authority even believes that the bird sings in the dusk with its eyes shut, and gives as a reason for his belief the experiment he made of stealing within a few yards of where a nightingale was singing one night, and then silently striking a match. The bird, he declares, sang serenely on, without dropping a note.

Good for the sweet singer! That is the way to sing. Songs that are thus sung, whether by avian or by human poets, will always be heard.

And that is the way to do any

piece of work, whether it is poetry or prose, a nightingale's song at twilight or the digging of a ditch at noon. Become so interested in your task that nothing short of an earthquake will distract your attention away from it. Throw your whole soul into it, and not merely the outer edge of your soul. Put your whole mind upon it, and not merely two or three convolutions of your brain. Get so deaf to the noises of men that you can do the work as well in a boiler factory as in the center of a thousand-acre farm. Pay no more heed to interruptions than a cannon ball would. While you are at your task make yourself to all purposes alone in the world with it.

Men that can do that are masters of the situation. Men that cannot do it, but must have a thousand preliminaries of surroundings, equipment, and conditions before they can do any work, are at the mercy of every wind that blows. Their failure in this distracting world is certain and swift. The only victory for the laborer comes along the line of courageous independence.

CONDUCT.**Selected Glass.**

A man was having his seashore home built by a reliable builder, who was so honest and skillful that he was left quite to his own devices, the owner making visits to the spot only about once a week.

In one particular, however, the builder failed to satisfy his employer. When the latter arrived one day, and found the windows in position, he noted, to his dismay, that almost every windowpane was full of flaws. It was a calm day, yet viewed through those windows the ocean seemed rough with gigantic waves, and all the world appeared ridged and seamy.

"That is the way glass is likely

to come unless you order selected glass, which is much more expensive," said the builder.

"But the ocean view is the main thing in a seashore home," said the disappointed owner; and in the end he had the worst panes of glass replaced by material with fewer flaws, an operation that added considerably to the expense.

Often since then that man has thought of the panes of glass he is furnishing for others to see through. What kind of vision do those have who look at truth through our lives? Is it a perfect, steady, and satisfying view? Let us make our conduct "selected glass," clear and without a flaw!

CONFIDENCE.

"Hot Air."

We criticise those who have an "inflated" idea of themselves. We condemn those who indulge in "hot air." Both metaphors were established before the automobile came in; they certainly do not fit that sprightly contrivance.

For the death of motor tires is under-inflation. They must be pumped full of air, pumped hard, pumped till the pressure is eighty pounds or more. It makes no difference if the day is hot and the air therefore "hot air." Heated air expands, but the amount of air in a tire raises the pressure by its expansion in the hottest day under constant use only four pounds. Any decent tire will stand far more than that, while flabbiness will wear out the stoutest tire in no time. The tire is made for inflation, for hot air, and with it does its best work.

This is not saying that men do their best work when over-confident; but there is such a thing as under-confidence, and that is often more disastrous than the former.

He Let Them Shoot.

It was in a Chicago police station.

Half a dozen officers were there, watching with keen interest a stirring scene.

At one end of the room stood a quiet, firm-faced man in citizen's clothes. At the other end stood a big policeman.

"I'm ready, any time," said the man in citizen's clothes.

Slowly the big policeman drew a revolver from his hip pocket, aimed steadily at the man who had spoken, and fired point blank at his breast.

"Again," said the quiet man, smiling serenely.

The policeman fired again and again, till he had emptied his revolver. Then they all crowded around the man who had received the shots.

He was still smiling and erect. Unbuttoning his coat, he showed beneath it a heavy, quilted vest. It was invented by Cassimir Zieglen, and the material and process of manufacture are kept secret. It is guaranteed to stop at twenty paces a Colt's forty-four bullet.

"Bullet-proof vest or not," said one of the policemen with a shrug. "you wouldn't catch me taking those chances. Why, there might be a hole in it, or a weak spot, and then where would you be?"

Now that is precisely the difference between the man who succeeds and the man who does not.

The man who succeeds has an idea. He experiments with it. It becomes his life. He works it out. He makes it practical. He tests it by every possible test—by severer tests than it can meet in actual experience. Then he wraps himself up in it and faces the world with an absolutely serene confidence.

"I am impregnable," he says. "Shoot at me all you wish. My idea is invulnerable. I believe in it, I

stake my life upon it. Test it and me together."

The world does test him and it; trust the world for that. Bang! bang! bang! go the revolvers. Revolvers of criticism, of ridicule, of abuse, of injustice, of misrepresentation, of neglect, of scorn.

"Fire again!" he cries; "and again, and again! I believe in my idea. I am safe in it. Fire all you please."

Such a man succeeds. The world always, in the end, submits to earnestness and faith. From Christ, lifted up on the cross and so drawing all men to himself, from the martyrs whose blood has always been the seed of the church, down to the smallest details of ordinary life, success has come to faith. Believe in something with all your heart, if you want men to believe in you. And the nobler the object of your belief, the more will men believe in you, and the richer will be your success.

But the men who shudder and say, "I would never let myself be shot at like that; why, his idea might have a hole in it," are the men at whom, to be sure, the world fires no shots, but they are the men, too, over whose graves men fire no honorable salutes after they are dead. They are safe, but they are nobodies.

Don't Be too Sure.

It was a terrible disaster that once took place in the eastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea, near Cyprus. The great war ship, the *Victoria*,—the flagship of the English squadron on duty in the Mediterranean,—was maneuvering with her fleet. On board was Vice-Admiral Tryon, who was conducting the maneuvers. On board were also more than five hundred officers and men.

At a certain point in the maneuvers the admiral signaled to the *Camperdown*, another enormous and

powerful ship of war. The commander of the *Camperdown* saw that the course the signals commanded him to take would drive his vessel directly against the *Victoria*, and he hesitated. The admiral ran up the peremptory signal: "Why don't you carry out my order?"

What was to be done? Vice-Admiral Tryon was the shrewdest naval officer in the greatest navy of the world. The accuracy and brilliancy of his maneuvering has brought him well-deserved fame. He was known as a man who never made mistakes. Yet here he had made a most horrible one. What was to be done? Obey.

The *Camperdown* came swiftly curving around. Its sharp, armored prow crashed into the sides of the *Victoria*. A great rent was made, and the waters rushed into the hull. There were air-tight compartments that would have prevented the ship from sinking, but there was no time to shut them up. In a trice the vast bulk keeled over, and amid the screams of more than five hundred men it swiftly sank, its enormous paddles churning the water and the few surviving swimmers, its great boilers at last filling with scalding water the waves the poor fellows had to buffet. More than four hundred of the officers and men sank with their luckless vessel eighty fathoms down, where they now lie with their too-confident admiral, the man that never made mistakes.

Ah, it's well to be confident. Everyone admires the man who knows his own mind. Everyone likes dash and brilliancy and assurance. But remember, the greater head of steam you have on, the more terrible the collision if one should occur. It's better once in a while not to be quite certain, than to be certain of a thing that isn't so. First, make sure you're right, then go ahead, and the faster, the better.

There will always be some who will shake their heads and object to any advance movement, any bold plan of yours. I would not have you halt just because others hesitate and shrink back. Only do not make the mistake of the wretched admiral. Admit for a moment that you may be wrong. Take another look through your field-glass. Respect the other man's hesitancy enough to review the situation, swiftly but coolly. Take yourself out of yourself for an instant, and see with the other fellow's eyes. Keep your signals flying, but don't always insist on instantaneous obedience.

And then, if you find you have erred, haul down your signals like a man and run up the right ones. Or, if you find you are right and the other man wrong, then, and not till then, you may run up the signal: "Why don't you carry out my order?"

The Last Step.

A wise old saying has it: "It's the first step that costs." That may be true, in many cases at least; but it is equally certain that it is the last step that pays the dividends. In other words, it makes no difference how many fine things you begin, if you do not carry them to a conclusion.

For example, I know the man who invented the fountain pen. Years before the modern fountain pen appeared from the patent office to perform its helpful ministry, he thought it all out. His plans were complete, and he could have made his pen, and put the notion through the patent office, and placed the article upon the market. He could have done this, but he didn't; and so the glory and the profit of his idea passed to someone else.

That same man invented the paper collar. He made paper collars, and wore them, long before anyone else thought of such a thing. But he did

not patent his idea, and he did not manufacture his collars on any large scale. He just made them for himself. In this particular also, therefore, when the paper collar was sold by the million, he was compelled, as Emerson says, "to take with shame his own opinion from another!"

The victorious among men are those that, having conceived an idea that appears to them to be a good one, cleave to it till death or triumph. There is no discharge in their warfare, there is no "fail" in their dictionary, there is no halt in their march. They sign their full name to their poems, they use no *noms de plume*. They christen their products after themselves, and put their own personality back of every item. They stamp on every piece, "Patented," or "Patent appl'd for." They place the goods on the market, and keep them there. The goods may not sell. Never mind; when the patent runs out, they renew it.

Believe in yourself! That is the moral of my talk. Trust your ideas! Throw yourself into the execution of them with all your heart. Do not abandon them lightly. "Good things are hard," says old Plato. The world is a hard nut to crack. It is shrewd at slipping out of the nutcracker. But get a stanch grasp upon it, bear down on the handles with the full force of your muscles, and squeeze. After a while the shell will crack, will fall apart, and lo! the meaty kernel lies before you, and you may put it in your mouth.

CONFORMITY.

The Duty of Being Like Other Folks.

Whoever is obliged, as I am, to open many letters will sympathize with my disgust concerning those annoyingly original people that cannot do anything in the way others do it, but must get up a method of their own, entirely regardless of its

effect upon the comfort and convenience of others.

There are those that insist upon sticking the postage-stamp in the left-hand corner instead of the right-hand, making it necessary for the postmaster to stand on his head or dislocate his wrist in order to cancel the stamp, and then to print the postmark upside down.

There are others that hold that the only logical way to direct the letter is State first, then town, then street and number, and finally the name of the addressee. They do this, and every mail-clerk that handles the letter is forced to stop and readjust his mental machinery before he can put the strangely directed missive into the proper mail-bag or pigeon-hole.

Perhaps the worst offender in this regard is the man that uses those long envelopes that open at the end instead of the top. Their shape prevents their fitting well into any bundle of letters, so that they are quite certain to reach me twisted out of all semblance to their initial neatness. Then I must pause in my regular movements as I slit my letters open, and must turn that letter half-way around, always being uncertain which end is to be slit. Then I must feel down the neck of the thing till I have reached the letter or manuscript, and awkwardly fish it out of there. If it is a manuscript, I must do this all over again when the story or poem reaches me after passing through the hands of the other editors. Then I must do it a third time when I dictate the letter to the author accepting or rejecting his production. See what I have had to pay in order that my correspondent may indulge himself in a singularity!

And it is just like that in lots of things. It is like it in the case of the conductor of our local trains that insists on taking the tickets as soon as one gets on the cars, though all the

other conductors wait till we are near Boston. It is like it in the case of the man in church who has taken a notion that he will not put his money in the collection-box as it is passed to him first, sitting next the aisle, but it must first be passed to the ladies, and then to him on the way back, though every other man in church drops in his contribution in the order first indicated. It is like it in the case of the man or woman who will not shake hands in the common way, but has devised a new way,—up in the air, perhaps, or with only two fingers extended. Oh, it is just like it in a thousand instances that everyone can gather for himself.

Conformity in these little every-day matters is almost a test of one's civilization. No principle is involved, except that of kindness. Yes, the further principle of humility. For, if you will observe, you will see that in every case of this individualism a good-sized conceit is at the bottom of it. Sometimes the egotism is buttressed by obstinacy, and then it is a double evil. In any event it is a thorough-going nuisance.

In our crowded world anyone that needlessly cuts across the general current of the crowd causes endless annoyance and delay. Sometimes he himself gets tripped up. He should be tripped up every time—and sat upon.

Set-back Lines.

In one of the most beautiful and exclusive suburbs of Boston is a street lined with imposing apartment houses. There was a vacant lot, and upon this lot a builder is putting up a one-story brick structure to be used as a store. All other buildings on the street are set back twenty feet from the sidewalk. This little monstrosity is stuck out flush with the sidewalk. It projects "like a

sore thumb," as one of the Boston newspapers says, and will greatly injure all the property in the vicinity. The builder is ready to sell—at an exorbitant figure. If no one cares to buy him off, that little brick store will remain, for there are no laws to prevent it, as there are no set-back restrictions in that part of the town.

That builder is just like some folks I know who are perpetually defying the common opinion and common practices of the world.

If others shake hands up and down, they will shake hands right and left.

If others form in line at the ticket-window, they will rush to the top of the line and break in ahead of a dozen scowling men.

If the occasion is informal, they will go in full-dress suits.

If others prefer 7.30 for the hour of prayer meeting, they insist upon coming at a quarter to eight.

If others use envelopes that open on the long side, they will use envelopes that open on the short side.

If others write the State last in addressing a letter, they will write it first.

If others refrain from talking politics in society during a heated campaign, they introduce the subject on every occasion.

In short, they have a little one-story brick nuisance which they determine to thrust forward, and they do not care how many beautiful buildings they thereby spoil.

And there is no law against them, except the law of common decency, which has no judges or courts or jails.

Brethren, it is a good thing to observe the set-back lines of your neighbors. There is a reason for it, a good reason. If you defy it you will do a lot of harm to a lot of people; and most of all, whether you realize it or not, you will do a lot of harm to yourself.

CONSCIENCE.

Silence Belts.

The Lighthouse Board has tried to learn why it is that whistling buoys can sometimes be heard, and at other times, under seemingly the same conditions and at the same places, cannot be heard at all.

There appear to exist what are called silence belts. The sailors call them "ghosts of the sea."

If a ship is in one of these silence belts it will not hear the whistling buoy, though it may be near enough to see the escaping steam when the whistle sounds.

Sometimes the warning will be audible on deck but inaudible by the man up aloft fifty feet above the deck. Sometimes the man aloft will hear the sound distinctly, but it will be entirely inaudible on deck.

Sometimes, while the sound is faintly heard, on a sudden will come a few sharp blasts, as if the buoy were close at hand; and then the sound will fade away again.

Sometimes, as the experimenting vessel moved back and forth, it would move into and out of the silence belt in most unaccountable fashion.

There seem to be strata of air which bend the sound waves upward and again allow them to descend further on, thus causing silence belts beneath the upward bend; though just why certain strata of air do this and others do not has not yet appeared.

The phenomenon troubles sailors, and doubtless causes an occasional shipwreck. It is one of the many perils of the deep.

It is also a perilous phenomenon on the sea of life. Here also we move often into silence belts where warnings are heard but feebly, or not at all. In these regions that whistling buoy, our conscience, seems to go to sleep. If it is shouting to us at all, its cry passes over our heads. We move on

unhearing, and so unheeding, until, the first we know, we are in the breakers and upon the rocks.

But there is one important difference. On the sea of life there is no mystery connected with the phenomenon. We know just what causes the deflection of the sound. Indeed, we ourselves have the making of those silence belts.

It is the pressure of worldliness, of selfishness, upon our spiritual atmosphere, that does it. No warning sound can penetrate that heavy air. We have walled ourselves around with greed. We have built an impalpable barrier between our souls and wisdom. We are apparently upon the open sea, but nevertheless we are in a duneon.

Ah, if you suspect that you are in such a silence belt, look instantly to your chart and compass, signal the engine-room to crowd on the steam, and make all haste out of it. For in that silence lurks the blackness of death.

The Conscience Fund.

In a single recent year, \$54,923.15 was returned to our government by persons who had defrauded the nation to that extent,—the largest sum received by the "conscience fund" since it was started by a \$5 return in 1811. These conscience-stricken folk remain anonymous, and the government never tries to learn who they are. Since 1827, with the exception of one year, 1848, not a year has passed without the enlargement of this "fund," until the total receipts from this source are more than half a million dollars.

Some people would be very glad if the Divine Government would establish a conscience fund; if they could sin to their hearts' content for years, and then pay into that fund a few words or prayers or months, and so even matters up. But sin is not

thus readily atoned for. Calvary is God's witness to its awfulness. The only conscience fund in heaven is not one that sinners themselves have formed; it has been established for all men by the Sinless One.

The Spiritual Stethoscope.

The stethoscope was invented in 1816, by the French physician Laennec. The first stethoscope was merely a quire of paper rolled into a cylinder, through which he found that he could hear with surprising distinctness the action of the heart and lungs. The improved instrument has been of the greatest usefulness, and the knowledge it has given has saved countless lives.

Now would that over against the material stethoscope the wise men might invent a spiritual one! Such a stethoscope would be a contrivance disclosing spiritual tuberculosis, spiritual heart-disease. It would magnify the tokens of failing spiritual health and bring them to our attention before they reached a possibly fatal activity. If we ourselves could use this stethoscope instead of some outside observer, all the better.

Come to think of it, I wonder if just such a stethoscope is not already in existence, the work of the Divine Inventor. Men call it their conscience; and seldom do they use it as they should.

Guiding Ears.

The Great War stimulated the inventors, and some of their ideas will be of value after all war is over. One of these devices is the extremely delicate "ears" which have been fitted to torpedoes. There are four of them, placed at the head of the torpedo. When the torpedo is fired, it goes straight toward the enemy's boat; but that boat is moving swiftly

and may be far out of the way by the time the torpedo reaches the place where it was when the missile was fired. How is the torpedo to follow it?

These "ears" are electrical contrivances which are very sensitive to sound. The propellers of the hostile ship make sound-waves which are very distinctly transmitted through the water. If they strike alike on all the "ears," the torpedo moves straight ahead; but if they strike more violently on the "ears" at one side than on the "ears" at the other side, as they would if the propellers have moved, then the "ears" swing the torpedo around till it is again pointed straight toward the enemy's ship.

These "ears" were also used, it is said, to locate Zeppelins on the darkest night. They were stationed at different places, laterally and vertically, and the difference of sound-wave impact on the different "ears" quickly showed the exact altitude and position of the air-ship, so that guns could be aimed at it.

What a parable of conscience this is! How closely should my soul be attuned to the voice of God! How readily should my life turn this way and that at the command of my Maker! How ashamed I should be if an inanimate contrivance, however skillfully and intricately fashioned, should follow its aim more persistently and successfully than I, a child of the heavenly Father!

When You Don't Feel It.

A man is very likely to think that when his body hurts him he is sick, and when it does not hurt him he is well. That is usually the case, and so he falls into the habit of considering pain as equivalent to disease.

On the contrary, pain is almost always only a symptom] of disease.

The pain may go and the disease may remain. Indeed, sometimes the disappearance of the pain points to a rapid advance in the progress of the disease.

Of course if the sick man is shown by other improvements, as in the condition of the vital organs, to be on the road to recovery, then the passing of the pain is a most hopeful sign; but sometimes the reverse is the case.

If the pain was caused by a cramp, then the end of the pain, however sudden, is a delight to everyone concerned. This is true also of the cessation of pain when a foreign substance leaves a channel of the body which it has been clogging. But the end of the pain may be brought about by a hemorrhage, or by the bursting of a cavity that has been forming, or by a sort of intoxication brought about by a retention in the body of poisonous matter. In such cases the sick man is really in a dangerous condition, but he feels suddenly quite well and happy.

How close together are the soul and the body! Every word I have written may be transferred, just as it stands, to the spiritual diseases under which men suffer. Uneasiness, grief, even despair over sin, are bad only because they point to the fact of sin. If the sin remains, and they disappear, the sinner is a thousand times worse off. He has lost the sentinel of his soul. He has poisoned it to death.

A Curfew Attachment.

Some of the reformers of Cleveland were seriously considering the adoption of the ancient curfew, the plan being to call the children in from the streets at the proper time in the evening by the blowing of the factory whistles. It is said that one of the Cleveland ladies, who didn't

like the idea, made a little speech before the Common Council of the city, and effectually stabbed the project with the dagger of her sarcasm. She proposed:

"Why not attach individual alarm clocks to the children? Tin clocks would do nicely. The constable might see that the clocks were wound up properly, so that they might go off at the right time. The alarms might be set for nine o'clock in the case of the boys and eight o'clock in the case of the girls."

The curfew idea ought not to be so easily laughed down. There's much in it. If there is no better way to get the children in from the streets than the curfew, I'm for the curfew, factory whistles or church bells or policemen's billies.

But there *is* a better way, and that way is depicted, undesignedly, no doubt, by the sarcastic proposal of that Cleveland lady. Put the curfew onto the children. Plant an alarm clock in their hearts. Make them see the peril of the streets at night. Make them value the safety of their homes at night. Inspire in them a great love for their homes, so that no street can draw them away from the cheery sitting-room and the game-spread table. Put the curfew inside them. Make it an individual attachment.

The principle, by the way, is one of universal application. We must have exterior law, of course; but it is worth very little—oh! so very little—compared with the law that is written on the heart.

Arrears of Conscience.

A retired storekeeper in Connecticut has had time to think over the past. His conscience accuses him of having paid his girl employees too small wages. Perhaps he is only

morbid; more likely his conscience is perfectly justified. Anyway, he has laid aside a fund of \$5,000, the income from which he will use to pay those girls what he should have paid them long ago.

That Connecticut conscience might advantageously be grafted all over the Union. Few persons carry an ex-post-facto conscience. Sufficient unto the day is the evil of conscience for most of us. We throttle our memories and cultivate our forgetteries of the wrongs we have done. But it is never too late to mend our past lives, or at any rate to try to mend them. Long live the Connecticut conscience!

Secretary Redfield's Punctiliousness.

I am interested in reading about one quality shown by Secretary Redfield, of the Department of Commerce. His department has charge of the lighthouses and fisheries, and the Secretary is in the habit of taking occasional trips on government boats for the sake of studying the work it does among the lighthouses and elsewhere. This is entirely legitimate government service. The boats would run just the same without the Secretary. But Mr. Redfield considers that the trips also serve him as outings, so he insists upon paying for the provisions he eats while on board.

This is not from fear of criticism, for no one could possibly criticise him; it is simply because Mr. Redfield's conscience tells him that this is the right thing to do.

Consciences of the Secretary's type are not so common among public men that they can be passed over without mention and hearty praise. Strict honesty toward the public when it is one's employer—punctilious honesty—is still sadly rare. Perhaps if we are all eager to note it and praise it, it will become more common.

Useless Compasses.

Bodo, a fruit steamer from Jamaica, reached New York with its compasses in a strange plight. Each of them was eight points off the true. The mischief was done by a stroke of lightning which fell upon the ship while it was still in southern seas. Spars were splintered by the bolt, rigging was carried away, several of the crew were stunned, and the compasses were put out of commission, so that for the rest of the course the captain was compelled to navigate in pre-Columbian fashion.

Do you know what thought this incident suggested to me? I was reminded at once of some folks' consciences; of mine, as it is sometimes. Consciences struck by lightning! Consciences eight points off!

For conscience is not always a safe guide. No, indeed! Conscience is not always the voice of God within. It may be the voice of pride, or of bigotry, or of self-will, or of several other evil spirits. It may be struck by a bolt of passion, hot from the infernal regions. There are many influences that may put conscience out of order.

What then? What are we to do when we have reason to suspect that our consciences are deranged? when they do not at all agree with the consciences of other good people around us? when they guide us plainly in crooked courses? What then?

Why, steer by the stars! God's heaven is never struck by lightning. The fiercest storm has no effect on the sun. Get your reckoning from the great, immutable things, from the Bible and from prayer. And they will bring you to your desired haven.

CONSECRATION.

A New Filament.

For a long time it was realized that the incandescent electric light

might be greatly improved if a better substance could be found for the filament through which the electricity passes. At first platinum was used, but that became exceedingly expensive, and carbon took its place. It was of carbon that the films were made for a long time, and its resistance to the passage of the current caused the light.

Then two wise men of Columbia University, Professor Parker and Mr. Walter G. Clark, after long and patient researches extending over seven years, hit upon a common substance which, when used as a filament in the incandescent lamp, gives a light far more brilliant than the carbon film will give. It produces the same amount of light with only one-third of the power, and it will last two or three times as long. It adds much to the comfort of life.

This triumph of science leads us to think about the way in which the Light of the World gets Himself manifested to the world. It can only be through the filaments of our poor human lives. And what wretched material we sometimes furnish Him, to be sure! What a miserable, red, dull, and flickering light He is able to make through us!

The current is here; there is no question of that. All the dynamos of the universe are at our service. There is power for the most dazzling illumination, if we will only furnish the conduit.

"The Light of the World!" Why, the world has, as yet, no idea what that is. Just as, in the days of the tallow candle, they had no conception of the brilliancy of our present illuminations, and as we, no doubt, would be equally astonished if we could have a glimpse of the glittering homes of the year 2000 A.D., so the world is still in the dark as to what Christ could do through fully consecrated churches and nations.

Wanted, New Filaments! Who will

meet the demand? Who will make a beginning in his own life? Who will let his light so shine that men may glorify his Father in heaven?

CONSIDERATENESS.

The Considerate Banana Skin.

A careless man walked along a city street, eating a banana as he went. Carelessly he threw the skin into the middle of the sidewalk, where anyone might slip on it and break an arm or a leg.

"Alas!" said the banana skin to itself, "what a good-for-nothing I am! Here I lie, a castaway, tossed off on the street, with no hope of accomplishing anything in the world. Indeed, I am likely to do worse than nothing, for someone is sure to slip on me and come to harm."

As the banana skin lay there, bemoaning its sad lot, it thought further to itself: "Well, if I can't do any good, perhaps I can avoid doing any harm." So it called a dog who was passing by, its nose to the ground to pick up the language of odors, and asked the dog in that language, "Won't you please take me and put me somewhere, anywhere, just so no one can slip up on me?"

The dog took the banana skin in its mouth, played with it awhile, and then dropped it safely out of the way in the gutter, where the street cleaner found it an hour later.

Moral: If only men were like that banana skin!

CONSISTENCY.

A Duet with Himself.

He is a man with two voices. We are told about him on the authority of the Berlin Laryngological Society, and it ought to know.

Now we have ourselves heard a man with two voices—our friend Enos

Bacon. But Mr. Bacon's two voices are consecutive, and not synchronous. The Berlin singer's two voices are simultaneous. He can sing duets with himself.

The wise men have studied in vain; they cannot discover just how he does it. They conjecture that one voice is made with the vocal chords in the usual way, and the other with the epiglottis, or the soft palate; but no one knows.

He is a unique phenomenon, but he is closely paralleled by certain public men we have observed, who are able to carry on not only duets with themselves, but even trios or quartettes. They can make speeches and write articles that may be taken in several different senses at once, and senses quite opposed to each other at that. They can please high protectionists and free traders with the same utterance. They can sing the same song to the woman suffragists and the antis. They can charm the advocates of the initiative and the referendum and the recall, and also simultaneously the defenders of our revered Constitution.

But, strange to say, though so gifted, they are not stars in our political vaudeville, not at all.

For there are too many of them.

CONSULTATION.

The Value of Two Views.

The problem of forest fires in Massachusetts is a severe one, but it is doubly severe in such regions as Cape Cod and the Berkshire Hills, where millions of dollars are put into beautiful summer residences which depend largely for their attractiveness upon the preservation of the beautiful forests surrounding them. Every year frightful forest fires rage, covering wide areas, and destroying, before they can be subdued—perhaps after several weeks of fighting,—a vast amount of

valuable timber and many miles of lovely scenery.

Under the guidance of an energetic State forester the matter of fire-fighting is taking on the aspect of a scientific campaign, and there is certainty of a speedy lessening of the peril and the loss. The plan adopted is shown in operation near my Cape Cod home. The device is as follows:

In the town of Duxbury is a lofty tower, the Miles Standish monument, crowned by the statue of that doughty hero of the place. At Plymouth, five or six miles away, is a high observation-tower. On top of these two outlooks two watchers are placed, armed with powerful field-glasses. They are connected by telephone, and as soon as one of them observes a fire in the forest he tells the other. Both of the watchers note the direction of the fire as seen from their respective towers. Drawing lines on the map in these two directions, the fire will be found at the point where the two lines cross. This work will take only a few minutes, and at once a telephone message will be sent to the fire-warden of the town—perhaps many miles away—in whose district the fire exists. He will promptly set forth with men, and with a chemical engine, shovels, rakes, and axes, and will put an end to the fire before it has gained headway.

What interests me in this method is the way the two observers work together. One man alone could not locate the fire; the intersection of two lines of sight is necessary. And it is just that way in the far more important matter of the location of danger-spots in the forest of humanity. Flames are breaking out everywhere in our social life, and terrible destructive conflagrations result. There are many self-appointed or God-appointed watchmen on the walls of Zion, and they call "Fire!" with loud voices. But too often they lack co-operation. They are not working

together, carefully remembering their respective viewpoints, and getting at the truth by the comparison. More often they quarrel, this watchman declaring that the fire is at Plympton, while another vows that it is at Silver Lake, and a third asserts as positively that it is at Halifax. They have not, to borrow an astronomical term, "got a parallax" on the fire.

The truth is that every man's observations of life are in themselves incomplete, and therefore untrustworthy. They all need to be brought together and compared the one with the other. The fact lies somewhere among them. Every man that would get a correct outlook upon life needs to follow the example of the Massachusetts fire-fighters, and learn to see through others' eyes as well as through his own. "In multitude of counselors there is safety."

CONTACT.

When My Bell Won't Work.

Set in the front of my desk are two push buttons, and these are among the most useful parts of that article of furniture. One of them summons my secretary. The other summons the errand boy from the composing room.

Sometimes these push-buttons refuse to work. Generally it is because the liquid in the batteries is dried out. And then, until they can be made to work again, it is quite unbelievable the discomfort and annoyance and hindrance caused by the lack of them.

If I want my secretary, to dictate letters to her, or get her to do some of the thousand and one little tasks that fall to a secretary's lot, I must rise from my chair, go out of the room and down a hallway past the doors of my associate editors, till, last of all, I come to her room. If I want some proof or manuscripts to go down to the composing room, I

must take them down myself, wasting a lot of precious time. If I want to see certain proofs, I must go after them, again down stairs. My work goes hitching all through the day, just because of the failure of those two little electric bells.

And that is the way whenever, in any other direction, I am "out of touch" with folks. It may be some assistant, or some correspondent, or one of my exchanges, or one of my contributors, or one of my friends. Whoever it is, the current has failed, there is no response to my push of the button, and so far as he is concerned I am sitting at my desk alone, compelled to do my work without the aid and comfort that he might have given if I could have summoned him or kept up the contact with him. And if he is someone upon whom I have been placing dependence, the failure is a serious one.

These electric lines that run all over the world, binding man to man and task to task, are marvelous conveniences. They lighten labor wonderfully, and wonderfully do they multiply power. Man is not made to live alone, or to do any work alone. But when the electricity gives out, when the connection fails, when there is no response to the push on the button, then one wishes he was a hermit.

I suppose it is possible always to keep in touch, never to let these electric communications lose their life currents. If it is possible, I want to learn how.

CONTENTMENT.

Sensible Snails.

First Snail: I am indeed sorry for the men and women.

Second Snail: So am I. We carry our houses on our backs,—so convenient! But they sometimes have

to walk ten miles to get to their homes.

First Snail: And we build our own houses, while they have to hire theirs built, and often they are not made to suit them.

Second Snail: And we enlarge our houses as we grow, while they are often cramped in their homes.

First Snail: Besides, they crowd whole families into one house, while we have a house apiece.

Second Snail: And our houses show so much individuality, no two just alike; while theirs are often exact counterparts of one another for whole blocks.

First Snail: Most of all, I am sorry for the men and women because they are driven all the time by some merciless taskmaster.

Second Snail: The poor things! There goes one of them now, rushing by like a steam engine.

First Snail: How tired they must be at the end of the day! I'm mighty glad that I am a snail.

Solomon Brown's Weather.

Said Solomon Brown: "I find that the weather is a very important element in my life, far too important to be left out of my own control, so I think I'll be my own clerk of the weather."

He carried out his determination, and this is a specimen of the weather he arranged for himself:

Monday, clear and sunny.

Tuesday, a bracing breeze, with a snapper in it.

Wednesday, sky smiling, soft and mild.

Thursday, gentle showers, for growth.

Friday, more sunshine, with fleecy clouds.

Saturday, a whiff of frost, for another bracer.

Sunday, all serene, below and above.

The wonder is that Solomon Brown always managed to get the kind of weather he arranged for himself, winter as well as summer, which is more than the official clerk of the weather always manages.

Puzzle: Find the Contented Man.

A Little Study of the Income-tax Returns.

Said the 79,426 citizens of the United States whose incomes are from \$2,500 to \$3,333 a year, "If we only had \$4,000 a year we'd be all right."

Said the 114,484 whose incomes are from \$3,333 to \$5,000, "Ten thousand a year would be enough for us."

Said the 101,718 of incomes from \$5,000 to \$10,000, "Give us \$15,000 a year and we'll ask for no more."

Said the 26,818 getting \$10,000 to \$15,000, "Oh, for \$20,000 a year!"

Said the 11,977 receiving \$15,000 to \$20,000, "We'd be satisfied with \$25,000."

Said the 6,817 that take in \$20,000 to \$25,000, "We really need \$30,000 to get along."

Said the 4,164 whose annual haul is \$25,000 to \$30,000, "What we ought to have is \$40,000 a year."

Said the 4,553 that amass \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year, "How happy could we be with \$50,000!"

Said the 2,427 with incomes from \$40,000 to \$50,000, "We'd get along very nicely with \$75,000."

Said the 2,618 whose bank accounts are fattened by from \$50,000 to \$75,000 annually, "It's a shame we can't have \$100,000 a year."

Said the 998 that receive \$75,000 to \$100,000, "A fair arrangement would give us \$150,000 annually."

Said the 785 getting from \$100,000 to \$150,000, "If things were managed rightly in this world, we'd have \$200,000."

Said the 311 of incomes from

\$150,000 to \$200,000, "We want—and really need—\$250,000 a year."

Said the 145 receiving \$200,000 to \$250,000, "With \$300,000 we'd be contented."

Said the 94 whose annual "pile" is \$250,000 to \$300,000, "Ah, could we only have \$400,000 a year!"

Said the 84 that "clean up" from \$300,000 to \$400,000, "Alas! it is mere poverty short of \$500,000."

Said the 44 that heap up \$400,000 to \$500,000 a year, "Oh, how happy we should be with \$1,000,000 annually!"

Said the 91 whose annual incomes are from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, "What a beggarly pittance is a million dollars!"

Said the 44 whose incomes are over \$1,000,000 a year, "We'd be satisfied—if we had just a little more."

"As Is."

I frequently buy books—far too frequently, alas! for my purse,—and so I often come across the mystic words, "As is."

They are written on the fly-leaf, and are to be found in the "mark-down" sales, the counters of shop-worn books, and other bargain opportunities for book-lovers.

It was a long time before I puzzled out their meaning, and discovered that they mean that the book is to be sold *as it is*, with some serious imperfection rendering it undesirable.

Perhaps the poor thing is minus a title page, or has broken loose from its cover. Perhaps some of the pages are upside down. Perhaps the book is stained or torn. Never mind; it must go *as is*.

Well, that's the way, my brethren, we must take the world and humanity.

We must take our friend *as is*. He is not perfect, but neither are we. We must make the best of him,

hoping that he will kindly also make the best of us.

We must take our lot *as is*. Many disagreeable things in it, but oh! how many pleasant things!

We must take the times *as is*. Going down-hill here, going up-hill there; on the whole, going up-hill more than down-hill.

A pretty fair old world, even *as is*: we hope to reach a better world, some day, but who is in a hurry for that day?

And in the meantime, we can do with our friend, ourselves, our lot, the times, the world, what we cannot do with the book. We can accept it *as is* and then go on to make it endlessly better. That is to be sensible, and a Christian.

What Better?

A correspondent in Kansas City, Mo., tells me of an exquisite saying of a crippled girl who lives in that city. She was asked if she did not sometimes become discontented or discouraged, and she answered: "Why should I? Does not God provide the best for His creatures? Should not I be content with the best?"

Those glorious words are Pauline in their sturdy faith. Let us all take them to heart, though our lives may be heavily overshadowed. God's love shines above the shadow. Some day the clouds will break. Life is only an instant. Beyond the instant is an eternal home, filled with all happiness. Rich compensations are there for all the ills of life. If we are God's we need have no doubt of our coming happiness, and the anticipation may well fill our souls with present joy.

Besides all this that is to come, we have God with us, sharing our sorrows, His arms around us in every grief and pain. Can anything be

better than God? Should we not be content with the best?

Thirteen Years in Water.

Frederick Schlimme was a stonemason of Brunswick, Germany. In November, 1894, he fell from a tree, breaking his backbone and crushing his spinal cord. The lower half of his body was paralyzed, and the derangement of the internal organs was so great that some of them ceased to act. The only way in which the life of the unfortunate man could be preserved was by keeping him submerged in water at a temperature of ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit. His body was ingeniously supported, and thus surrounded by hot water Schlimme felt little or no pain.

For thirteen long years the patient remained in this bath before death released him from his watery imprisonment. But he made the best use of those years. He soon became able to make baskets and articles of wire, and cages, and other things, which were so well made that they brought large prices and found a ready sale. Besides, he bred large numbers of canaries.

I know nothing about the character of the man, but I suspect that he lived in the Bath of Contentment; or perhaps it would be better to call it the Bath of Cheerful Courage. And I am not sure but it would be worth any man's while to break his backbone for the sake of getting into that bath. But that is not at all necessary.

CONVENIENCE.

The Tin Can Speaks.

I am the Tin Can.

I deserve to become the emblem of the American People. Everything eatable is packed into me. I go everywhere. I represent the labor of millions of men. I cost billions of dollars. Five cents' worth of food

put into me sells for twelve cents. My label is bright with brilliant colors. I am the ornament of the shelf. I am instantly usable. A twist of a patent opener, turn me upside down, and you have a dish fit for a king. I am preservative. I carry summer into winter, the fruit of the tropics into the snow of Alaska.

I am a token of what people will pay for convenience. I double the cost but I halve the trouble. America is satisfied with nothing less than everything, and I give it everything. America wants a thing when it wants it, and I am always at hand. America is extravagant, and doesn't mind my cost. Do I not deserve to be called the American emblem?

CONVERSION.

In a Minute.

Some remarkable cures have been reported from the hospitals in the Great War. A blind Canadian private recovered his sight from the shock of being thrown into the sea when the *Hesperian* was torpedoed.

A soldier who had been rendered deaf and dumb in Flanders suddenly recovered his speech and hearing while at an entertainment in a hospital, and burst into loud laughter in the midst of the performance.

Another soldier, made deaf and dumb by the bursting of a shell at Mons, instantly regained the lost senses when he accidentally placed his hand on a hot-water pipe.

A soldier regarded as hopelessly blind received his sight from X-ray treatment.

An English corporal, who had become deaf and dumb, was immensely amused at a moving-picture show. His throat suddenly began to burn and his ears to throb. He heard a shout, and found that it was his own voice.

These events, however, though mar-

velous, are comparatively few. We rejoice in them, but we grieve for the many thousands who have lost their sight or hearing, and have lost them forever.

There is only one recovery that is sure, instantaneous, and permanent, and that, fortunately, is the recovery from the worst of all troubles, sin. The sinner may be cured, and he may be cured in a minute, and he may be cured to last. There is no chance about this cure, but it may always be had for the asking. This is the world's standing miracle. It does not get into the papers, but it is far more wonderful than anything that is there.

CO-OPERATION.

Compulsory Co-operation.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the Great War was the following: A lieutenant was sent up in an aeroplane from the army of the Allies in Flanders, instructed to locate a certain German battery. A sergeant went with him to run the aeroplane. The lieutenant succeeded in locating three German batteries, though they had to do their work in a terrible storm of shot and shell. They were about to return when a shell burst directly above them, putting out the eyes of the sergeant and mortally wounding the lieutenant. Then came to pass a marvelous return trip, as the dying lieutenant directed the blind pilot how to steer the machine. At one time they barely escaped hitting the tall steeple of a church, for the air was full of the smoke of bursting shells. At last, the lieutenant directing and the pilot turning his machine in obedience to orders, though all was black to him, they volplaned safely down to the army of the Allies just as the lieutenant passed away. Said the blinded hero, "All I regret is that I cannot do it again."

Ah, that is the way we should fight in the warfare against sin in the world! Some of us can see, and some of us have not the faculty of clear prophetic vision. Some of us can speak, others must be dumb. Some of us have the ability to act skillfully, the sense of tact, charm and winsomeness of manners, the executive ability, while others are quite without these splendid powers. Each one of us can do something, and it takes several of us to make a fully equipped soldier of the King.

That is why we work in churches, in societies, in committees. That is why we should form partnerships for our Christian undertakings. We have secular partnerships in vast numbers, up to the immense trusts that guide the financial destinies of the globe. When we learn to combine as heartily in the King's business the cross of Christ will win the world.

"Face the Front, Please."

That is what our elevator man, in common with many other elevator men, is obliged to repeat scores of times a day.

The elevator is crowded, but not so crowded as it seems to be. Men and women are packed in at all angles. A group of friends is talking earnestly, gathered in a tiny circle. Next to them two women are doing the same. Bundles are sticking out. Arms are akimbo. Eyes are in danger from umbrellas. Big hats are thrust into other people's faces. It is a characteristic modern jumble, ready to mount to the seventh floor.

But "Face the front, please!" begs the elevator man. We obey, and presto! what a change! As we all turn around in the same direction, arms fall to sides, we instinctively line up against the back of the elevator, and another row in front of the rear one, and one in front of that.

The car is no longer crowded. We are quite comfortable, thank you; and there is even room for three or four more, if they happen to be waiting in the hall outside. The elevator man knew how to do it, and it is all right.

Would that we had some elevator man, with a mighty and compelling voice, to issue the same command in the much-mixed-up elevator of life!

Here is a town where this social group and that are at swords' points, sharp corners sticking into sensitive places, clique talking against clique, and no chance whatever for focusing the townspeople upon any needed reform or any desirable advance movement. How that town needs to "face the front"!

Here is a church where the members are at odds about the pastor, about the opening of the windows, about the position of the lights, about the color of the carpet, about the time for the prayer meetings. In fact, they are at odds so often that the church never once gets upon "the even tenor of its way." Those church-members sadly need to "face the front."

Here is a business office whose workers are full of jealousies, full of gossip, full of intrigue, full of dissatisfaction, complaining of the management, complaining of one another, complaining of their work. Nothing is done smoothly, nothing is done with the speed and thoroughness that spring from orderly discipline. That office needs to "face the front."

Do you live in such a town, such a church, such an office? Perhaps you cannot make everyone turn around and face the front, but at least you can do so yourself.

CORRECTIONS.

Crowded Out by the Correction.

I once noticed the following two lines. They stood at the very be-

ginning of an article in an ordinarily accurate newspaper:

the United States and Bluefields, Nicaragua,
the United States and Bluefields, Nicaragua

To one that is familiar with the linotype machine for setting type the cause of the blunder is obvious. In this machine the type is cast a line at a time, and the only way to correct an error is to set up another line, correct this time, and substitute it for the incorrect line. In the article I noticed the word "Nicaragua" had been misspelled, and another line had been set up with the word spelled correctly. Then, instead of taking out the line containing the error, the printer had removed the line before it, the first line of the article, and had inserted the correction of the second line, thus leaving the two versions of the second line, and sending the article to press minus its first line altogether. The editor doubtless used emphatic language when he discovered the blunder next day.

But probably the editor himself makes the same mistake often in his living. Probably he sets up many life-lines with blunders in them; and then, when he makes the correction, it probably results in his crowding out with his correction something else that ought to be in his life, and, very likely, leaving the original error in after all.

For example, he has been overworking, and proposes to correct it with the necessary rest; but he leaves out his Sabbath worship in order to get physical rest, say in an automobile ride or a game of golf, and he continues to overwork in the office as much as ever.

Or, he becomes conscious that his views on many matters have been rather narrow, and seeks to correct them with the most advanced radicalism, crowding all sensible, rational notions out of his head, and remaining

as narrow as before, only in another way.

Correcting is necessary; but let us be sure that the corrections are accurately made, and that what is removed is what is wrong, and not something that is right.

CORRUPTION.

The Cent in the Doughnut.

The newspapers have told about a boy that ate a doughnut. In the doughnut was a cent. The baker did not intend the cent as a premium with the doughnut; it was evidently an accident. The boy ate the doughnut; incidentally, the cent. Speedily the boy became ill—fever, pains, a sore throat. Copper-poisoning, said the doctor. Result: the baker is sued by the boy and his father for the neat little sum of \$2,400.

Of course I know nothing about the merits of this case; but I know that, in general, men should be held responsible for the effects of the food which they offer to the public.

Mental and spiritual food, as well as material.

Books with bits of poison hidden here and there.

Magazines with an average of one lewd picture to a number.

Lectures in which is concealed the virus of infidelity.

Conversations dipped in lying innuendoes.

Doughnuts, perhaps; flaky and toothsome, perhaps; mainly good, perhaps; but containing copper coins.

Accidental, unintentional, very likely; but bakers are responsible for doughnuts all the way through.

COURAGE.

"Nerve."

A Philadelphia teacher of physical culture in a college stretches a rope

across a river, another rope a little distance above it, and requires his pupils to cross the river on the first rope, holding on to the second. He requires this in order to harden the nerves of his pupils. The feat is safe enough, but rather nerve-racking, and doing it would undoubtedly test one's nerves rather severely.

But what's the use? Why not cultivate steady nerves in ways better worth while?

Set the pupils, for instance, to house-painting.

Have them saw off the dead limbs of tall trees.

Or speak in prayer meeting.

Or make a call on a lonely old lady.

Or turn down their glasses at a hilarious dinner.

Or condemn openly the excesses of college athletics.

Or tell a bully to stop smoking in a closed street car.

Or wear a straw hat on a warm October second.

Or carry a Bible to church.

Or help some poorly dressed, timid old woman across the street.

Or—— but why make a longer list? You have the idea. Strong life calls for "nerve" at every turn, and for physical nerve as well as spiritual, lots of it, and all the time.

No need to stretch a rope across a river while we are journeying along the River of Life.

One-man Parades.

Boston saw once an interesting and inspiring sight—a one-man procession. This procession marched through the downtown streets, at a time when they were crowded. It did not march in any obscure fashion, but it proudly carried a banner, and it vigorously rang a bell. The day was inclement, but just the same the procession marched. It started from Faneuil

Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," where the shades of the valiant patriots of old might well have applauded the doughty deed. Its route ended at the State House, where the spirits of other national heroes might well have welcomed it.

This one-man procession consisted of J. W. Van Kirk, D.D., of Youngstown, Ohio. The banner he carried was the beautiful "world peace flag," which he himself designed. Forty-six stars on a blue field represent the federated nations of the world. In the center of the flag is shown the world, crossed by a bar of white light. This white light is separated into the seven colors of the rainbow, the seven rays representing the unity in diversity of the human race. Streamers on the staff of the flag read, "World Peace," "On to The Hague," "Internationalism," and "World Standard." The bell is inscribed, with but slight change from the famous Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, "To proclaim brotherhood throughout all the earth unto all the humanity thereof."

Dr. Van Kirk has presented copies of his Peace Flag to the Peace Palace at The Hague, to the International Peace Congress, and to the American Peace Society. The present writer cherishes a copy, given him by the designer. Dr. Van Kirk has visited the rulers and parliaments of many lands and has the autographs of many famous persons. He is now on his third trip around the globe in the interests of world peace.

Well, it was a joy to see the brokers of State Street, Boston's Wall Street, leave their frantic struggle over fractions of cents and rush out to gaze on this apostle of the ideal. Up Newspaper Row he strode, and the restaurants turned forth their feeders to see this man whose meat it is to toil for a great principle. Everywhere men looked after him with

amusement, to be sure, but with the substantial approval that devotion to a great theme always obtains.

For what has all progress been, from Abraham to Abraham Lincoln and down to the present day, but one-man parades at the start? John Howard's was a one-man parade, through the prisons of Europe. Wendell Phillips's was a one-man parade, away from that same Faneuil Hall where he made his first antislavery speech, past the sneers of the aristocratic Boston to which he belonged, out among the slaves whose cause he dared to espouse. Horace Mann's was a one-man parade, "Better Public Schools" inscribed on his banner. Frances Willard's was a one-woman parade, for some time, her banner reading, "A White Life for Two." Garibaldi—he would have marched into Rome, a legion of one! John Hancock—he would have signed the Declaration of Independence all alone! Cyrus Field—it was his sole spirit that marched across the Atlantic, laying the cable that bound the world together!

One-man parades do not long remain one-man parades. No true leader is long without followers. "If I be lifted up from the ground on the lonely cross," said our divine Leader, "I will draw all men unto me." That has been the experience of all Christians, that they need only to start out boldly and alone on any glorious enterprise, and at some time, after days or months or years, a great host will join their procession. There are thousands in Boston that would gladly have followed after Dr. Van Kirk's Peace Flag, ringing "brotherhood bells." But that would not have been the case when Dr. Van Kirk began his crusade.

Ah, brothers, let us venture forth on one-man parades! Let us dare to stand alone, and march alone, for some grand ideal! It may be the

freedom of the world from the curse of alcohol. It may be the federation of the world in a peaceful union. It may be full opportunity for all that are willing to work. It may be strict business integrity. It may be political purity and civic energy. It may be—and this is best of all and includes all—the call of the Christ to complete consecration. Whatever it is, let us make the cause our own so magnificently that we shall be proud to confront all men with its banner in our hands.

COURTESY.

A Thought for the Next Man.

Dear me! here's that tight-envelope woman again!

You know her, don't you? the woman who always uses five-inch paper in five-inch envelopes, and several sheets to boot, so that nothing short of a surgical operation is required to extract the contents from the envelope. Moreover, this is always the woman who seals the envelope flap all the way along, clear to the corner, so that there is not the smallest cranny for your envelope-opener (scissors point) to slip into. The envelope makers considerably left half an inch at either end of the flap uncovered with mucilage; but she, forsooth, has brought out her mucilage bottle and fastened it all down, hard.

Yes, and there's the tight-knot man. One particular kind of bundle,—my laundry, to wit,—comes to me every week, and the string around the box is always tied in a double knot, extra tight.

I want that string to tie the box up again when I send it back with the dirty clothes, and so I always (almost always) pick out the miserable knot. I wish I knew how many hours I have wasted, in the aggregate, and how much strength

and patience and fingernail, untying that tight abomination. And all so unnecessary, for it might precisely as well be tied in a bow-knot.

And again, there are the pinned-up letters that come to me from the clerks. Just as easy to pin the sheets together at the top, so that they can be read without removing the pin. But no; they are usually fastened by a pin stuck carelessly through the middle, a pin that must be removed and held in the hand (or mouth) while I am perusing all pages after the first.

Well, those are only samples, and symbols. Brethren, this is a complex life we are living. Not a process you take up but must be continued by someone else. Not a task you lay down completed but becomes in its turn the raw material for someone else's toil. Think of the man that comes next. Make things easy for him. Leave your work in such shape that it will make no unnecessary work for any other worker. Blessed is the man who causes things to move smoothly.

If I Were a Policeman—

I would not yell: "Ah, gwan! Get a move on ye!" but I would say "Kindly hasten your steps, sir; it's rather crowded here."

I would not grab the bit of an unoffending horse, and jerk it unmercifully; but I would calmly instruct the ignorant driver.

I would not single out the pretty girls and elegantly dressed ladies and escort them across the street, but would pick out the bewildered old women and the shabbily dressed cripples.

I would not give speedy right of way to the 60-h. p. limousines, but would favor the tin jitney of the common herd.

These are some of the things I would do and not do if I were a

policeman; what are my chances of a position on the force?

The Discourtesy of Unanswered Letters.

There are men—I have never heard of women of the kind—who actually make it a boast that they do not answer letters. It is not an empty boast, either, for I have tried them. I am sorry to say that many of these are ministers of the gospel. Not so many of them are business men. None of them are successful business men. Some of them, however, are successful and honored ministers. Not honored for this habit of theirs, however. Well, I guess *not!*

Suppose I should step up to you, take off my hat, and in a polite and even deferential tone ask you an entirely proper question.

And then suppose you shut your mouth and deliberately turn your back upon me.

Would any gentleman do that?

Yes, many gentlemen—gentlemen, that is, in every other respect—do precisely that. For a question asked politely in a letter, with a stamped and addressed envelope enclosed, is no different from a question addressed in person, save that it is easier to answer. One may answer it at one's convenience, while the spoken question must be answered at once, whether one is busy or not.

"But when strangers, total strangers, bother me with letters, must I answer them?" ask these discourteous men.

Well, if a stranger, a total stranger, accosted you in the street with a courteous inquiry, must you answer him? Of course you must, and of course you do. Why not also when the inquiry is made in the easier way for you; that is, by mail?

The question in the street is answered at once. Politeness requires

that it be not postponed an instant. Equal promptness should be exercised in answering the inquiry by mail, though that form of interruption allows one to postpone it for matters that are really insistent.

"But I find that unanswered letters have a way of answering themselves." This silly excuse is often heard.

Apply the expedient to the street inquiry. If you turn your back upon it, and if the questioner is a man of fair persistency, he will go along a little further, and get his information from someone else, in the meantime setting you down as a boor. The inquiry will have "answered itself," but not to your credit.

Brothers, we are not alone in the world. Other folks have a right to us,—a right to our time as well as to our prayers and our vague and impersonal love. A right to a little kindly consideration from us, even at the expense of a little thought and painstaking. A right to three minutes of our pen as well as three minutes of our voice. Generally speaking,—with a few sad exceptions,—the really busy people are the most scrupulously courteous in the use of the mail-box.

The Short-stopper.

Not the baseball short-stop. *He's* all right. *He's* a hero.

No; the short-stopper I mean is the man—or, most often, the woman—directly in front of you on the sidewalk. You are walking at a brisk gait when suddenly he—or, as aforesaid, she—thinks of some errand he hasn't done "back there." He stops short.

Sometimes you run into him (her). Sometimes you knock him (her) down. Sometimes he (she) is vastly indignant, and there is a scene. Sometimes you are sufficiently agile, in mind and body, to leap around the

obstacle, and go on your way with your thankful heart in your mouth.

It is comparatively seldom (and this is my observation, though I live in courteous Boston) that the pedestrian bears in mind the other pedestrians behind him, and steps to one side before he stops. That sort is the exception; the short-stopper is the rule.

Oh, in every way, all along the road of life, it is so necessary to remember that we are not alone, that the road was not made for us, that others are close upon our heels!

Tire Trouble.

I bought my automobile second-hand, with its set of second-hand tires. It was not long, therefore, before I was initiated into what automobilists feelingly call "tire trouble."

Well do I remember my first blow-out. The tire went off like a pistol shot. I knew at once what had happened, and stopped short. We were on the outskirts of a little country town, and not a person was in sight. Within half a minute, twenty boys and men had gathered in a compact body around my flabby tire. Where they came from, I have not the slightest idea. They rose from the earth or they fell from the sky. And then began the embarrassing process, which no motorist ever gets used to, of changing tires in the presence of a crowd of interested spectators, many of them free with absurd advice and sarcastic comment.

That was the beginning of a long series of tire troubles, as those five tires—the fifth was, of course, the spare tire—went on their devious ways to the scrap heap. The air of one oozed out gradually, through infinitesimal and undiscoverable leaks. Most of them burst terrifically, usually when I had with me a party of college girls. They carried away in their destruc-

tion various inner tubes, to the tune of six dollars each, and every time they were pronounced by the smiling garage man to be "all done for," it meant a hole in my pocket some forty dollars deep.

Not even when I had thus painfully acquired a full set of new tires, did my tire troubles end. One of the newest and most expensive tires immediately took to itself a twenty-penny nail, went off with a portentous bang, and disclosed a new inner tube cut into rubber ribbons.

The tires are the vulnerable part of motoring. They are the Achilles' heel of the automobile. Over the metallic rim of the wheel fits the hollow half tube of the shoe. This is the main tire, stoutly built up of canvas and intricately woven cords, the whole faced with rubber as deeply as the conscience of the tire-maker requires. If it is anti-skid, the rubber tread is made with projecting diamonds or other figures, to give it a grip on slippery ice or wet macadam, and partly to take the place of chains. Inside this shoe is the inner tube of rubber, inflated with air at from seventy to ninety pounds pressure, according to the weather and the condition of the tire. If this inner tube gets a hole or puncture in it, the air leaks out and the tire collapses. If the outer tube or shoe wears down to the inner tube, and the latter blows out through the opening, we have the interesting explosions that punctuate our modern highways.

The automobile tire is the machine's point of contact with the roughnesses of the road. If it does its work properly, the whole world, as far as the passengers are concerned, is padded with air and rubber. Pebbles and hollows are obliterated. Rough ways are made smooth, and as long as the air and rubber hold out, we travel without a jar.

The tire does for the automobilist

what courtesy does for all men and women on their journey through life. Courtesy is applied at our point of contact with harshness and roughness. The business of courtesy is to smooth over whatever is disagreeable. Courtesy removes and lessens all jar and worry. If your courtesy does not give out, you can roll through life evenly and pleasantly.

But courtesy is sadly likely to give out. Some little worry, or some ugly word, or some little injustice will puncture it. The constant attrition of meanness or dishonesty or sneers or cruelty will wear out courtesy. Then some day there is a sudden explosion, and all the wheels of life stand still.

The way to get big mileage out of a rubber tire is first to drive carefully, and second, to mend small breaks promptly; nor is the way at all different with your outfit of courtesy. Don't scorch through life, heedless of the laws of the road and of other people's rights. Don't allow little misunderstandings to rankle, but explain matters promptly. This painstaking will give you good mileage for your courtesy tires. And, if they get all worn out, you can obtain a new supply at the same source of divine grace from which the first supply came to you.

CRITICISM.

The Capable Critic.

Mr. Kapshus attended the Chicago Christian Endeavor Convention. He went late, and got only a seat in the rear of the vast hall, where he could not hear very well. The speaker happened to be discussing a rather technical Christian Endeavor topic, of great interest and importance to the Endeavorers, but mere Greek to Mr. Kapshus, knowing practically nothing about the society.

Mr. Kapshus happened to sit next to Flossy Folly. Flossy was brought

to the convention by Emma Earnest in the hope that she might catch something of the fine spirit of the great gathering, though she was not an Endeavorer. Flossy was the only one of the twelve thousand present who was chewing gum. She also giggled incessantly, and indulged in cheap remarks.

Mr. Kapshus stayed half an hour. Then he went home and wrote an article for *The Gazette* describing the Convention as an absurd assembly of weak-headed girls, addressed by stupid nonentities. He pictured the Endeavorers as gum-chewers, flirts, and trifling gigglers. He went on in this vein to the extent of a column.

And the editor of the *The Gazette* printed Mr. Kapshus's communication, though he knew better. "It will be read," said he, "and it will perhaps be answered. Anything is better than stagnation."

But that article persuaded a hundred Endeavorers that perhaps, after all, their beloved society was not what they had thought it; and it kept twenty pastors from forming the new societies they were thinking of establishing.

Unfortunate Good Fortune.

I was talking with an author whose poems are well known to all that read poetry. Her sweet and sincere verses have brought comfort to many sad hearts, and cheer to many gloomy lives. She may well rejoice in the good she has done with the gift which she cherishes as a gift from God.

We were talking about the criticism upon books by the reviewers, and she told me that never, during the publication of the long line of her books, has one of them received from any source any unfavorable criticism; and she said that such criticism, if it had come, would have wounded her to the heart.

"You are very unfortunate," I said to her, much to her amazement. Something turned our conversation at that point, and I had no chance to explain, if explanation were needed. I myself have been more lucky, and I count it among my chief blessings that in my personal life, and for my books, I have occasionally stumbled upon unfavorable critics.

They made me mad at that time, I am sorry to say. Some of them perhaps were wrong in their judgment. Some of them were harsh and uncharitable. But the most perverse of them all, the most unreasonable, did me more good than the indiscriminating praiser.

I believe in appreciation. There is far too little of it in this selfish world. But appreciation means rating a man at his real worth, and letting him know it. Not everyone has the insight for that, and still fewer have the courage. No one has a right to any gift of God unless he means to make the most possible out of it, and to reject or avoid unfavorable criticism is either to say that you do not care to improve, or that you are perfection already, neither of which positions is likely to be assumed in words, however we may assume it in reality.

So let us thank God for the critics, even the cantankerous ones, and ask Him to give us grace to be grateful for them, and to send us more of them!

The Conceited Postal Scale.

Once there was a postal scale that got the idea that it conferred weight upon letters and packages just by weighing them.

Along would come a common envelope, and it would say: "Worthless trash! I'll let it weigh only half an ounce."

Then a fine, handsome, smooth envelope would appear, and the scale

would say, "Valuable contents there; I'll assign it a weight of two ounces."

Sometimes the scale would feel sick or cross, and on those occasions it would weigh the letters at haphazard, two ounces, half an ounce, a quarter of an ounce, as the whim struck it.

Sometimes it would be so ugly as not to move its index at all.

At last the owner of the scale saw that something was the matter with it, and after several attempts to set it right, he discarded the scale for one less conceited but more accurate.

Moral: Critics often have the same idea that they are not merely recording value, but actually creating it or lessening it. When that happens, the critics are thrown away.

The Kitten Speaks.

"What a 'fraid-cat!" said I, when my kitten ran away from a little dog, which, with wagging tail and excited bark, was trying to coax the kitten to play with it.

Then a pitiful little voice came from under the sofa, where the kitten had taken refuge.

"You call me a 'fraid-cat! What would you do if such a monster came rushing at you? It would have to be twice your height, or twelve feet high, and big in proportion. You couldn't get it into this room. You talk about his wagging tail. How much of it could you see, back of all that bulk? And his bark! Suppose it was as loud as a dozen fog-horns; could you decide in an instant whether it was playful or angry? And anyway how would you like to play with a beast the size of a room, threatening at any minute to fall on you and mash you to pulp? Answer me, you big man, you!"

I did not answer. I drove away the puppy, and I decided that hereafter I would try to get the other fellow's viewpoint before criticising him.

Remarks of Grover Grumpy.

The young people went ahead and accomplished some greatly needed tasks.

"Shockingly forward!" said Grover Grumpy.

The young people waited to be led by their elders and did nothing.

"Sluggish and inefficient!" said Grover Grumpy.

The young people were eager and happy, and sung songs, and shouted.

"Noisy and inconsiderate!" said Grover Grumpy.

The young people were decorous and dignified and very quiet.

"They've lost all their enthusiasm!" said Grover Grumpy.

The young people met in great numbers, ten or twenty thousand.

"Better give their money to missions than the railroads and hotels!" said Grover Grumpy.

The young people had a small gathering of picked leaders for conference and instruction.

"See how their numbers are falling off; their society is dead as a door-nail!" said Grover Grumpy.

"Call-downs."

"I got a call-down from the old man yesterday."

"Too bad! The old fellow is getting as cross as a bear. He seems to have a grouch at everyone."

"He had it in for me, all right, and about next to nothing, too. I was late a few days last week."

"Is *that* all? Well, it was hard lines, old chap."

Probably conversations like that are going on, somewhere, all the time. And they are usually quite baseless.

In most cases the "call-down" is based upon some decided fault, and the superior officer has stood it as long as he can, or should. In most cases the "call-down" is quiet, con-

siderate, even kindly. But it involves criticism, and nowadays any criticism is held synonymous with a "grouch."

As a matter of fact, most "call-downs" are call-ups. They are summons away from faults and toward excellencies, away from lower levels to higher ones. They never call a man down.

Every "call-down," therefore, is something for which to be grateful, unless it is plainly unjust. It is a hand of helpfulness. It is a warning against degeneration. It points the way to continued employment, even to advancement.

The man that makes the most of "call-downs" is the man that does not get "dropped."

DECISION.

Fighting It Out.

Professor August Bier, of Bonn, proposes to introduce in practical therapeutics the principle of hyperæmia or congestion of the blood. We have been trying, he says, to prevent or diminish the inflammation around a wound or a sore. That, he declares, is all a big mistake. The inflammation is simply the blood rushing to the spot to carry off the pus and other deleterious material that forms there. Let the blood come, he urges; and the more of it, the better. Encourage it to come. Keep up the inflammation. Increase it, indeed.

That is what the gentle professor does. He sucks the blood to the danger-spot by means of an air pump. Or he draws it thither by elastic bandages. Or he uses hot air as a mild persuader. Anything to keep up the inflammation. And they say he is working great cures with his system.

All that may be true or false; I am no physiologist. I do know one thing, however, and that is that in affairs of the soul the professor's

principle is a valuable one. For instance, when you get hit in the head with a new idea, have it out with the notion, whatever it is. Put your mind upon it. Bring to the charge all the blood in your brain. Settle things.

If someone "cuts" you, or you think that someone has "cut" you, don't let the wound rankle. Don't coddle it. Go right to the person, and fight it out. Ask for the facts in the case. Very likely you will learn that he is near-sighted, and did not see you at all.

If your mind is vaguely worried, if something has gone wrong and the something is poisoning your day, don't let it! Fight it out. Sit right down, and face your worry, whatever it is. Face it with your blessings. Face it with God's promises. Face it with your past experience of God's goodness. Rush them all to the spot like strong currents of rich, red blood. My word for it, there isn't a worry on earth that can stand such an onset. That life-blood will eat up and sweep away every atom of poisonous pus, and the rest of your day will sing with happiness and health.

Spiritual hyperæmia! Let us practice it with vigor and decision, and let us from this time forth cease to dawdle over our difficulties.

Minds to Let.

Do you remember President Wilson's statement that his mind was "to let" on the woman-suffrage question? He meant that it was not yet permanently occupied by a decision. The tenement was vacant, and either Pro or Anti might move in, whichever put up the best set of arguments.

Is it wise to keep our minds "to let" on important questions? It certainly is, provided we do not allow them to be vacant too long. A mind

tenant is an important affair. He comes very close to us. He can make our life, or mar it. He can be a nuisance or a joy. Shrewd landlords are careful what tenants they admit to their houses; they do not want dead beats, or drunkards, or criminals, or the shiftless. They would far rather keep their lodgings "to let" than admit any undesirable tenant. Let us mind-landlords be as sensible.

DETRACTION.

A Backward Meter.

An electrician in New York has been arrested on the charge of interfering with an electric meter. It is said that he has been making and selling a device which, attached to a meter, will cause it to run backward, and very little electricity is used in the operation. He found a ready sale for the contrivance, and the company has been swindled out of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Well, that gentleman will doubtless get his deserts, and the company will be prepared against future enterprises of the sort. But there is a way of making meters run backward which cannot be reached by law, and yet it is far more meddlesome than any cellar stealing that was ever accomplished.

I refer to those miscreants who by their doubts, their sneers, their croakings, turn backward the indicator on the meter of progress, and make what is in reality a substantial gain look like a minus quantity.

¶ You know the kind of man I mean. Nothing good can be done in the world but he immediately begins to discount it. "O well," he snarls, "it won't last. You wait a few years, and you will hear no more of it. It is only a flash in the pan."

And if it manages to survive his cheerful prediction and holds out for more than his few years, he takes

another tack: "It is waning," he whines. "It is losing its former enthusiasm, its virility. It is on its last legs. Let it give way for something better, something adapted to present needs."

And then, if it inconsiderately refuses to give way, but obstinately remains on the stage of action, our kindly friend begins to call attention to the pride of too great success, the dangers of over-confidence, the aggressiveness of the powerful movement, or organization, or whatever it is. He raises a timely warning against it and predicts that its pride will some day have a fall.

This index manipulator is a great fellow for statistics. The most prosperous set of figures ever drawn out of a printing-press will look, after he is through with it, like the balance-sheet of a bankrupt establishment after the expert accountant has gone over it. There is not enough left to start a new business in a tent.

Things are always going to the dogs, and our friend can always prove it! He can paint a cloud into any picture. He puffs out a fog that blots out any sun.

He is a thief, just like the people who used that electric attachment. The meter is all right. Our old world is rolling on as smoothly as ever, and every age is splendidly better than the age before it. Hands off the meter! No tampering with the index! And if anyone tries the gloomy game, clap him into the dungeon of public execration!

DIFFICULTIES.

The Philosophy of Stone Walls.

Our New England is full of stone walls, and I like them. Whenever I see the trim lines of heaped-up stones, surrounding green meadows, that present a most surprising and

delightful contrast to the boulder-sprinkled fields beyond, between whose rocks, as the saying is, the scanty herbage nestles so securely that the sheep's noses must be sharpened to reach it,—whenever I see these massive stone fences, they shine to my vision like horizontal memorials of New England pluck. The soil was there under the stones, a competence was there, a comfortable home for wife and babies; and of course the rocks must come up and the plow must go down, at whatever cost of torn hands and backache.

And I especially admire the grim shrewdness with which the New England farmer gets even with his difficult lot. For he does not pile up the boulders in a useless pyramid in the corner of the field, but causes them actually to contribute to his fortune, saving him fenceposts and barbed wire. If that is not a bright retort, I don't know what is.

The fields he thus wins are none too fertile at the best, so it is well to make them bear also a little crop of moralizing; to wit:

What use are you making of your hindrances? of your doubts and worries and trials and griefs? You are prying them up and carting them off, I am glad to see that; but are you piling them up in a corner of the field, or are you making stone walls out of them? Are you using them as barriers, protecting the field of your mind from injurious feet that would trample down the grain?

There are the doubts you have pried up; they make a splendid fence against infidelity, running wild in the road yonder. There is the poverty of which you have got the better: a splendid barrier against extravagance and sloth. There is the sorrow you have overcome; build it high on the edge of your field, to keep out selfishness. There are your worries,—big boulders, they! Pile them up in

long, firm lines, that distrust cannot knock down or leap over.

Turn the tables on your difficulties, brother farmers! Use them for the fortification of your fields.

Diving under Difficulties.

A very striking exploit of the European war was performed by the British submarine, *B11*, in charge of Commander Norman B. Holbrook, which entered the narrow strait of the Dardanelles near Constantinople, fought the difficult currents, dived under five rows of floating mines, braved gun-fire from the shore batteries and the attacks of torpedoes from the water, remained submerged at one time for nine hours, and as a result succeeded in sinking the Turkish battleship *Messudieh*.

That is the way wars are won, martial campaigns or struggles of peace: dive under difficulties!

On the surface, they are indeed formidable; but they go no deeper. Dive beneath them!

The water into which you plunge is a protecting wall. Dive into it.

The green depths will conceal you from hostile gaze, from the most powerful telescope. Plunge far down!

Under the surface the waves are hushed, and all is calm. You can think, and plan, and quietly execute. Get down deep!

It is the deep-down life that wins, the reflective life, the life of hidden purposes, of serene resolution. For-sake surface living. Get into a submarine. Dive under your difficulties. Remember Holbrook and *B11*!

Why the Ditch?

One man, a golf enthusiast, was telling another man how hard it was, on a certain course, to drive the ball over a ditch that lay between the tee and the green. "Why don't

they fill up the ditch?" asked the second man.

An old lady was watching a game of tennis, and saw how often the ball was driven against the net. "Why don't they take down the net?" she asked.

It is hard for many to comprehend the value of obstacles, of hazards, of hindrances. They cannot understand the joys of the chase. They never entered into the delight of overcoming.

If the time ever comes when all our ditches are filled up, all our nets taken down, life will be too tame to live. Let us praise God daily for the burdens in the way, face them cheerily, and over them with a shout!

The Weary Locomotive.

A locomotive was climbing a mountain slope, dragging a long train after it. Around the curves it labored, getting ever higher and nearer the summit of the pass. But it puffed and groaned, and threw out great volumes of black smoke. Thus it complained to the tender close behind:

"What a cruel task they have set me! How those heavy cars drag on me! Think of their expecting all this work of a few pounds of coal in one poor engine! I am tired all over. I don't see how I can stand it another mile. If it was only down-hill, now, I'd show you some speed. Down-hill is some fun. Down-hill is worth while. I'd like a job that was all down-hill."

Then the tender, which was a wise old tender, replied:

"My dear Locomotive, have you ever thought that when you pull a train up-hill, you are the one that's doing it, and you get all the credit; but when you go down-hill gravity does all the work, and no credit at all is due you?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that," the locomotive answered; and it went

the rest of the way to the top at a jolly clip.

With Gloves.

I have been cleaning the leaves out of the hedge in front of my house. It is a long hedge, and at either end is a bed filled with flowering bushes.

I tackled the bushes first. There were laurel, deutzia, and forsythia. Those made no trouble. They had gathered a great mass of leaves, for they grew thick, with many sprouts; but they are smooth-stemmed affairs so that my hands could work rapidly among them, and my chief care was of my eyes, as I burrowed among the bristling branches. There were some rugosa roses that gave me a few vicious stings with their closely set spines, but on the whole I got along well with my beds of bushes, and my hands were still whole when I got through.

But I left the hedge for the last. Good reason. It is a Japanese barberry hedge, and, like the people from whom it came, it is short in stature, but tremendously sharp. Whew! I wonder if the Russians in Manchuria felt as if they had run up against a Japanese barberry hedge. If they did, I wonder that the war was not ended in a month.

The dead leaves were ensconced in the innermost recesses of these thorny little citadels, and each leaf was protected by dozens of spears and daggers. My hands were pierced and scarified before I had gathered a fistful of leaves. I tried to hold back the upper branches so as to get at the root accumulations, and it was like grasping an angry porcupine. Moreover, my trousers and coat sleeves were poor protections for my legs and arms.

Then came my wife. "Why don't you put on gloves?" she suggested.

"Pooh!" said I. "I don't need

gloves. Only women think they must do everything in gloves."

Then, as soon as she went back into the house, I hunted up a pair of old, heavy, winter gloves, and advanced once more to the fray.

What a change! My movements, which had been timid, hesitating, cringing, had become swift and confident. I handled those stinging Japanese unceremoniously. I gathered the upper branches in a big handful, and boldly scooped away the leaves below. I plunged right into the heart of the thorny fortress after my prey. And I cleaned a dozen bushes in the time I had before spent upon one. So much for having a wife.

"Handling a thing without gloves" has come to mean handling it boldly and roughly and masterfully. The thing in question is evidently not a Japanese barberry hedge. If I want to handle that masterfully I shall handle it "with gloves."

And since that little experience I have been thinking how foolish I often am when I insist upon handling without gloves the many thorny difficulties that hedge in my life. The crossnesses. The suspicions. The jealousies. The insincerities. The injustices and dishonesties and sneers. And so on.

How sharp are their thorns, to be sure! and how multitudinous they are, one for every minute and every movement. And how silly it is to handle them without gloves.

Especially when there lies, ready at hand for each one of us, so stanch a pair of gloves, a thick-skinned pair, that no spine can pierce, however sharp and long it is.

Don them, and presto! you who were slave are now absolute master. You can work five times as fast and ten times as easily. And when you are through your task your spirit is smooth and unscarred as at the beginning.

I do not need to name the gloves; you know the make well; the label reads, "Trust in God."

DISCIPLINE.

The Year the College Closed.

Funds fell off, students fell off, and my college closed.

It was a great blow to me. My mother, a widow, had brought my sister and me to that little college town in order to educate us. I had finished the junior year and was looking ahead with the most delightful anticipations to my closing year, and then to the wide world. We were poor in this world's goods, and I might as well have thought of going to Mars as of going away from home to college.

I was so absorbed in my private disappointment that I had little thought for the dismay in the town around me.

There was nothing for it but to go to work. I hunted up a "district" school, got myself hired, and plunged into the most profitable year of my life.

As I look back upon it, I cannot remember that I taught those boys and girls anything, though I presume I did my best; but how much they taught me! What a glorious curriculum they put me through—courses in patience, in perseverance, in inventiveness; a whole year in tact; three terms in higher determination; seven periods a day, of one hour each, in advanced human nature. What I had learned in primary school, grammar school, high school and college was as nothing to what I learned, under the tuition of my faculty of forty boys and girls, in "District No. 5."

At the end of the year their solitary pupil did them some little credit, I hope. At any rate, they asked me to come back and be taught another

year. But the college opened again, so I entered the senior class.

After graduation I went right into the college faculty, and taught there for about a decade. Normal school? University course? Graduate studies in Germany? What need had I of such frippery after my thorough training in "District No. 5"? It was a blessed thing, for me at least, that my college stopped that year.

It would be a blessed thing for all of us if we were forced often into such developing experiences.

Ministers might occasionally omit prayer meetings, the customary attendants taking the hour for making calls upon strangers that are not interested in the church, and trying to interest them.

The Sunday-school session might now and then be omitted, the teachers leading their pupils in the doing of some practical work, in obedience to the Word they have been studying.

The manufacturer might with profit leave his factory now and then to take care of itself, while he spends a day in the homes of his working people.

The editor might well close his desk often, and go out and talk with his readers.

The housewife would gain a world of energy and interest if she would close her house for a day, once in a while, and take the whole family off on a picnic.

In fine, what is lost by the dropping of our routine tasks occasionally is made up many times over by the mental quickening of new surroundings, the developing education of novel situations. Put your self into places that require an enrichment and strengthening of your nature, and the added wealth and power are almost sure to come. If your college does not close once in a while, shut the front door, lock it, and bound away with the key.

DISHONESTY.

Being a Monkey's Paw.

Paris one day saw a strange reversal of the old fable of the monkey and the cat that has given rise to the expression, "being a cat's paw" for someone that is more cunning than his victim. In this case a man was the crafty one and a monkey furnished the paw for the chestnuts.

A circus performer named Miguel Androval went into a jeweler's shop and asked to be shown some rings. While he was looking at them the shop detectives saw the head of a tiny monkey thrust cautiously out of the acrobat's coat pocket. The attention of the clerk was turned away, and the monkey's paw shot out instantly. He seized some valuable rings and at once darted back into his place of concealment. Then Androval and his monkey were arrested and brought into court. They tested the little animal thoroughly, and found that it was no chance happening, but the creature was a trained thief.

Therefore I have gained a new comparison. Hereafter, when I see a firm of clever lawyers piloting a bold corporation through the intricacies of some wholesale robbery of the public, I shall say to myself: "With all your legal lore you are only a pack of monkeys. Thrust out your dirty paws and steal for your masters!"

And when I see a clerk at the command of his employers,—and often the command is never audibly uttered, for there are a thousand ways of making it known without putting it into words,—cheating every customer and lying both by act and by word, I shall hiss through my teeth, "Another monkey with his greedy paws."

And when I see a politician doing the evil work of his masters, the party bosses, and putting through this job and that for unjust gain, and hoodwinking his constituents all the while

into the belief that he is a patriot of the purest stamp, I shall have the term all ready, "Monkey thief! Monkey thief!"

Perhaps the monkeys are my remote ancestors and perhaps they are not; but, if they are, I hope that the monkey blood has been eliminated from my veins.

Eating Soap.

When a convict gets tired of work and wants a loafing spell, when a sailor wants shore leave, there is a way in which they are said to accomplish their desires. They eat soap.

Now it is not an easy thing to eat soap, as you may discover if you wish. No matter how the soap is perfumed; no matter what kind it is; no matter what its color, pink or green, a transparent gold, white or spotted,—it is equally hard to get down.

Sometimes the soap is consumed as a sandwich, thin slices of it between slices of bread. Sometimes it is swallowed quickly,—chunks of it in water. Sometimes mustard and ketchup and all sorts of strong stuff are poured over it to disguise the taste. But the taste is there, just the same.

They get sick beautifully and thoroughly and promptly. No wonder. They get sick all over. No two men get sick in the same way. The doctor comes. Their agony is evidently unfeigned. Hospital. Oh, how sick! Two or three days of it. Ach, ach! Then convalescence, a charming, long convalescence. Weak and pale, but with lovely loafing. The reward is held to compensate the suffering.

You laugh, some of you that are learning of this desperate trick for the first time. You curl your lip, some of you, in disgust. *You* would never be so silly!

But hold. Have you never gone

to the sick bay on a mere statement, without any soap reality back of it? In other words, on a *lie*, a prevarication? Have you never said, "I can't," when you *could*, and you knew you could? Honest, now; have you?

Then how is that any better than eating soap?

Painted Salmon.

The Boston Health Department discovered some rotten salmon. It had been freshened up with red paint! The paint was first brushed over it and then heat was applied to make the paint sink in. This delightfully doctored fish had been sold all over Boston.

Painted salmon! The abominable practice extends over more than the fish trade. Orators use it when they furbish up a few facts with gaudy rhetoric and make the combination pass for statesmanship. Girls and women use it when they daub their faces with an imitation health which they are too lazy to make real by exercise. School pupils use it when they cram for examinations after weeks of careless idling. Housekeepers use it when they tidy up the parlor but leave the sitting room chaotic. Church members use it when they attend "services" but perform no service for the Master.

Painted salmon! Painted salmon! The Board of Health of the Universe has only one place for it—the fire of the Pit.

Eye Thievery.

I have been reading about the way in which milliners' and dressmakers' designs are stolen. They are very valuable, these new designs, as any lady knows; and they are valuable quite in proportion as they are rare. As soon as Mrs. Smith and Mrs.

Jones and Mrs. Robinson get hold of them, Lady de Montmorency will have nothing to do with them.

They are stolen in this way.

A perfectly dressed young man appears in the dressmaker's shop and represents himself as a messenger from some lady of rank in a distant city. He asks that information about the latest ideas in ladies' garments be forwarded to his employer, and he is very particular about his order, consuming much time. All the while his eyes are glancing sharply around the room, taking in every detail of the models there exhibited, and he goes away with his mind crowded with notions, each worth a good deal of money to his real employer, who is some other dressmaker, down many notches in the dressmaker scale.

That is the way it is done. And since reading about it I have been reflecting upon the many, many ways there are of stealing. Ways that never appear in the courts. Ways that are entered in no record save the Judgment Book. Eye theft, like this, and like the sly variations of it that even well-bred ladies sometimes practice with regard to the lovely little touches of one another's attire. Ear theft, when a public speaker finds his best points repeated as their own by a score of lesser speakers that have heard him. Brain theft, when one author "works over" a dozen others, quite oblivious of quotation marks, and thus produces a book with his own name on the cover. Silence theft, when a man's good name is taken away because his friends do not defend him. Oh, there are so many kinds of stealing!

And there is only one remedy, which is love. When we all love one another, and rejoice in one another's welfare, and prefer others to ourselves, and contrive how others shall have more rather than how we may have more, —then, and not till then, will the sad

record of thievery cease on the books of the recording angel.

Saying Nothing.

More than a thousand square feet in the very heart of Boston have been untaxed for at least thirty years. The purchase by the city of land for a new police station resulted in this discovery. The lot is worth \$31 a square foot, and the taxes on it would have been considerable, but there is no way to collect them, as the city itself has been at fault in ignoring the land in its surveying and assessing departments.

During all these years someone must have known about this land. The owners were renting it, receiving an income from it, and knew they were not paying taxes on it. They just said nothing. Because they said nothing, the taxes paid by the rest of Boston's property-owners were just that much heavier.

Saying nothing is a common mode of dishonesty. Here is a shoveler in a gang doing less than his work because the boss's eye is not on him. The muscles of the others make up his deficiency, but he says nothing. Here is a clerk waiting on much less than his share of the customers, and saying nothing. Here is a church member who stays home from meetings when committees are to be appointed, and so is let out of all church work, saying nothing. The world is crowded with shirkers who let the others do it and pay it all, sneakily taking advantage of the fact that they have been overlooked.

There is one Assessor who will not overlook them. There is one Surveyor who sees it all. There is one Record Book in which it is written down. And there is one Day on which it all must be paid. We may say nothing now, but on that Day **a**

great Voice will condemn us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it NOT."

DISOBEDIENCE.

The Automatic Derailer.

Some of the railroads have installed a device which, if an engineer runs by signals set against him, thus entering a region of danger, one already occupied, perhaps by an onrushing train, automatically calls into play a contrivance which derails the offending train, gently piling it into the ditch, out of harm's way, and out of the way of harming another train.

On October 4 a train running from Boston to New York found itself in this predicament. The engineer, so it is said, ran by signals set against him, and this sagacious invention forthwith upset the engine and six out of the seven cars that followed it. The engineer was badly scalded by escaping steam, and his skull was fractured. The fireman was much bruised. No one else was hurt.

Well, that is well enough, as far as it goes, but I wish it went much farther. I wish we had such a machine for our highways of life. I wish, when a man is swinging along into forbidden territory, when some terrible Death is hurtling toward him, that he could be automatically ditched. If there was enough water in the ditch to break his fall and cool him off, all the better.

Yes, I should even be willing that such an invention should be applied to my own course of action. Anything, even an ignominious overturn, is better than that onrushing Death.

DOUBT.

"Intellectual Doubts."

I was listening to a lecture on the Bible given by a distinguished professor in a famous theological seminary.

In the course of the lecture he said (I quote him exactly): "I will not attempt to disguise my doubts; that would be an insult to your intelligence."

With that shrewdly flattering preamble, he launched forth. Not only did he not disguise his doubts, but he paraded them. He went far out of his way to bring them in. It was a popular lecture, to an audience chiefly composed of Sunday-school teachers and older scholars. The theme was a positive one, and did not in the least call for critical treatment. Yet it would have been an insult to our intelligence for the speaker to attempt to disguise his doubts.

I wanted to say to the speaker, after the lecture, "My brother Wiseman, suppose you had a fit of indigestion. If you should attempt to disguise it, would that be an insult to our intelligence? Would it argue us ignorant of physiology and incapable of appreciating a discourse on hygiene?"

"You talk about 'intellectual doubts.' Do you consider belief and faith *un*-intellectual? We have doubts enough of our own. *Anyone* can raise a question, but it takes a well-furnished brain to answer questions.

"Doubts are easy. What we want of you is not your questionings but your conclusions, not your gropings but your discoveries. The truth may upset our preconceived notions; never mind. What we are after is the truth. But as to your suspicions of error, we can best let you fight those out on the battleground of your own mind. There may not be so much in them as you think, after all."

I wanted to say that, but I didn't. And it wouldn't have done any good if I had. For when a man gets it into his head that doubt is the most intellectual attitude, he serenely considers such sentiments as I have been expressing to be proof of a lower mental order, with which he can have

no more communion than Shakespeare with an earthworm.

DUTY.

A Memorable Sentence.

President Wilson has the gift of forcible writing. He has contributed to current discussions many sentences that cling to the memory, but none of them is better than a sentence in his letter stating why he could not speak at the commemoration of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, being kept in Washington by the important matters connected with the session of Congress. The President wrote,

"I am kept away by the thought that no man can truly praise those who did their duty by neglecting his own."

Those words are golden. They will be remembered as long as President Wilson's administration is remembered. A man's praise is worth having only so long as the man himself lives a praiseworthy life.

Catch Your Bolts.

Some workmen were repairing the Boston Elevated Railway. One of them took a red-hot bolt in his pincers and threw it up to another workman, who was to place it in the hole drilled for it. The second workman failed to catch it, and it fell to the street below. There it struck a truck load of twenty bales of cotton, a thousand dollars' worth, that was passing at the moment. The cotton instantly took fire, but the driver knew nothing of it. The flames had made considerable headway when the cries of onlookers informed the driver of what was going on. He had only enough time to leap out of the way of the flames and save his horse. The Boston fire department was summoned and put out the fire.

This is a fair sample of what happens every time one of us workmen on the

great edifice of human society misses a bolt that is thrown to him. They are many—these bolts—and they come thick and fast. They are red-hot, too, for they are duties that are in imperative need of getting done. If they are not at once stuck into the proper hole, and the top at once flattened out by sturdy blows, they grow cool and useless. They cannot be put into the structure; or, if we go ahead and hammer them in, they are not tight and they may bring about disaster.

No, there is nothing for it but to catch the bolts on the fly. Let one fall, and someone gets hurt—or something, which in the end, means someone. The streets are crowded. It may be a bale of cotton. It is quite as likely to be a mass of hair with a head underneath it. No one knows what will be hit when a worker misses a red-hot duty that comes flying at him.

There is only one safety for the workman or for the rest of us: *Catch them!*

All from a Rail.

It was certainly one of the most curious accidents in railway annals. I got down to Riverside station just too late to witness it. I found the station platform crowded with people, and all the tracks covered with puffing locomotives and waiting trains,—the main-line tracks both ways, and the circuit-track,—ten in all. This is what I learned had happened.

Some Italians were carrying a heavy steel rail across the tracks just below the station, at a place where the circuit tracks branch off from the main-line tracks. There came bearing down upon them two trains going toward Boston. They were almost abreast. One was a passenger train, and one, on another track, was a freight train. The foreman, whose

business it was to give the warning, did not see the trains, and the engineer of the passenger train blew a warning whistle very sharply.

At once the Italians, and small blame to them, dropped their heavy burden, and scuttled to a place of safety. At once the passenger train ran into the steel rail, which twisted up under the forward truck, threw it off the track, and it plowed along for a thousand feet before its trucks were buried in the ground, and it came to a standstill. At once the other end of the rail, plunging around, caught the freight engine, threw it also from the track, and it repeated the performance of engine number one.

There was a pretty situation! Three tracks were blocked, and the traffic in both directions was completely stalled. When I reached the place, Riverside had collected what was undoubtedly the largest assemblage of locomotives and trains of its entire history. As it promised to be, and really was, hours before the tracks could be cleared, I hunted up an accommodating electric car, and made my slow way to my office.

While making the journey I had a chance to moralize on the mischief that is caused when a single man, in our complex modern civilization, ceases, for a single minute, to do his duty; but my meditations need not be repeated, for they have doubtless, by this time, occurred also to you.

Assorted Duties.

No one, it is often said, ever has more than one duty at a time.

I heartily wish that were true!

As a matter of fact, I often entertain a dozen duties at a time, and all of them are duties, genuine duties, warranted sterling. I am often at my wits' end to know what to do with them all.

Some of them will be duties connected with my secular employment, some of them will relate to my home and the dear ones there, some of them will have regard to my church or my Sunday school or my prayer meeting, some of them will concern my friends, some of them will have to do with my own health or my proper relaxation. I owe a duty to all these, many duties to some of them; and often these duties come piling upon me all in a heap.

Then is when I am glad to remember that duties may be graded. They come in assorted packages when they come together. They are not of equal importance. I can have a set of pigeon-holes in my brain, and classify them as they present themselves. Pigeonhole *A* is for the must-bes-right-off. Pigeonhole *B* is for the must-bes-if-I-can't-get-some-one-else-to-do-them. Pigeonhole *C* is for the keep-in-minds-and-do-as-soon-as-I-can.

They are all duties. They are all things that I must do or get done. Each one of them, if the others were out of the way, would be a duty for the present moment. But the others are not out of the way.

The faculty of assorting duties, quickly and accurately, is one of great value. It smooths out life wonderfully, and saves a man from loads of anxiety and worry. Let them come! Bring on your duties, by companies and platoons! You shall not disconcert me. I will accept them all. I will barrack them all. And I will march each out and review it in its—and my—good time.

The one quality pre-eminently necessary if you would assort your duties successfully is a sturdy independence. All men want to attend to that matter for you. What *they* wish you to do you must straightway file in Pigeonhole *A*, to return to my first figure.

But do not be moved by them. It is your life you are living, and not

theirs. Your clew to your labyrinth is placed in your hands; if you take hold of any one else's clew you will get all tangled up. Allow no conscience but your own to impose a duty on you, and no judgment but your own to decide what disposition you will make of the duties you accept.

In thus masterfully disposing of the onrushing horde of merciless tasks a strong man will find one of the most fascinating joys of life.

The Shuttle Train.

Some of the trains on Boston's elevated railroad run clear through the city and out into the suburbs; but there are shuttle trains, which merely run back and forth between the north and south stations. Their work must be very monotonous, up and down the same short track, turning the same corners, stopping at the same few stations, hour after hour, day after day. Yet they are probably more useful than the through trains. They probably carry more passengers, and are an essential part of the city's transportation service.

Many of us are sadly conscious that our lives are mere shuttle trains, back and forth in the same dull routine of duty. Well, what of it? Perhaps we are more important as shuttle trains than as through trains, and are a necessary link in the service of the Heavenly City.

EARNESTNESS

Dynamite the Soil.

The farmers have a new kink. Incidentally, it bears out Dr. Francis E. Clark's assertion that farming makes a very good substitute for war. They use dynamite to break up the soil.

The process is simple. Just drive a bar about three feet into the soil,

insert a stick of dynamite, and explode it, taking care not to explode yourself as well. The hardpan is well pulverized, and the plants can send their roots far down into the ground. Millions of little cisterns are blasted out, in which the rains run, and in which they are stored up for the summer droughts.

It is said that a fruit-tree planted in dynamited soil will gain one year in three. About a quarter of a million farmers tried the plan last year, and probably the number will be doubled this year. The peaceful pursuit of farming bids fair to be metamorphosed.

There are other peaceful pursuits that need to adopt, in principle, the same violent method. Teaching is one of them—teaching in all its forms, in the school, in the church, in the press, on the political platform.

It is necessary often to "shake things up" before you can get a soil for new ideas. Some mental explosion is required to break up the hardpan of sluggishness and stupidity and indifference. The world's great teachers, and smaller ones also, need to be dynamite experts. Earnestness counts.

EASY WAYS.

Those Endless "Endless Chain" Idiots.

The Minneapolis post office was swamped. Thousands of letters were pouring in from the women of this enlightened land. In one day 25,000 of these letters were received, and every letter enclosed a dime.

The "National Brokerage Exchange" was at the bottom of this matter. They advertised that any woman who would send ten cents in silver and write five friends urging them to join the "endless chain" would receive "a new, 1917-model petticoat." The fact that petticoats cannot even be sent through the mail at this price, let alone sold, weighed nothing with

these easy marks. Therefore the Minneapolis postal authorities and especially the dead-letter clerks were at their wits' end, and Federal detectives were hot on the trail of the "National Brokerage Exchange."

The endless-chain folly ranges from prayers to petticoats, and is equally foolish at either extreme. When will people learn that there is no short cut to any good thing?

ECCENTRICITY.

A Machinist's Parable.

Circular motion is a wonderful thing, one of the most common things in the world, and yet one of the most marvelous.

I am filled with awe as I stand by the side of a great fly-wheel,—such a wheel, for instance, as one sees in the power house of a city water works. Around the monster contrivance flies with prodigious rapidity, and you feel no jar. You place your hand upon the support, and it does not tremble. It is because it is so perfectly poised, its center is precisely in the center, not an ounce of metal more on one side of it than on another.

If the wheel were eccentric, that is, if it were not poised on a true center, but if the center of motion were away from the center of mass, then what havoc would result! Then the support would shake as if rocked by an earthquake. Then the very ground would tremble. Then the faster the wheel revolved the worse would be the vibration. And if the matter were not set right, that wheel would not turn long before it would fly to pieces, to the ruin of the building and the destruction of life.

Well, it is just that way with people when they get eccentric.

Men are likely to look upon eccentricity as something harmless, if not, indeed, something of which to be proud. Men cultivate their eccen-

tricities, they exaggerate them, they parade them, they like to hear them talked about, they want to be different from other men, they want to make a stir, they would not have their lives move gently, noiselessly, without vibrating. In short, their lives are off the true center, which is God's masterful will for them, and they are revolving around a false center, which is self.

Watch such lives, and you will see them go to pieces, wrecked by a thousand miserable stresses and disasters. For selfishness in all its forms is ruin, and the only safety or peace is in a life that rests upon, and moves around, the will of God.

The Two Hot-water Bottles.

First Hot-water Bottle: Pardon me, but aren't you a little cracked?

Second Hot-water Bottle: Perhaps; but what of it?

First H. W. B.: Why, it'll ruin you!

Second H. W. B.: Not a bit of it; only make me more interesting.

First H. W. B.: Interesting? It will make you absolutely unreliable.

Second H. W. B.: Nonsense! It shows character.

First H. W. B.: Yes, but the wrong kind of character.

Second H. W. B.: Besides, who cares about holding a lot of wishy-washy water?

First H. W. B.: But that is what you were made for.

Second H. W. B.: Well, then I'll make myself over again.

At that moment the Owner came along, tried the Second Hot-water Bottle, and in disgust threw it into the ash-barrel. Taking the First Hot-water Bottle and filling it, she said, "How satisfactory this make of bottle is! Always reliable!"

Moral: Don't get even a little cracked.

ECONOMY.**Twenty-five-cent Lunches.**

We were talking with a Boston merchant.

"I like to get my lunch at the Business Men's Club," he said, "and actually I get all I want to eat for seventy-five cents."

We wanted to tell him that our limit is twenty-five cents, but false pride restrained us.

Anyway, we are as well fed as he is, and our average health is far better. The lunch we get is as well cooked as his; and, if it is served in a plainer style, it is served neatly. We sit up at a counter on a stool, but there are plenty of good places where we could sit in a chair at a table. After a morning in our office chair, we prefer the stool. Our companions are as pleasant and well bred as his, and ever so much more varied. And we save fifty cents a day, \$150 a year.

Only yesterday we were talking with another business man, who mentioned incidentally his food bill. It is one hundred dollars a month, on the average.

"Do you know," we asked, "that your expense for food alone is more than three times what the average family has to pay for all its expenses?"

And that average family is probably as healthy as his, and very likely as happy and contented.

"The cost of living," after all, is hardly more than a habit.

"Get the habit," and almost any cost of living will speedily become a necessity to you.

EDUCATION.**The Poor Children!**

The movement for all-the-year-round schools is gaining ground. According to this plan there will be four school

terms, of twelve weeks each, with two weeks of August vacation, one week at Christmas, and one about Easter. Children will be promoted quarterly instead of semi-annually.

The gain from the new plan is, for the children, that they will finish the elementary school course in six years instead of eight. The law compels them to remain in school till the age of fourteen, and the all-the-year-round school will enable nearly all children to complete by that time the grammar-school course, and even, in the case of the brightest children, begin the high-school course.

The gains for the community will be these. The children will go forth into life better trained. The expensive school plant will not be idle one-fourth of the time. The children will leave school earlier, and their education will cost much less. The gains for the teachers will be continual employment, and of course more pay. Even with the proposed change they will have a longer vacation than most business men.

But how about the poor children? When are they to play? When are they to grow strong? When are they to get in a little childhood?

To be sure, parents are allowed to choose whether they will send their children to school for three terms or four; but if the system is once thoroughly adopted, courses of study and class make-up conforming to it, it is all but certain that close conformity to it will be necessary on the part of all that use the public schools.

I believe that a child can learn more in three terms a year than in four; and even if this were not the case, I believe that the three-term knowledge will stick and the four-term knowledge largely vanish. A child has a right to its play as well as its work. Forced plants lack stability.

The experiment will, I am very sure, prove the folly of the plan,

and perhaps it is well enough that the experiment should be made; but I am glad that my own girl is not one of the children experimented upon.

Forcibly Fed Minds.

"There are no forcibly fed minds," once said Professor Ernest C. Moore, of Harvard. That is, all the nutriment a mind really takes in is what it goes out for.

If that is true, most of our schools are on the wrong tack, and most of our teachers and parents need to change their policy toward the children.

Of course it is possible for a strong-willed teacher, by sheer force of incessant repetition backed by a domineering personality, to hammer a few facts into a boy's mind and clinch them there. But that isn't feeding the mind. The facts do not form an organic part of the mind. They are driven into it like nails, and remain there disassociated.

There is only one road to feeding, and that is appetite. There is only one way to teach, and that is to arouse a hunger for knowledge. When that is accomplished, the pupil begins to teach himself.

Newspapers, Time-wasters.

I was much impressed one day by a very simple sight. A hack stood at our suburban railway station, waiting for a chance passenger. In the hack sat the driver, a young man of some ability. And he was reading the daily paper. That was all.

That was all, but it set me to thinking seriously. For only the night before I had had a long talk with that young man. He had told me how little pay he got, and what a dreary life he led. Some days he would sit on his hack from six in the morning till midnight, and have

not a single fare. Absolutely nothing to break up the monotony of his existence.

Nothing, I say, except the daily paper.

What an opportunity that young man had! Hugh Miller, Horace Mann, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, with far less opportunity for reading and study, became world leaders of thought and action. In the time that young man had at his absolute disposal, he could read a library a year. He could master a new language every twelvemonth. He could become an authority on the history of his native land. He could study every science. He could grow learned in mathematics. He could surround himself for life with the great figures of the world, its Shakespeares, its Miltons, its Bacons, its Macaulays, its Ruskins. If that young man had a little pocket in his coat, and that little pocket had always some little book, it would not be many years before he would graduate from the hack and be riding in a carriage of his own to the Supreme Court, perhaps, or the halls of Congress, or the State University.

But instead of all this—the daily paper! One big fire and three little ones. Five social scandals and six political disgraces. A hanging, a divorce suit, a jail broken, four embezzlements. This man's chances for the office of mayor, that man's chances for the post of sheriff. A miscellany of jokes and short paragraphs and stories and scraps of information that remain in one's head about as long as one reads them. It is for this that the young man has bartered Scott, and Tennyson, and Carlyle, and Motley, and Hawthorne, and Bunyan, and Parkman, and Burroughs, —the riches of science, literature, and art—for this gossip, and sensationalism, and inanity!

Of course I would have him—and

you—read the newspapers. But fifteen minutes is long enough time to spend upon the average newspaper. And if some unusually good thing causes you to make it twenty minutes, then get through in ten next time. You can do it in this time, and less, if you stop to ask yourself as you note the successive titles, "Is this worth while?" "Is this going to give me anything that will make me more of a man, and fit me better for life's duties?" And if the answer is "No," resolutely pass it by unread, however interesting it may appear. On some days you can read an entire newspaper thus—by title, as they read acts that come before Congress.

And if you have enough good sense and sturdy resolution to do this, you will have sense enough and determination enough to use in the best way the enormous amount of time you will save. I am not afraid of *that*.

Education, A.D. 1975.

The School Board in session, passing on candidates for posts of teachers.

Secretary: I have here, Mr. President, the recommendations of Miss Flossie Plume, who desires to be teacher of dress-trimming. Also those of Mr. Harvey Hammer, teacher of auto-repairing. Also of Mr. Angelo Brush, professor of sign-painting. Also of Mrs. Bridget Maloney, instructor in pie-crust. Also of Mr. Ralph Rake, teacher of lawn-cutting. These all come to us with fine letters from the heads of normal schools where they have graduated in their respective branches of study.

President: Good! These are important posts, and the candidates will be considered *seriatim*. The secretary will read their recommendations.

Secretary (hesitating): There is still

one more candidate, Mr. President—Philip Figures, who wants to teach arithmetic.

President (with a laugh): He should know that we abolished that subject ten years ago. Write him that he is far behind the times. And now, Mr. Secretary, who is first on your list?

The Competing Can-openers.

Once upon a time there was a competition in can-opening.

Along came the scissors can-opener. It opened and shut, and opened and shut, and slashed its way around the top of the can, leaving a jagged rim behind it. And the thumb of the operator was lame for a week.

Then came the knife can-opener. It also haggled its way around the top of the can, and once it slipped and almost cut off the operator's finger, which had to be bandaged for a month.

Then came the circular-swing can-opener. A projecting point was inserted in the center of the top of the can, and a projecting knife was run around the rim of the can, and there you were, as slick as a whistle. But the arm of the operator, holding the can firm during the process, became lame for the rest of the winter.

Finally came a can-opener that held the can fast to the table and sliced off the top with one easy turn of a wheel.

Thereupon all the other can-openers began to inveigh against the last contestant:

"Its work is too easy!"

"There's no discipline in it!"

"It doesn't strengthen the muscles!"

"It doesn't produce stamina!"

"Kindergarten methods!"

"To the nursery with it!"

But the operator bought the last can-opener, and used it blessedly forever after.

Tested Seed.

What is a better illustration of the "vanity of vanities" than to plant seed which never comes up? You have bought it with good money. You have spent good time and strength in preparing the ground, and planting the seed, and tending it. And for return you have—the same bare ground with which you started. Nothing in all the range of human endeavor and failure is more disappointing.

Now I have been reading the advice of a certain professor of agriculture—advice which he gave primarily to the farmers of Iowa, but it will answer as well for any set of seed-sowers.

Success in farming, he declares, is very largely a matter of the wise choice of seeds. Test your seeds, he says, if you would have good crops.

For instance, corn. Take seed grown in the neighborhood, seed that is used to the conditions of soil and climate which it will have to meet. Choose well-formed and uniform ears. Take six kernels from each ear, three from each side—two from the butt, two from the middle, and two from the tip. Then plant them and see whether they germinate. If they do not, throw away that ear. If they do, use it for your seed.

The professor says that choosing the seed thus carefully means an increased yield of thirty bushels to the acre. On a hundred-acre field, he says, the money gained would be from \$500 to \$2000. The testing could be done in a month, and in the winter. If he is right, the farmer that does not follow his advice will deserve to journey "over the hills to the poorhouse."

And whether he is right or is exaggerating, he is absolutely correct when you apply the statement to the realm of the spirit. The teacher and preacher and writer and parent—

all that have to do with the instruction of others—and who does not?—will double their yield if they are careful about their seed. Not the first topic that comes to mind, not the first book at hand, not the first advice that occurs to you, but thought and prayer lavished upon the choice of all that is to enter into the make-up of immortal souls.

Oh, it will pay—thirty-fold, sixty-fold, an hundred-fold!

The Poor Rich Man.

A merchant from South America has arrived at the port of Boston. He is fifty-four years old, and cannot read his native language; of course he cannot read any other. He is worth at least half a million dollars, but that is his sad plight. Doubtless he does not realize its sadness.

He is beginning, however, to understand a little of what illiteracy means, for under our new immigration laws this rich man is detained by the port officers as an illiterate. He had not heard of the law, or thought it would not apply to him; but he has learned that it does apply to him, though he is half a millionaire, and he must await special permission of our government before he can go on his way.

When we think of what books mean, and of the wide range over the world of men and of thought given by the newspapers and magazines, we shall have nothing but pity for this man of wealth. With all his wealth he is poor indeed. Who would sell his acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Homer? Who would barter for a hundred million dollars his knowledge of the Bible and the power to hold daily communion through its pages with Moses and David and Isaiah, with John and Paul and Jesus Christ? An illiterate man is indeed a poverty-stricken man. Though all the bankers bow before him, he must

himself bow before any boy graduating from a grammar school. His detention at the immigrant station is a trifle, for he is in prison—a mental prison—for all his life.

EFFICIENCY.

The Well-equipped Runner.

An athlete set out to compete in a Marathon run, and, being very prudent and systematic, he provided himself with all that he might need. He slung on his back a dozen lemons to wet his mouth during the run, and a tin dipper that he might refresh himself at the wayside fountains. He also hung about him an extra pair of shoes for fear those he wore might give out, and a bottle of heart-stimulant in case he should faint, and a sweater lest he should stop while heated and thereby take cold. He also carried a box of ointment for sore muscles and a box of salve for possible blisters. He also bore a can of chocolate, which, being a very condensed food, would nourish him on the way. He carried in one hand a watch to measure his speed from point to point, and in the other a field-glass to note how many runners were near him.

Strange to say, after he had made these thorough preparations, and set out confident of success, he came in at the goal the very last of the large number of runners who started.

The Crippled Shears.

The shears used by a certain tailor lost one blade, which broke off short at the screw. Thereupon the tailor threw the instrument away, and obtained a new pair of shears for his work.

But the crippled shears protested in a loud and angry voice:

"Why am I thus contemptuously discarded, after all these years of

service? To be sure, I have lost one blade; but I still have the other, haven't I? Why don't you put me on half work, and give me half pay? It is outrageous, this tossing me on to the scrap-heap just because I have had the misfortune to lose one of my two blades."

But the tailor quietly snipped away with his new shears and did not seem even to have heard.

Moral: Many a worker, who allows himself to fall off in one respect, fails to realize that this loss may be the complete destruction of his usefulness, and not merely the diminution of it.

The Important Telephone.

The telephone on the editor's desk thought highly of itself. "I am in touch with the whole world," it bragged. "Take down my receiver, and you can communicate with New York or Chicago, even with Denver or San Francisco. You can learn the latest news. You can influence events across a continent. You can become a vital part of your country's history. In private matters, you can listen to the voices of your dear ones, though they are far away. You can send congratulations to marriages, can listen to the chatter of babies you have never seen, can hear the peal of funeral bells. In business affairs, you can buy and sell across a dozen States, you can purchase bonds in London, you can be a 'bull' or a 'bear' in Buenos Aires. I am the whole world at your elbow."

Just then the editor came in, with the janitor. "You may disconnect that desk telephone, Jenkins," said the editor, "and take it away. I've no use for it. It's only a nuisance, an interruption to my work. I've kept count for two months, and nine-tenths of my calls on the 'phone have been from people who merely wanted

to get something out of me. You may dump it anywhere."

Moral: Before you brag of your efficiency, make sure that you are efficient in something that somebody really wants.

Who Painted the House?

"I am going to paint the house," said a big can of paint, waiting, already mixed, in the wood-shed.

"No, I am going to paint it," the paint-brush asserted, bristling with importance.

"You are, are you?" sneered the ladder, lying against the wall. "How far would either of you go without me?"

"Or without me to pay the bill?" said the check-book of the owner of the house, in a voice muffled by the pocket of the coat hanging on a nail.

Just then the painter, who had overheard these proud remarks, ventured to put in a word. "Perhaps I'd better take a vacation," said he, quietly. "I wonder if the house would be painted by the time I got back."

Moral: Even the most efficient of us is only a tool in the hands of the Infinite Worker.

Good Steel.

Ned got a new knife. It was big and smooth-handled and shiny. It had four blades, and they glittered in the sun. Ned exhibited it with pride wherever he went. He spent half his time whittling. He cut his finger, did it up in a rag, and was a very happy boy.

In the meantime Ned's old knife, dull and rusty, shut up in the dark of a bureau drawer, was in the depths of despair. "I am a castaway!" it moaned. "My usefulness is over, my joy is gone!"

But the new knife soon lost its

sharpness. It would no longer cut even cedar. It would hardly cut paper. Ned sharpened it on the grindstone, but it would not keep its cutting edge. "It acts like tin," said Ned, disgusted, taking the knife to his father.

"It is little better than tin," said his father. "You have been cheated, my boy. But where's the knife I gave you last Christmas? Why, that was a Wheeler and Holt! No better steel is made than is in that knife."

That is how the old knife came out of the bureau drawer, and the new knife took its place in retirement. For it's good steel that makes a knife, and about the same may be said of a life

Unfitness Costs.

Of the 114,000 officers and men of the National Guard sent to Mexico or to the border, no fewer than 28,500 were found to be unfit for service, and had to be sent home. The direct cost of this travel, both ways, is estimated at \$1,140,000, while the clothing given these men, with other expenditures upon them, brings the total cost of their unfitness up to \$2,000,000. A thorough examination of the men before they were sent out would have saved this vast sum, while, of course, a properly maintained National Guard would not allow this unfit material to remain a part of its organization. It was a sad exhibition of national unpreparedness for action.

Everywhere among men, in all enterprises and among all classes of workers, the cost of unfitness is equally astounding. The editor of *System* urges a national movement for teaching efficient business management to the inefficient, the efficient business men themselves to be the teachers. "But would not these ablest workers wish to keep to themselves the secrets of

their efficiency?" it is asked. "No," answers the editor of *System*, "because everywhere the truth is recognized that efficiency anywhere helps all, while inefficiency anywhere hurts all." The cost of unfitness does not fall wholly upon the unfit; it lies with especial heaviness upon the fit.

A distressingly large part of the world's work is done by a few, and it is the part of highest wisdom to get it done by the many. In all fields of effort, and especially in the religious field, the province of highest effort, it is essential for real success that the workers shall all become fit. Twenty-five per cent of unfitness—and the church surely exhibits that lamentable percentage—means one hundred per cent of hindrance and comparative failure. We are all our brothers' keepers.

Making Heads Save Heads.

The Spanish way of firing from a trench is to hold the rifle high in the air, pointing it vaguely in the direction of the enemy, and thus let drive. Of course the enemy are not in serious danger from this mode of shooting. But, nevertheless, in the Great War, the British army largely adopted that very manner of firing, and with good success. The difference is, however, that the British used periscopes, arrangements of mirrors which enable the shooter down below to see the object at which he is shooting and aim his rifle with deadly effect. And if any part of himself is hit, it is not his head but his hands.

Thus always the wise man will make his head save his head; he will make it save his hands also, as far as he can. Perhaps before long the modern soldier will use steel gloves in his deadly work.

The man who labors in a poorly ventilated room when he might easily open a window and let in a flood of

pure air is failing to use his head to save his head. His brain grows muddled, his nervous system breaks down, he drops into an early grave, all because he refused to use a little common sense about his work.

The man who works ten years at a stretch, day after day, Sundays included; the man who plays incessantly and never works at all; the man who plunges into speculation in jealous envy of some other fool who has chanced to be lucky for the moment; the man who begins to drink on the plea that his associates do, and that not to do it would hurt him in business—all of these are failing to use their heads to save their heads. They are using their rifles, they are living their lives, they are keeping up a bold front, but they are exposing themselves at every shot, and before long the keen-eyed, sure, and unwearied sharpshooter, Death, will pick them off.

The periscope mode of warfare may not be picturesque, but it commends itself to every soldier that wants to be effective in the fight.

That Useful Rubber Stamp.

Gutenberg, or Faust, or whoever it was that invented the art of printing, would have accomplished wonders for the human race if he had gone no farther than the hand stamp, and the printing-press had never appeared. This primitive hand stamp is still in use in a multitude of ways. There is hardly an office of any kind in which it is not employed.

Watch the baggage-master making out the check for your trunk. In front of him is a wall full of hooks—scores and scores of them, and on every hook a rubber stamp. Swiftly and accurately he snatches down one after the other, slaps it on the ink-pad and then on the ticket, folds up the latter and hands it to you, having

accomplished in a few seconds a large amount of work. Look at your check, and you will see stamped upon it not only the name of the town to which your trunk is to go, but also the road it is to take, *via* the B. G. and St. X., the L. M. R., the A. B. C. and D., the P. F. Short Line, and perhaps other roads besides. To write all this out would have occupied that busy baggage-master several minutes. It would have doubled his day's work or required the doubling of the force of workers. And what is true of the baggage-room is true of almost every business office in the world. There are few time-savers and labor-savers like a rubber stamp.

Now what I want to learn is the use of the rubber-stamp principle in my life.

By the rubber-stamp principle I mean the power of doing automatically, or almost automatically, whatever can be done in that way.

Not everything, of course; can be so done. Often a very little can be done automatically. Most matters need the whole mind upon them, with all its faculties fully alert. But whatever can be done automatically is so much clear gain.

It is not laziness; it is economy. It is not a cheap way of doing things, but it is actually a better and more accurate way. The less you need to employ your brain in the non-essentials,—for instance, the letters forming the initials of those railroads marked on your trunk check,—the more of your brain you have left to employ on the essentials.

Here is the great advantage of doing the same thing always in the same way. Dress in the same way, and dressing becomes an automatic process. Take up your work, however varied its items, in the same order. If you are a housewife, sweep your rooms in the same order, handle utensils and ingredients in the same

order, put your tools always in the same place—in short, whatever you have to do often, do it in a uniform way. Thus you will be forming—not ruts, for ruts are hindering grooves—but iron rails on which the wheels of your life will roll smoothly and swiftly to the goal you have in view.

There is enough in every life that must be written out with original and painstaking care. Whenever you can, use a rubber stamp.

Goose-quill Folks.

He was a census man. A census man of all men should be thoroughly abreast of the times. But how do you think this census man was equipped for his work? He had his blank book under his arm, a steel pen carried in his hand, and around his neck was hung a ten-cent bottle of ink with an ordinary cork! What a messenger for Uncle Sam!

As the census man seated himself in the parlor, opened his book, uncorked his bottle of ink, and carefully but precariously balanced it upon his book to the peril of my carpet, and began his series of questions, I wanted to interrupt him with some questions of my own. I wanted to say: "My dear sir, did you—honestly—did you ever hear of a fountain-pen? Did you ever make trial of one? Do you know that in that little barrel of hard rubber with its soft rubber bulb and its golden apex the spirit of this twentieth century expresses itself? It is the spirit of efficiency, Mr. Census Man; do you know that? It means the maximum of result with the minimum of effort, Mr. Census Man; do you realize that? Do you realize how much time you waste in the aggregate every day with dipping your pen into that narrow-necked bottle of yours? And time is money, Mr. Census Man; have you ever

heard that saying? Time is also life, for if you had the time you are wasting, you might be doing something worth while in it; might you not? Now won't you throw away that old relic of the goose-quill days and come down into this century in which you are taking a census?" Those are the questions I should have liked to ask him.

But it would have done no good. A man may be converted from almost anything else sooner than from old fogyism.

Can You See?

I once noticed an account of a blind electrician, Mr. S. Ferris, of Swindon, England. He is totally sightless, but he takes entire charge of engine and dynamos, and has installed complete electric-light equipments in many houses. He never uses a walking-stick, but judges the distance and direction of surrounding objects by the echo of his own footsteps.

In the same number of the paper I read an account of two blind farmers, Elijah and William Bunnell, of Mayetta, Kan. They carry on their farm alone, chopping wood, cooking, caring for the stock; and they go everywhere singing and whistling cheerfully.

The day before, in the same paper, I read about a blind bicyclist, Stephen Mellinger, of Denver, Penn., who also works on a farm, sowing harvesting, milking, harnessing, and driving spirited horses at full speed, turning out for others, and rounding sharp corners without pulling up. Moreover, he is a zealous bicyclist, and rides miles from home, and as rapidly as if possessed of complete vision.

Well, when I read such accounts, as I often do, they make me ashamed of my eyes. How much better off I am than these unfortunates, and how little superior in accomplishment!

Why, if those blind men can do what they do without eyes, I, having eyes, ought by this time to be out of sight of my present achievements!

Alas, alas, for half-used tools!

Utility Tests.

A regular stock automobile of a certain make—let us call it the Reliable—was sent out on the road. It had a full load of passengers, and between 10 A. M. and dinner-time it covered 199 miles. It went through interesting sections of Boston and its suburbs, the road being laid out for sightseeing. Four stops were made, and on three of them the motor was stopped, chiefly to show off the self-starter. At the end of the trip only eight gallons of gasoline were needed to fill the gasoline tank to overflowing, thus proving that the trip was made on an average of a little more than twenty-five miles to a gallon. No mechanical difficulty was experienced, and the tires were not touched. It was a test of general usefulness, and the Reliable certainly came out with flying colors.

That is what counts in an automobile or a man—average conditions, no special preparation, good speed, long distance, low fuel consumption—that is, in a man, little waste of power. This is what is meant by efficiency. This is why so much is said and thought about efficiency just now. It is not what we can do in exhibitions with racing machines and when we speed up regardless of racking and cost. It is what we can do when taken out Monday on a business trip, and Tuesday on another, and Wednesday on a third. It is what we can do in the snow and rain and over the ice. It is what we can do in hot weather and below zero. It is what we accomplish day after day, month after month, year in and year out.

The car and the man that stand utility tests will win their following and make the permanent successes.

they are a delightful set of people just the same.

Six-o'clock Men.

The people of Suffolk County, England, are in the habit of speaking of "six-o'clock folk." The expression is puzzling to those that are not to the manor born, and an explanation has to be obtained. The words are found to mean "upright folk," people that are straight up and down, as are the hands of a clock at six.

It is good to live in a community of six-o'clock folk. They are dependable people. They are not one thing to-day and a different thing to-morrow. They can be trusted in the dark as well as in the light. The "straight" people are pleasant to live with as well as to look at.

But there is another possible meaning for "six-o'clock men." It may mean men that get up at six o'clock, early-rising men, men of energy. To be sure, six o'clock is not a particularly early hour for rising. And yet, if a man gets up regularly at six winter and summer, he does fairly well, and he may be counted upon to keep the wolf from the door and make a decent way in the world. That sort of folk is a good sort to live with.

And I think of still another possible interpretation of "six o'clock men." Six o'clock is the half-way time. It is neither high noon nor midnight, but just half-way between. And six-o'clock people may be said to be those comfortable, mediocre men that are not geniuses, and they know it, nor dullards, and they know *that*, but simply good average people, sensible, plodding, contented, and efficient. And that kind is a good kind to live with.

Commend me, therefore, to six-o'clock men. They will not "strike twelve" even once in their lives, but

The Efficiency Pin.

A strong worker was sawing wood, when suddenly his saw collapsed. The wooden frame fell to the ground in three pieces, together with the steel crosspiece and the saw blade. The sawyer wasted no time, but began peering about on the ground amid the sawdust. His search was at last rewarded by finding a steel pin, about an inch long. This, when passed through holes in the saw blade and the wooden frame, held the whole together, and the work proceeded briskly. The saw and the sawyer depended for efficiency upon that inch of metal. Indeed, efficiency in any task is likely to depend upon some little, unnoticed factor, like politeness, or promptness, or neatness, or health.

One-Man Jobs.

The "solo street cars" are finding favor in all parts of the country. Each car requires only one man to operate it; he is both driver and conductor. He opens and closes the door, makes change, registers the fares, starts and stops the car, sands the rails, rings the bell, and attends to the trolley. New devices render the plan even safer than the old method, and, of course, it is a great advance in economy and so is directly adapted to the times. There are circumstances in which the more persons set to work, the better; indeed, this is always the case, provided the work of each man is real work and needed work. But wherever, in a business establishment, on a church committee, in a Sunday-school, or in a home, two persons are busied with what one person could do as well or better, poor management is indicated, and confusion and inefficiency result. To each man his task,

with all the help he needs from others, and no more.

ENDURANCE.

Duration Flights.

By an *aéroplane* flight of twenty-one hours and forty-nine minutes Herr Landmann, a German aviator, captured the world's record.

It was a superb achievement, and meant much for the future. It testified of a marvelously enduring pilot, and also of a wonderful machine. Compare the latter with a railroad locomotive, which must frequently stop to take on supplies of coal and water.

The practical value of the airship is evidenced more by these endurance feats than by the attaining of high altitudes or great speed, or by the doing of hair-raising stunts like flying upside down. In a similar way the value of a man is shown less by sensational and exceptional accomplishments than by the way he "holds out" month by month and year after year.

ENERGY.

Where Coal Belongs.

It was in State Street, Boston, in the heart of the city's financial district. A teamster came along with a load of soft coal, four tons of it. It was to be delivered at No. 60, and the teamster looked around for the coal-hole. The chute leading to the coal bunkers is on an alley, but the teamster was ignorant of the fact and did not choose to make inquiries. In the sidewalk in front of No. 60 he saw a round iron cover, and steam was coming from it. "From the engine room!" said the driver, patting himself for his astuteness. Up came the iron cover, and down rattled the four tons of coal—into

the city sewer! The "steam" was sewer vapor condensed in the frosty air. The engineer of the building chanced to see the teamster as he was sweeping the loose coal from the sidewalk. Then came quick questions, and quicker telephoning to City Hall, and speedily a force of employees of the Public Works Department arrived on the scene. There was need of haste, for the sewage was backing up into the basement of the building, where a large safe-deposit company has its vaults. Nevertheless it was slow work, hauling the coal up from the sewer bucket by bucket, thirty feet up from the foul, black depths.

So much for one stupid mistake.

The incident should be of value to us by way of spiritual suggestion. Where are we pouring our coal, the energies that make up our lives? Does it go to the bunkers, to be turned to wise and useful purposes, or does it go to the sewer, to be expended in the waste and woe of sinful abominations? The manholes are close together, often only a few feet, a few instants, apart. They often look alike. Are we using the right chute? Are we asking the Engineer?

Muscle Better than Bone.

A man had the misfortune to break his right arm. The arm was so badly crushed that when the pieces of shattered bone were removed, the lower part of the arm had to be hung from the upper part by strong wires. The muscle was there, but the bone was not.

The victim of this accident is an iceman, and still, with his lower arm thus swinging loose, he is able to carry on his business, lifting as heavy loads of ice as ever. When he shakes hands, he gives a grip as of steel.

Let us remember this man when

we are tempted to complain of our surroundings and circumstances, the accidentals of our earthly lot. They are only the bones of life, useful as fulcrums, as starting points, but the essential thing is our spiritual and mental muscle, our vim, our consecrated energy. If that is strong, we can do our work in spite of all else we may lack.

Shooting at the "Movie."

It was in a moving-picture theater in Buffalo. The film was unusually sensational, and the spectators were tense with eager interest. One vivid scene followed another. There was crime in abundance. There were hairbreadth escapes. All the resources of the final marvel of the photographer's art had been exhausted to make a powerful emotional appeal.

And then suddenly a pistol shot rang out. A young man in the crowd, excited beyond restraint, his imagination so aroused that he was quite lost to his surroundings, had pulled a revolver out of his pocket and fired at the screen with its moving representation of life.

Of course there was an immediate panic, and in the confusion the young man left the building, no one attempting to detain him. Later, however, the police arrested him, and now he has to face the charge of carrying a revolver.

The incident occupied only two inches in the Buffalo paper, but it deserved larger space because it illustrates so pointedly the dangers of the theater, and especially of the "movies," with their condensed and powerful action, their play upon crude feelings and instincts, and their crowded audiences of the young and inexperienced, and particularly the darkness in which the room is shrouded during the performances. The plays are censored, but much gets through that is sen-

sational and harmful. It is no place for children without adult relatives, or for anyone without previous knowledge of the character of the entertainment.

Many of these "movie" films ought to be "shot up"—not exactly in the way chosen by the young man in Buffalo, but "shot up" by public opinion and newspaper criticism and official warnings and strict laws strictly enforced. The penal bullets should be fired straight through them, from beginning to end.

And yet, on the other hand, there is much in that Buffalo scene which might well be applied, in a figure, to the work of any preacher and Sunday-school teacher and of any church.

We admire instinctively the earnestness and vigor of that young man, even though it was exercised in so foolish a way. He saw fighting going on and he wanted to be in it. He saw villains that deserved death, crimes that should be punished on the scaffold, and he fired his pistol in the rôle of an extempore sheriff.

We cannot help feeling that that young man, in a better place than a theater, and with a better weapon in his hand, might be counted upon to do glorious work—such a weapon as a ballot, or an editor's pen, or an orator's speech, or a legislator's bill. He did not parley. He did not postpone and meditate and make excuses. He fired.

If I were a preacher, I should like to have such a young man in my congregation. I think I could get results through him. I think he would do more than talk. I believe he would get out into the town and hustle for the kingdom of God. I hope some preacher will get hold of him and set him to work.

And also we cannot help admiring that "movie," in certain points. We admire the way it told its story. It

was straightforward. It had vim and go. It was full of life. It was so full of life that it appealed to the warm blood of the spectators. It throbbed with interest, human interest.

Now, that is what every sermon should be and do. Yes, and every Sunday-school lesson, every prayer-meeting talk, and every number of a religious newspaper or volume of religious books. The devil can teach us a few good lessons, in spite of himself, and so can the devil's "movies." We ought to learn force, and energy, and skill, and persistence. We ought to learn human nature, and how to appeal to it.

The churches are using moving pictures, of the right kind. Good. But more than that, let us put the fervor and snap of the "movies" into whatever we do for the Master.

Renewing Resiliency.

In a type of self-filling fountain-pen very commonly used, the ink is held in a rubber sack. When it is desired to refill the pen, it is held over an ink bottle, and the rubber sack is compressed and then released. It sucks in the ink from the bottle, and the pen is once more ready for work.

But rubber is a sadly perishable substance, and before long the sack becomes flabby, and fails after compression to spring back to its former shape. Then it does not suck in the ink, but remains empty. The only thing to do is to replace the old sack with a new sack.

Something much like that happens often to our minds and spirits. They fail to rebound. They will not take in new ideas. They do not respond to fresh stimuli, work in novel methods, fill up their reservoirs of power. They are flabby and empty.

Then must occur what Paul calls "the renewing of your mind." Its resiliency must be restored by rest,

by recreation, by Christian fellowship, by the reading of good books, by the Bible, by the hearing of sermons, and especially by prayer. Soon we can put our pen into the ink again, press the sack, charge it with the influential fluid, and go back once more to our work!

ENTERPRISE.

Dr. War.

An English physician was asked why influenza was milder than usual the second year of the Great War. "I do not know that it is milder," he answered, "but when people are interested in something big they forget themselves and throw off a complaint more easily. Now a good naval victory would make half my patients convalescent at once."

This is a new and rather dubious use of war. Most persons would think the remedy worse than the disease. Still, the English physician was undoubtedly right: many of our sicknesses would be cured by a new and absorbing interest. And many of our physical troubles would never come to us at all if we took pains to fill our lives with such interests.

There is no excuse for stagnating in this the most varied, astounding, and fascinating age of the world. Whoever keeps his heart warm will have enough work to do. Set out to help somebody, and your headaches will go with the heartaches of the one you help. Leave your sick-room on some errand of love, and you will leave your sickness behind you. Embark on some great enterprise of world-wide moment, though you must ship as a common sailor, and you can speedily throw overboard your pains and ailments. Enlist as a good soldier of Jesus Christ in the warfare against sin, and you will drive all the influenza out of your life.

"Work Hard and Take Risks."

Railway men once got a special word from President Roosevelt, in a speech from his car at Phillipsburg, N. J. "We like to think," said Mr. Roosevelt, addressing them particularly, "that the average American is a man who is willing to work hard and to take risks. That is just what a railroad man has to do and has to be willing to do. We like to think that the average American knows how to work by himself and yet to work in combination with others. We like to think that the average American citizen knows how to take responsibilities, and yet how to play his part in our world as a whole."

"Work hard and take risks"—how characteristic is that of Theodore Roosevelt! He works with tremendous vigor, and enjoys it all as if it were play. He never hesitates to take risks, whether he is facing a bear, or a spirited horse, or a Spanish gun, or an influential set of grafters, or a knotty, world-wide problem.

"Work hard and take risks!" That is, be a plodder and a pioneer. Do your duty, and more than your duty. Obey orders, and give orders. Be faithful, and enterprising. Carry out the plans of others, but don't fail to think for yourself.

Mr. Roosevelt is right. It is just this combination of plod and pluck that has made America what it is, and incidentally has made Theodore Roosevelt.

Open the Windows!

When your work comes hard, when your nerves are a-quiver, when you seem to be plodding up and down in a treadmill—open the windows! What you need is a dose of fresh-air tonic. You have breathed the same air over and over again till it has no life left in it. There is an abundant

supply outdoors. Throw wide the windows, and get it.

When you are gloomy and dispirited, open the windows! You think you have no friends left in the world, but fresh air will drive that silly notion out of your head. You think you are not appreciated, that your best efforts all end in failure, that life is a long burden and not worth living. Open your windows, and let the breezes give the lie to your gloom!

You think you have not time to open the windows. You have not time *not* to.

You think the fresh air will give you a cold. It will not; it will give you a *warm*. It will stir up all your dormant energies, it will quicken your blood, it will stimulate your nervous system, it will invigorate your mind, it will cheer your soul.

I mean the literal windows, and I mean literally fresh air. It is so cheap, and it is so precious!

Yes, and I mean also the windows of your soul. Our minds get so stuffy! We think over and over the same old thoughts. We feel over and over the same old feelings. We live over and over the same old lives. Open the windows! Let in a flow of new thoughts, new feelings, new life. It is out there waiting. It is beating at the glass. It will flood your soul if it has half a chance. Give it a whole chance.

Talk about hermits! Is there in all the world a hermit more deplorable than the man that shuts himself in forever with his own mind?

Birds Made to Sing.

"Birds that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing." This familiar saying was once interestingly illustrated in New York City.

The manager of a roof garden on top of one of the big hotels wanted to please his guests with the singing

of a lot of live canaries—the real article. So he sent out for fifty birds, and they were promptly delivered.

But, alas! the canaries, tuneful enough all day, went fast asleep as soon as the sun went down and the crowds began to arrive at the roof garden. They had not learned to turn night into day, New York fashion.

The resourceful proprietor, however, set out to teach them. Early in the morning he covered the cages with black cloths. The birds, deprived of their alarm-clock, the sun, slept calmly on. When evening came, the cloths were lifted. Whether the canaries recognized anything strange in their new electric sunlight or not, they did not say; at any rate, they burst into grateful praise at the deferred dawn, and charmed the roof-garden patrons with their ecstatic trills.

"Songs in the night" are not "natural," but there is a way of getting them just the same.

Steal Bases.

In an article in *The Baseball Magazine* the famous player, Ty Cobb, makes a strong plea for base-stealing. He recognizes, of course, the value of skillful hitting, pitching, and fielding; but all of these are cut and dried, they do not introduce the element of the unexpected. But when a swift and daring runner starts out from first base on a wild career, no one knows what will happen. Rules are thrown to the wind. Programmes go to tatters. The infield, the pitcher, and the catcher become demoralized. The most absurd errors are quite likely to be made, and the defense is completely rattled.

Of course, base-stealing is risky business. That is why baseball managers frown upon it. They prefer to

play safe, to run the game in steady and plodding fashion. They want to hold their players to a routine and keep them from anything original and erratic. Ty Cobb has a different notion.

I believe with Ty Cobb as to baseball, and certainly I hold with him when it comes to the game of life. For here the humdrum, the scheduled, the ordinary, will answer up to a certain point, but not for the whole game. The player who confines himself to it will never get to home base. Success in the game of life largely consists in watching for unexpected opportunities and availing one's self of them; it does not consist in staying on one base until pushed off of it and then waddling along to the next one.

"I'll find a way or make one," says the gallant player of the game of life. "I'll do something different. I'll open up new avenues of service. I'll discover new methods. I'll utilize what never has been utilized before. I'll keep the devil guessing. I'll be as enterprising in the Father's business as the shrewdest business man in the world's affairs. I'll not wait for others to make hits. I'll do some running on my own account."

That might be called the Ty Cobb type of Christian.

ENTERTAINMENT.

How to be Funny.

Here is a sad message I have just received:

"I have apparently no powers of wit or humor about me.

"When I am with people who are cracking jokes on each other and making other witty remarks, I can think of very little of a humorous nature to add.

"I have been thinking that possibly, if I should read a collection of short witty stories or jokes and try to

impress them on my mind, I could develop myself along this line.

"Do you think something of this kind would help me? If so, would you be so kind as to recommend such a book to me? Most books of jokes and wit that I have been able to find contain very little of real humor. I should be very grateful for your assistance."

I call that a sad message because I can put myself in that fellow's place and understand just how awkward and out-in-the-cold he feels. I have been there myself. Indeed, I was there many years.

But, my sober brother, books won't help you a mite. Neither will comic papers. Neither will *anything* that is outside yourself.

Nothing is quite so melancholy as to hear someone to whom it does not "come natural" trying to be funny. Nothing is a flatter failure than trying to imitate another person's style of entertaining.

Be yourself, my long-faced brother, though you never cause a guffaw or even prompt a grin. You can do something that will be valued far more than the telling of funny stories—you can listen to them sympathetically and laugh at them heartily. If you do that, you will have hold of the heavy end of the job.

Notice, and you will observe that the best-liked chaps of your acquaintance are not the chatters and jokers, but the manly, frank, friendly fellows, who are evidently interested in others and forgetful of themselves. If you want to be liked and to be really helpful, be that kind of young man.

And that, by the way, is the royal road to becoming entertaining—just to be interested in folks. Listen to the most entertaining talk you hear, and you will find that it is not a rehash of newspaper jokes and drummers' yarns,—those soon become terribly tiresome,—but is a sprightly, shrewd,

kindly comment on life. Be the kind of young man I suggested, and you may become that kind of talker. But you'll never get it from jest-books.

ENTHUSIASM.

The Use of the Cut-off.

I well remember when there was introduced in our house that blessed little product of the Patent Office, the cut-off. Perhaps that isn't the right name for it, but I have never heard another.

The cut-off is the valve attached to the gas jet which allows all the gas to go out except a tiny spark kept safe at the bottom of a glass bulb. When you want to light the gas again, you simply pull the brass chain, the spark leaps into a blue streak of flame, and, presto! you have your gas jet as brilliant as ever.

Such a convenience! No matches to find, and scrape, and break, and burn your fingers with. No bother to adjust the gas to the proper height. You have only to jerk the chain, and the Patent Office does the rest.

In the old days—do you remember, my beloved?—we would sit, oh, many a dawdling quarter of an hour, because we were too lazy to light the gas. Now—it is just fun. The children have to be kept from the fascinating contrivance. We like to play with it ourselves.

And I like it so well that I want that sort of thing in my mind. I want to keep at least a little spark of enthusiasm somewhere down in that bulb, my skull, and whenever anyone pulls the chain on an appropriate occasion, I want that spark to leap into a full blaze of enthusiasm ready to light up the whole subject, whatever it is.

Now—I am sorry to say—matters are quite different. My friend suggests a plan, or a topic of conversation,

or a need for help, or a game, or what not. He is all on fire with his scheme, for he has been thinking about it. Do I leap into eager sympathy with him? H-m! I reach out for the match box. It has been mislaid. I fumble around after it. Ah, here it is, under the paper. I open it, and take out a match. I rub it on the edge of the box. No sandpaper there. I try another place. A little flash, but with no special result, for the phosphorus is too scanty. I try another match, but the wood is poor and breaks off. I try another, and the head goes flaming down on to the carpet. The fourth is successful, and at last my interest in my friend's suggestion flashes tardily forth. He may have been talking about it for an hour.

"He gives twice who gives quickly"—sympathy, enthusiasm, interest, as well as greenbacks. I will put a Patent-Office attachment on my mind right away.

"A Perfectly Corking Time."

That is what one President of the United States said of his stay in the White House.

As he was leaving for his summer vacation Mr. Roosevelt was reminded by a reporter that he of all men had fairly earned a rest; and this was his characteristic answer: "Don't waste any sympathy on me. I have enjoyed every minute of my stay here, and my thanks are due to the American people, and not theirs to me, for the opportunity I have had to serve them. I have had a perfectly corking time."

That is one reason why I like President Roosevelt, and why the American people like him: he thoroughly enjoys his work. And that is one reason why his work is of the kind that can be enjoyed by him and by the rest of us.

Theodore Roosevelt has learned a

lesson that every worker needs to learn if he is to amount to anything. There is no recreation to be compared with work that has become play. There is no achievement that is to be compared to the results of such work.

The man that goes to his task with a sour face soon has a plenty of sour-faced critics to keep him company. He does not value the chance to work, and speedily it happens that no one values the chance to have him do the work. But the man that thanks folks for his job finds people thanking him for doing it and asking him to keep on doing it.

"A perfectly corking time"—how very undignified for a President to say such a thing!" and Miss Prim and Mr. Prim turn up their severe noses.

To be sure, Roosevelt is a boy still, for all he is so much of a man; and that, again, is a reason why I like him and why the American people like him. He works like a man and he enjoys life like a boy—verily, that is a combination worth having, in a President or a private citizen. That President Roosevelt taught it—or sufficed to teach it—to so many Americans should be set down as one of the chief accomplishments of his administration.

"There's Action in It."

A young man in Pittsburg was trying to put a pistol into his hip-pocket when it exploded. The police got hold of him at once, and began an investigation which led to his confessing that he was the author of a series of outrages that had alarmed a whole section of the city for a few weeks before. He had robbed two stores and had "held up" several pedestrians; and he was planning a far more extensive "job."

He was a college graduate, and was

asked what had led him to take up such a miserable mode of existence. The reason he gave affords much food for thought. "The life of a burglar appealed to me," he said; "*there's action in it.*"

Brothers of the church, what we need before everything else is to put *action* into our Christianity.

We need in all our church-work the dash, the vim, the *go* of a dime novel.

We need the ardor of a detective hunt. We need the gusto of the devil, his ardor, his zest. That is all we can copy from him, but there is no reason why we should not copy the one quality that gives him his power.

Magnetic Workers.

Great progress has been made in the use of large electromagnets at the end of cranes, to take the place of the cumbrous chains and ropes with which the heavy object to be lifted is usually attached to the hook of the crane.

That operation consumes valuable time, and requires a number of workmen on the ground. If an electromagnet, however, is in use, the crane is simply swung over the object to be raised, the magnet is lowered upon it, the current of electricity is switched on, the crane hoists away, and when the object has been moved to the desired location, the current is switched off, and the magnet falls loose.

Hot material may thus be handled without discomfort. A number of iron plates may be taken up at once, and, by quickly opening and shutting the switch, may be dropped, one at a time, wherever they are needed. These magnets will lift nineteen times their own weight.

Now for the application.

You have heard of magnetic speakers; wouldn't you like to be a magnetic worker?

Not one that must be trussed up to his work, "tied down to it," rather, hung in chains, with a tedious bother and much fuss.

But one that, as soon as a bit of work to be done comes in sight, leaps upon it with electric energy, becomes one with it, and soars aloft like an eagle with his prey!

A liking for one's work—that is the secret, I guess. That is the electricity that gives power to the magnet that swings the task.

And may I never lose my appetite for work.

Why the Gas Went Out.

A lecture was being delivered at our college in Ohio. The audience was a large and interested one, for the speaker was Professor Venable, a well-known Ohio historian, the author of a famous poem, "The Teacher's Dream." I am sorry to say I remember nothing about the lecture, except one incident which was an interruption of it.

Professor Venable had come to that part of his lecture where he introduces "The Teacher's Dream," and he was reciting it with great effect. He was picturing the scene in the schoolroom as the twilight gathered around the weary teacher and his head sunk in slumber, when—the lights all went out! It fitted into the poem as beautifully as if it had been designed—as appropriately as the sudden eclipse of the electric light at one of our Christian Endeavor conventions just as Dr. Hill was reciting "The Star-Spangled Banner," and was repeating the words, "O say, can you see?" It came in so pat that Professor Venable went on quietly with his recitation, and finished it and his lecture undisturbed; for by the time his teacher woke up, lights had been brought in.

That trick was played more than

once, I am sorry to say, by the bad boys of our college. It was an easy and cheap trick. All they had to do was to go down cellar, pry open a joint of the gas-pipe, blow in a bubble of air, and close the joint again. When—some time afterwards—that bubble of air reached the lecture room above, it broke the connection of flame in every gas-jet, and the room was at once plunged in darkness, while the still escaping gas added its choking poison to the general confusion. It was, as I say, a low, cheap trick, and was stopped only when the faculty kept a goodly supply of kerosene lamps burning at the lectures in addition to the gas. There was no fun in it then.

These happenings of my school days have made clear to me many an account of asphyxiation in hotels and private houses. The gas is left burning in a close sleeping-room. A bubble of air gets some way in the pipe, comes quietly along, about midnight puts out the light, and the sleeper is poisoned with the unconsumed gas. *Moral:* turn off the gas, and open your windows!

There is another little moral for the spiritual life: do not trust your enthusiasm to keep burning by itself. It is easy, for example, to light at some great convention the flame of your religious zeal. You go home all afire with ardor for religious service. Church work, prayer-meeting work, Sunday-school work, receive your vigorous assistance. And you go at it so energetically, and you are so successful, and you enjoy it so much, that you think the zeal will last forever without any care to keep it up.

But—the first thing you know—along comes an air bubble and puts out the light. You may be asleep when it happens, and not know it. You may slumber on, drawing in poison at every breath. Many a re-

ligious life has died from an extinguished enthusiasm.

So keep your enthusiasm lighted! You know how it was set on fire in the first place—often repeat the operation. Read the books, associate with the friends, attend the meetings, cultivate the thoughts and the associations, that will perpetuate your zeal. Do not expect any part of your spiritual life to run itself. Watch your light, and keep it burning.

Flinging Forth the Soul.

In many games of athletic skill success is gained by no ability more than by the power of the player to put his whole body back of the stroke or the throw. It is thus in the familiar game of quoits. If the player's entire frame is, as it were, flung out over the course with the quoit, the quoit will go straight to the peg and very probably make a "ringer." But if even an inch or two of muscle holds back, the quoit is twisted and falls far from its goal. It is the same with golf, with tennis, with baseball, and with many another sport.

The spiritual analogy is important. If we would succeed in what we say or do for Christ, the word or the deed alone is never enough. We must manage to put our whole soul into it. We must deliver ourselves with the speech or the action, or it will not hit the mark. Words are common, deeds are plentiful; but spirit-impelled words and deeds are not often found, and they are always victorious.

Why They Shone.

"Why do your dishes always shine so brightly?" one woman of our acquaintance asked another. The second woman, a housekeeper of skill, answered briefly, "Plenty of soap and hot water." The inquirer, as she

knew well, was in the habit of washing her dishes slovenly, in lukewarm water with only a dash of soap.

The principle applies to more than dishes. All our tasks are dingy and dull if performed in a limp and lax fashion. All of them shine brightly if we put into them lots of hot water and soap, lots of vim and good cheer. There is no secret about sparkling work. We can all be brilliant in this regard, though we may have no atom of genius.

EUGENICS.

"Less Eugenics, More Love."

"Less eugenics and more old-fashioned love is what the race needs," said a physician, speaking before a meeting of doctors.

More love, by all means, and of the old-fashioned variety, though, so far as I have observed, the new fashions in love are just the same as the old. But why less eugenics?

What is eugenics?

It is the science of race improvement.

Less race improvement? That is a queer cry for a physician to raise.

What he had in mind, perhaps, in his sweeping statement was the present-day application of eugenics to marriage, requiring a physician's certificate before a couple will be permitted to marry, the certificate stating that the man and the woman are free from certain diseases whose presence would transform the marriage into one of the most terrible of tragedies.

How any sound-minded person, least of all a physician, can object to such a law passes my comprehension. It is the most necessary of safeguards. If it is passed by all our legislatures and enforced strictly, it will do more to bless the world, to make men pure and women happy, than all the other laws that have been placed upon the statute books for a generation.

It is possible that the speaker who pleaded for less eugenics had in mind the teaching of sex hygiene in the public schools. It is a matter for debate whether this subject should be taught in the public schools, but it ought not to be a matter for debate whether it should be taught. Children of public-school age know about these subjects. It is best that they should learn about them from wise parents; but not all parents are wise, and many, perhaps the majority, do not know how to handle such subjects in a way helpful to children. Certainly it is better that these most important themes should be treated by specialists well instructed how to treat them, than that the children should be left to gain their first impressions regarding sex from the minds of the impure among their own number. Many a life has thus been befouled at the outset.

Less eugenics. Is this what the physician objects to? If so, then his "less eugenics" is sure to mean less "love of the old-fashioned kind."

Let us not be fooled by all this cheap talk about eugenics. Let us consider just what is aimed at by the reform, and how eugenic principles are to be applied. They will better the old-fashioned love, making it sounder and sweeter and safer. They are to the immense advantage of home life. They mean sound minds in sound bodies, and in both a love that is pure and strong and true.

EVANGELISM.

Seedless Potatoes.

Long ago, when the ancestors of our potatoes were yet snugly ensconced in Peru, ignorant of their coming fame, they were tiny affairs, hardly larger than a walnut, but they produced seed abundantly. Now that cultivation has enlarged their growth to lordly proportions, it has almost

succeeded in depriving them of their seeds, so that potato seeds are very difficult to obtain in quantity, and growers must depend upon the familiar cuttings from the tuber itself.

Cultivation has in a similar way produced the seedless cucumber, the seedless or nearly seedless tomato, the seedless mango, the seedless orange, and many other seedless fruits. The process has only to go on long enough and extensively enough and it will revolutionize the processes of nature, check the formation of new varieties, exchange sturdiness for size and flavor for convenience. It is all tending that way.

Let the churches learn a lesson. Hot-house Christianity tends to the elimination of seeds. There is constant danger that a church may become self-satisfied in its succulent prosperity, and lose its power of self-propagation. Our Master holds before us the ideal of seed-sowing. The seed is to be abundant,—some of it even for the wayside, the stony ground, the thorny ground. Seedless potatoes are well enough, but a seedless church is not well enough. Let us get out from under glass, let us jump the fences, let us go forth into the highways and hedges, and make even the wilderness blossom as the rose!

Scientific Salesmanship.

A young business man was talking about a correspondence course he was taking. He was very enthusiastic about it, and thought it was doing him a great deal of practical good.

It was a course in what is called "Scientific Salesmanship." The study is philosophical as well as practical. It aims to give the student a knowledge of how to sell goods. How, I suppose, to sell goods to the man that does not want to buy. How to sell, to the man that does want to buy, more than he wants, and perhaps a

different kind from the kind he wants. How to know your man. How to "see through him" and "size him up," and take advantage of his little peculiarities and fancies. How to humor him. How to argue with him, and how to refrain from arguing. How to talk, and how to keep still and let him do the talking. How to crack jokes. How to smile sweetly. How to be sober and strictly business-like. All these, I presume, come within the curriculum of "Scientific Salesmanship," and if they can all be taught by mail, certainly it would be well worth while—if one is a salesman.

But in a way we are all—all of us, that is, who are Christians—we are all salesmen in "our Father's business." We are all put in the world for the purpose of getting men and women, boys and girls, to buy the "Pearl of great price"—to exchange for it all they possess. And in the pursuit of this high calling we shall need all our wit, all our brains, all our powers of invention, of speech, and of pleasing.

What if the other fellow doesn't want to purchase? It is our business to make him want.

What if he doesn't want to pay the price? It is our business to make him long to give all that he has.

In this "Scientific Salesmanship," as my friend told me, three things are to be learned: the salesman must first know himself—what he can do best, his most efficient powers, his most persuasive mode of approach; second, he must know his goods; third, he must know his customer. And these three points outline what is to be known if one would persuade men to buy the "Pearl of great price."

Oh, young men, young women, with your high ambitions, your eager determinations, your ardent pursuit of worldly success—how I long to turn

you all toward the only ambition that is worth a moment's consideration—the ambition to succeed in our Father's business!

The Pitcher and the Bowl.

Once upon a time a Pitcher full of grape-juice stood by a Bowl full of grape-juice, and the following conversation took place.

Said the Pitcher to the Bowl, "I will give you some of my grape-juice."

Said the Bowl to the Pitcher, "Thank you, but I already have all the grape-juice I can use."

The Pitcher (in an aggrieved tone): "But you have been accepting grape-juice from that other pitcher."

The Bowl (kindly): "But he came first."

The Pitcher (sharply): "I am just as good as he is. My grape-juice is exactly as good as his."

The Bowl: "I do not doubt it, but I am full, as you can see."

The Pitcher (perseveringly): "I have been told that where there is a will there is a way. I have courage and persistency. I am bound to succeed. You *must* take some of my grape-juice."

The Bowl (rather wearied): "Full is full. No amount of will can find a way to make it fuller."

The Pitcher: "Well, anyway, there's no harm in trying."

Thereupon the Pitcher began to pour his grape-juice into the Bowl, and of course it ran over and made a great ugly stain on the tablecloth. Besides, the grape-juice was wasted.

Moral: Do not try to force yourself where you are not needed, but go where the bowls are empty.

The Profit of Salvage.

There is great profit in saving things, often greater profit than in making them or selling them in the first place.

A conspicuous illustration of this is the *Walkure*, a steamer seized by the French from the Germans and afterwards sunk by the Germans. France sold it, as it lay on the bottom of the sea, for \$29,000 to a San Francisco shipping firm. This firm raised it, got enough out of its cargo to pay the \$29,000 cost and the expense of raising it, and then sold the vessel for one million dollars, clear profit. Yes, saving is a fine business, and of all forms of it none is so profitable as the saving of immortal souls. That profit goes on after all the wealth of the world has crumbled to dust; it continues throughout eternity.

A Town in the Wheat-fields.

The town of Hoxie, Kan., was almost deserted. A delegation of farmers had made their appearance, bringing woeful news. Their farm hands, imported from the effete East, had stopped work on account of the heat. A meeting of the business men was held. "We need help," said the farmers. "We must have it at once or our harvest is ruined. You fellows must give it."

The business men saw the point. Loss of that harvest would paralyze the business of the town. Half an hour later, as the newspaper account says, "the town barbers placed signs on their doors reading, 'Shaves and hair-cuts on Saturday.' The doors of the court-house were locked, and every county official donned his old clothes. Merchants turned their stores over to women clerks. Lawyers forgot their fees, and the doctor placed his wife in charge of the 'shop'." All the able-bodied men rushed off to the wheat-fields.

Well, that was a fine-spirited thing to do, and I honor the Hoxie people for it. What I should above all like to see now is the same spirit applied to the great concerns of eternal life.

Christ felt it when He said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Every earnest follower of Christ has felt the same way.

How good it would be to see, over this broad land, the secular interests thrown to the wind for all necessary time, while everyone—man, woman, and child—entered into the white harvest fields of the Kingdom! That would be an action even more prudent and practical than the action of the men of Hoxie.

Billy Sunday and Billy Monday.

"Keep out of hell!" cried Billy Sunday.

"I don't like your language, sir," sneered Billy Monday.

"God don't like your measly little heart, sir!" thundered Billy Sunday.

"Sir, you are ungrammatical; you said 'don't' in the third person singular," calmly remarked Billy Monday.

"Gospel's worth more'n grammar," Billy Sunday answered. "I'd rather go to heaven saying 'They ain't' than to hell prattling about the objective case." Then he added a remark consigning grammars to a place seldom mentioned in polite society.

"You are irreverent," Billy Monday remarked.

"I own I haven't very much reverence for hell and the devil. You seem to have," Billy Sunday snapped back.

"You are bringing the church into disrepute by your flippancy and sensationalism," Billy Monday continued to charge.

"You are mighty anxious about the welfare of the church. When did you last put your hypocritical carcass inside one?" Billy Sunday inquired sharply.

But Billy Monday shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

NOTE.—Much to my surprise, I learned after writing the above that a Billy Monday actually exists. He was made an invalid for life by a college football game, and since then has been supporting his family by hand-work and designing, being especially successful in crocheting. His character is as far as possible from the fictitious "Billy Monday" of the above dialogue.

The Comet-hunters.

Have you ever heard how the astronomers pass the word along when one of their number finds a new comet, or catches sight of an old one, returned from its spacious wanderings? It is this way.

There exists among the astronomers a regular organization for this purpose. It is world-wide, and has two centers, one in Europe and one in America. The American center is Harvard University.

If, we will say at the Lick Observatory in California, one of these mysterious celestial objects is discerned some night, the fortunate discoverer will at once telegraph to Cambridge, giving its position in the heavens. As soon as the orbit can be learned, the facts about this are also sent to Harvard. Both reports are at once sent from Harvard under the ocean, as fast as lightning can carry them, to the European central station at Kiel in Germany. From Harvard and Kiel the information is distributed by telegraph to the observatories of Europe and America. Thus, no matter what the weather may be at one place or at many, there will always be a number of trained eyes, with their powerful lenses as aids, fastened upon the heavenly visitor, who will be under constant observation until he sees fit to leave our solar system, and fly beyond the range of our prying telescopes.

For the sake of cheapness and accuracy, a code is used in sending these messages; and at the end of each message, to serve as a check, a "control word" is given, a word that represents a number which is the mean of all the numbers used in the message.

It is interesting to know how much pains the scientific men take to get at these facts about invisible bodies floating aimlessly around in distant space,—a knowledge not likely to be of the least use to anybody, if that can safely be said concerning *any* knowledge whatever.

But as I relate these plans of the wise men, I am led to wonder whether we are half as eager to spread abroad over the world the infinitely important Good News which was proclaimed out of the opening heavens two thousand years ago!

"Boosting" a Current.

One day a man talked from Boston to San Francisco, the same instruments being used at each end of the line as were used forty years before. Then they could talk only two miles, now they can talk 3,400 miles. What has made the difference?

Of course many factors have entered into the marvelous progress, including the use of hard copper wire instead of the iron wire formerly used, but the chief invention that has made trans-continental telephoning possible is the loading, or induction coil devised by Professor Pupin of Columbia University, a Serb who came over here a poor boy in 1874 in order to escape European militarism. At first he was a shampooer. He interested a clergyman, went to school, graduated at the head of his class in Columbia, studied in England and Germany, and is now one of the world's most distinguished scientists. He is more

wonderful than his wonderful invention.

These induction coils are placed at every eight miles across the continent, and serve to "boost" the current, sending it swiftly on its way past all the irregularities of wire, of hindrances from other wires, and of surrounding conditions. Just how it is done can be understood only by an electrician, but the beautiful result is patent to everybody.

Now the duty of every Christian is to be some such induction coil. He is not the Voice. He is not even the wire. The Voice has spoken once for all. That Word has ever since sounded upon earth its message of peace and joy and strength. The wires are the intricate interlacings of human lives. And the induction coils? They are the little "boosts" that you and I may give to the message, passing it along over our eight miles to the next induction coil, and doing it gladly, promptly, and efficiently. "Let him that heareth say, Come!"

It is humble work, you think, this of the induction coils? No, it is grand work, the grandest work in the world; for without it the Voice could not sound forth among men, and with it the Voice will go to the ends of the earth.

How He Got a Hearing.

A newspaper before me tells of an interesting bit of work done by the salesman for a rubber company. He was selling tires, and very much wished to supply a certain man who ran a combination undertaking, livery and automobile establishment in southern Illinois. This man, when the salesman called, was putting together an automobile engine and was very busy.

"I haven't time to talk to you," said he to the salesman. "As soon

as I get this engine together I've got to wash the hearse and go to a funeral, so don't delay me."

That was unpromising, but the salesman rose to the emergency.

"How long will it take to wash the hearse?" he asked.

"Forty-five minutes."

"Well, if I wash the hearse, will you give me the forty-five minutes?"

"Sure thing," answered the liveryman promptly. "It's no joke to wash a hearse this weather."

Thereupon the enterprising salesman put on the rubber boots, took a bucket, a sponge and a piece of chamois skin, and went to work briskly. He got the hearse done—and a good job—by the time the engine was put together, and then the two men sat down to talk tires. When the resourceful salesman left he carried with him an order for one hundred and forty-three dollars' worth of his firm's goods.

Now that bit of energy and brightness is a fine example for every worker in our Father's business. We talk about the difficulty of obtaining a hearing for the gospel. We tell one another how hard it is to reach men. Especially business men. Especially working women. Especially boys. Especially—lots of folks besides. We save our consciences often by the reflection, "It isn't my fault, if they shut the door in my face." We sit down before the shut door and go to sleep. Maybe it will open some day. Maybe it won't.

How different was the action of that salesman before that determinedly shut door! He simply pulled it open, and put his foot in the crack. Before long he got his whole body in.

There is a way, where there is a will, at least when it is the will of God lodged in a human heart. If the children of light are as brisk as the children of this world, they will find a way. They may have to wash

mud off hearses, but the way will work.

Perhaps they will get at the boys by going camping with them. Time? Hard work? An interruption to business? To be sure; it's washing hearses; but they get their forty-five minutes.

Perhaps they will get at the business men by joining the Chamber of Commerce. More lost time? Uncongenial surroundings? Discussions foreign to their interests? Yes, washing hearses; but they get many a forty-five minutes with the business men.

Perhaps the working girls are to be interested in a club, which you organize and conduct. It means many an hour of hard thought and hard work. It takes a big slice out of your life and puts it where you do not particularly want it. It brings with it a lot of annoyances, a lot of perplexities. It is hearse-washing. But you get the ears of the working girls.

In short, you can have what you will pay for, in the kingdom of heaven as well as in the markets of earth. You can have even the pearl of great price, if you will pay for it all that you possess. You can get a hearing for the gospel. It is only a matter of wanting it enough.

Kindling a Fire.

Everyone is sure that he can kindle a fire, even after he has tried it and failed; and everyone is sure that he knows how to kindle a spiritual fire, as preachers and evangelists and religious editors and theological professors and missionaries are expected to do. But fire-kindling is not so easy, in either the material or the spiritual realm. There is not so much difficulty in laying the fire, placing the backlog, cramming in the paper, and deftly superimposing the shingles, the fine sticks, and the coarse sticks so

that there will be a clear draft throughout. The one difficult essential is plenty of perfectly dry wood, of all sizes, ready to catch fire. To provide this requires foresight, time, and muscle.

And that is just the difficult essential in spiritual fire-kindling—finding the masses of people, of all ages and conditions, who are ready and eager for the fire of the Spirit. This is what takes time and patience and hard work. This is where all may help—parents and children, Sunday-school teachers and Sunday-school pupils, Christian Endeavorers and business men and housewives, preachers and editors and professors. We all can be providing the materials for a fire, and then the fire will not be long in coming.

EVASION.

Smoke Screens.

The big guns of modern battleships fire so far and with such deadly accuracy that they are certain to destroy any ship that gets within their range. There is only one defense against them, and that is a smoke screen.

This smoke screen is caused by oil fuel, which can be turned on or off at will, and which burns with more or less smoke according to the amount of air allowed the furnaces. It is dense and impenetrable. Under cover of it the pursued vessels can change their course and slip away. The Germans used this device in the battle off Jutland in the North Sea.

That is well enough in war. In fact, whatever in war prevents the loss of life has my cordial approval. What I object to is the use of the smoke screen in private life.

Have you not often talked with an ignoramus who hid his ignorance under a dense cloud of big words and pompous sentences? Your mind flounders about among them. You think he

must mean something, but you cannot for the life of you see what it is. The smoke cloud is very impressive, and he "gets away with it."

Sometimes you are arguing with another man, and getting the best of the argument very decidedly, but of a sudden your opponent springs a cloud of arguments quite aside from the point. They must be answered, however; at least, you must show that they are quite aside from the point. And while you are doing that you lose the thread of your logic. The battle is lost.

Smoke screens are constantly employed by infidels in their tricky mouthings. They are frequently used by crafty politicians. Editors have been known to employ them on the editorial page. They are not unknown in the annals of athletics. Scientific discussions are familiar with them. In fine, wherever it is necessary, or thought to be necessary, to avoid a fair and honest fight in the open, out are poured these smoke screens of evasion.

I detest them. Don't you?

EVIL TENDENCIES.

Psychoanalysis.

The word is mightily suggestive. It is the name of a treatment for nervous diseases, based on the theory that they are caused by the warring of two personalities within one.

One of these personalities is the conscious one; we know we are it. The other is the unconscious or sub-conscious one; we do not know that we are it.

When these two personalities are in harmony, all is well in our soul house, and the world is bright. When they are at odds with each other,—gloom, worry, fear, sulks, jealousy, suspicions, moodiness, insomnia, melancholy, insanity!

I do not know how the psychoanalysts go to work to bring these personalities into harmony; but I am inclined to think there must be much in the theory, it fits in so well with what I read long ago in a certain wise old volume about the two laws in my members, warring together and bringing me into captivity.

If Paul were living to-day, perhaps they would call him a psychoanalyst. Who knows?

EXAMPLE.

Deadly News.

When the newspapers print accounts of a suicide, especially if the self-destroyer used some unusual method or novel poison, an immediate influence producing other suicides can be traced. The suggestion on other minds to perform the same act in the same way appears to be irresistible.

In New South Wales the pharmaceutical board has asked the newspapers not to publish the names of poisons used by suicides, and the newspapers are heeding the request. In 1910 the American Medical Association, moved by the manifest connection between publicity and fresh suicides, urged upon the public press that the details of suicides should be omitted from their accounts.

The newspapers, most of them, insist that it is their duty to furnish the news, regardless of its effect upon the public. This plea would be more plausible if the papers were consistent. When, however, an accident takes place in an advertising department store, the name of that store is carefully omitted from the report of the occurrence. At one time a patient in a Boston hospital died as the result of carelessness on the part of the attendants, but the papers said nothing about it, at the request of a prominent advertiser who was a lead-

ing member of the hospital board. Scandals affecting prominent families are often hushed up, though the newspapers know all about them. The papers are easily persuaded to silence for the good of themselves. Where their advertising columns are involved it is not at all their duty to print the whole news.

Often the papers are entirely right in their news suppression; but let them not be hypocritical about it. When the public interest is concerned far more deeply and manifestly than in the cases when they suppress the news, let them not plead their duty as newsmongers to divulge all the grewsome particulars. Ah, but in that case the sales are increased, and no advertiser complains! There's where the difference comes in.

It is the duty of every Christian to patronize the newspapers that are conscientious in the matter of what they shall refrain from publishing, as well as in regard to what they publish. As to the duty of Christian merchants to give their advertising patronage to the better class of papers and withhold it from those of hurtful tendencies, that is one of the most obvious, yet one of the most frequently disregarded, phases of Christian ethics.

The Seven-leagued Boots of Example.

One of Canada's leading statesmen is Sir Wilfred Laurier. He is a Roman Catholic, yet he is anything but a bigot. Indeed, he has won much favor among Protestants because of the genuine catholicity of his mind and the breadth of his sympathies. He has himself told how he came to possess this liberal spirit.

"Up to the age of ten," he says, "I could speak nothing but French, and I hired out with a Scotch farmer in order to learn English. Every morning this good man held family

worship, and the different members of the household read in turn a verse of the Bible. In the course of time I was invited to remain with the family while morning service was held, and I had every opportunity of judging of the sterling and consistent character of that good farmer and his family. I must admit that the impressions I there received have remained with me through life, and have undoubtedly influenced me more than I know."

That is the way with all good examples; they walk in their sleep, they go farther than they know. Little did that Scotch farmer and his godly family think that by their simple Christian living they were to influence directly and powerfully the fortunes of a great nation; but such was precisely the result of their regular devotions backed up by honest living.

God often permits good seed to rot in the ground, but He never permits a good example to go to waste. You may have a thousand dollars and no profitable place in which to invest it, but a good example bears high interest from the instant of its execution. He must have swift heels who would catch up with Cresceus on the race track; but not even Cresceus could outspeed a good example. You do not need to look after it any more than, after you have lighted a lamp, you need concern yourself about its sending forth rays. It will take care of itself. Is it not strange that, since each one of us has at his command a force so potent and so manageable, it should be so little used and so sparingly enjoyed?

EXCUSES.

Passing It On.

It is easy for an editor, when an almost-good-enough manuscript is offered, to say: "Sorry, but we're over-

stocked. I think *The Mirror* would like this."

It is easy for a public speaker, when importuned for an address, to say: "Sorry, but I'm too busy. I think Dr. Black would be just the man for you."

It is easy for a church member, when asked to be chairman of a committee, to say: "Sorry, but I can't this time. Why don't you ask Jones? He'd be fine."

It is easy, when a caller comes in business hours, to chat for five minutes, and then say: "Have you looked in on Smith? He's at his desk to-day and he'll not want to miss you."

It is easy, in short, to imagine that somebody else would like a thing—when you yourself want to get rid of it!

The Indignant Types.

After the printers had gone home the types in the type cases held an indignation meeting.

"What was it that the proofreader read last?" asked a question mark.

Several quotation points spoke up: "The types unfortunately made it appear the opposite of what we intended."

"What nonsense!" "How unjust!" "Shame!" shouted the exclamation points.

"As if it was *our* fault," said all the Italic in concert.

"The editor always lays HIS blunders on US!" cried the capital letters.

"Let us strike," proposed the black-face font.

"Agreed!" "Agreed!" screamed all the types. And when the printers came back the next morning they found them all in horrid pi on the floor.

Moral: Never lay upon inanimate objects the blame for your own stupid brain.

EXPENDITURES.**The Outgo Tax.**

Probably every man who grumbles at his income tax cheerfully pays an outgo tax of equal or greater amount. If he drinks even moderately he doubtless averages thirty cents a day for his liquor, which amounts in a year to more than a hundred dollars. That is worse than useless outgo tax, exceeding in size his income tax unless he is a very wealthy man. If he smokes, he averages three ten-cent cigars a day or their equivalent, which is another outgo tax of a hundred dollars a year for a harmful luxury. The non-drinker and non-smoker who pays a hundred dollars a year income tax probably pays an equal outgo tax every year for candy, soda-water, coffee, and indigestible food. He pays another hundred easily as an outgo tax for unnecessary and even ugly clothes for his family, dictated by the mere whims of fashion. Still another outgo tax of a hundred dollars is paid by the average family that pays a hundred-dollar income tax for the one item of amusement beyond the legitimate recreation needs. If a man grumbles at his income tax, every dollar of which is spent for national safety and international righteousness, let him honestly examine his outgo taxes and then shut up.

EXPERTNESS.**How to Press the Button.**

I had trouble this week with the electric light in the attic. It is not a straight-out electric light, but merely gas lighted by electricity. At the foot of the attic stairs—rather, the attic ladder—is a push button. Press it, and there is a whirl overhead, and the usually black attic bursts into a flood of light. Press a button below the first, there is another whirl, and the attic is dark again.

This contrivance is very useful, but very delicate. From past experience, I was not at all surprised when one evening I found that a pressure of the button elicited no quiver of light above. There was the whirl, but that was all. I tried it repeatedly before I gave it up; no use.

Then I telephoned to a neighbor who is an electrician, and who had put in that push button. He was not at home. Early the next morning I telephoned again, for I am a little nervous about leaving the house with any electrical flaw around it, even in a matter probably so innocent as a push button.

The neighbor came up my front steps as I was telephoning, and together we mounted to the upper story of the house.

At once he pressed on the push button, and the usual flood of light burst out in the attic.

"What is the matter with this push button?" he asked.

"Why," said I, "it won't light for me. I tried it repeatedly last night and this morning. It is like the toothache that always disappears as soon as one gets to the dentist's."

I was chagrined to think that I had put him to so much trouble unnecessarily, and said as much to him. He comforted me by replying, "I can often get light out of a push button when no one else can. The battery, I can see, is weak and must be renewed."

"Oh," said I, "I suppose I didn't put my finger exactly in the center of the button, or I didn't push hard enough."

"No, it isn't that," he answered. "I feel around until I find the right place." It was the intuition of long experience, knowing just how to do it.

"There!" I muttered to myself as he left the house, "that is what comes from being an expert in any matter. The expert can get light where other people get only darkness. The ex-

pert can bring a response from push buttons that are dead to others. The expert is in a delicate and close connection with his specialty that enables him to work what seem miracles to the rest of the world. It must be fine to be an expert."

Especially, though I should like to become expert in some branch of physical science, I want to be an expert in spiritual affairs. I want to be able to push the buttons of character. I want to draw light from gloomy faces and the sparkle of intelligence from stolid minds. I want to illuminate the dark attics of human experiences, and fill them with light and cheer.

Here are unresponsive pupils in my Sunday-school class. I press the button, press and press till I almost drive it back into itself, and there is no gleam of affection or even of interest.

Here are unresponsive acquaintances, men and women whom I should like to make my friends, and I press upon all the buttons of social advance, and press in vain. They remain strangers as at first.

Here are men and women, boys and girls, within whose lives I am longing to see spring up the Light of the world. They are gloomy, morose, fearful; they are dark-attic people, and sadly need the sunshine of Christianity. But all my clumsy attempts to show them the blessedness of religion result in blank failure.

There must be a way. There is a way. Along will come someone with the mysterious open-sesame touch, and the dull pupil's face will light up with zeal and with affection, mere passing acquaintances blossom instantly into bosom friends, and at a word from these favored beings the Christian invitation is gladly accepted.

It looks like wizardry, but it is not. It is expertness; and expertness is thought, plus experience. I do not know enough about this soul-

electricity, and I have not trained myself to handle it.

It is mysterious, but so is everything else mysterious. Thoughtfulness and patience and determination and practice will master it, at least as well as any of these marvelous life forces can be mastered.

And there is the Master Electrician, who is ready to take me as an apprentice.

EXTORTION.

Six Pieces of Pie.

A man has just died in Boston who is said to have made a fortune by adopting in his restaurant a new fashion of cutting pies. Whereas before his day pie had always been cut into five pieces, he learned to cut it into six pieces. This at least is the tradition.

Whether the fortune of this particular restaurant keeper was made by this innovation or not, it is certain that many a great fortune has been based upon that extra piece of pie.

To be sure, the six-piece pies are no larger than the five-piece pies. The public stomach is not so well filled as it was before the extra piece was cut out of the pie. But the manipulator's pocket is far better filled, and that, as the pie man looks at the matter, is the main result to be sought.

Of course, if there were a law on the size of pie pieces, he could not do it; but there isn't.

Sometimes it is an ounce less in the loaf of bread. Sometimes it is a few threads of wool fewer in the yard of cloth. Sometimes it is twenty-five pounds of sugar got out of twenty-four pounds of saccharine matter. Whatever it is, the principle is the same—it is the sixth piece of pie; and it is the comparatively empty stomach.

And it is somebody's fuller purse.

FAILURES.

"Received in this Condition."

Very often there is placed on my desk some letter of unusual size or shape that is torn at one corner or perhaps at all corners, or split open, or badly soiled, or injured in other ways; and very often such a letter bears upon it a conspicuous legend, stamped by the post-office officials, "*Received in this Condition.*" The managers of the Boston post-office want me to understand that it was not their fault, that they have handled the mail carefully, that my correspondent was at fault, or some unavoidable accident of the transit. At any rate, the Boston post-office men do not want me to blame *them*.

I think it would be an advantage if a much wider use could be made of such a stamp. It would save a great deal of fault-finding.

Here, for instance, is a girl who breaks down in college. She was just ready to take her final examinations and receive her diploma with honor, but she has to go home on the verge of that dread disease, "nervous prostration"—and a young girl at that.

At once all the wiseacres began to cry down higher education for women.

But that girl was "received in this condition." She was never taught at home to dress wisely, eat properly, sleep regularly, or take care of her health in any way. Her school days have simply continued this home neglect, and the physical breakdown is the penalty. Higher education is not in the least responsible.

Here is a Christian Endeavor society started among the boys and girls of a church whose members care far more for church suppers than for the prayer meeting, and far more for swell receptions than for church suppers. There are such churches. The young people have the spirit of the church—a spirit diametrically opposed to the

spirit of Christian Endeavor. Their pledge-keeping is soon discovered to be a farce, their prayer meetings become weary mockeries, their committee-work is lifeless from the start, they have no guidance from their elders, and the society is either changed to a literary club, or, if it continues, is held up as an awful evidence of the decay of Christian Endeavor.

But the young people were "received in this condition." The Christian Endeavor constitution, pledge, and committee system are tools. They are not transformers, miracle-workers. There are excellent ways—best ways—in which young Christians can do work for the Master; but the young folks must really want to work in those ways first. If they have no heart for the endeavor, Christian Endeavor is not responsible for their failure.

And so I might go on and name the failure of the preacher to make converts at a revival meeting filled with cold-hearted Christians, the failure of a statesman to purify a city when the best citizens take no personal interest in politics, the failure of a teacher to win her scholars' regard and attention when some base slander against her has been sown through the community—and many a similar case. Congregation, city, children, were "received in this condition," and preacher, statesman, and teacher are not to be blamed for their failures.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. Never judge a person or an institution for poor results until you know what he or it had to work with.

Why He was Hunting Work.

A man was arrested in Atlantic City, N. J., charged with begging. To arouse compassion he had made use of a queer card, worded thus:

"I never smile.

"I never close my eyes.

"I never close my lips.

"I am in need of funds until a position can be secured."

That rather picturesque and original vagabond unconsciously epitomized in that document the reasons why many a man is out of work. Let us consider those three particulars:

Item 1. He never smiles. Who wants to employ a perpetual frowner? Who cares to hire a thunder cloud? Heads of any establishment have a right to require cheerfulness from their workers because good cheer is an essential of good work. If a man never smiles, that of itself is a good reason why he never finds a position.

Item 2. He never closes his eyes. That is, he never goes to sleep. He turns night into day. He does not take proper rest, proper recreation. Something like this is considered a virtue by many a man, but not by an employer. The employer knows that a good night's sleep is an essential preliminary to a good day's work. Of course, "I never close my eyes" is a lie; but so far as it is true it explains why the man is out of a job. The worker who always has a job sleeps during the proper time for sleep, and sleeps soundly, so that he may be thoroughly wide awake during the proper time for work.

Item 3. He never closes his lips. Then he talks too much. If there is any nuisance greater than another around a business establishment, it is a worker that does not know when to shut his mouth. Too free talking is always mischievous talking, foolish talking, talking that harms the talker himself and the business with which he is connected. The man that never closes his lips is ever out of a situation.

On the whole, it would be hard to put into so small a space more reasons for beggary than that beggar naively advanced as arguments for contributions. It was a masterly example of how not to do it.

FAITH.

Trusting One Another.

If all the world did not trust all the world, we could not do business for a single day. The amount of coin and bank notes in circulation is ridiculously inadequate to the needs of business. By far the larger part of every day's transactions of every kind is conducted by means of promises to pay.

The National Monetary Commission reported an investigation of this matter. About seventy per cent of the daily bank deposits consists of checks. More than ninety per cent of the payments in wholesale dealings is made by checks, and even more than half of the retail business is conducted in the same way, while the banks report weekly payrolls aggregating \$134,800,000, seventy per cent of which is settled by checks.

This is a gigantic illustration of the principle of faith. We have faith in the integrity of the average man. We have faith in the business institutions of the country. We have faith that the future will be as good as the past. And in this faith we continue to accept bits of paper in return for most of our labor and the goods we sell.

In exalting the principle of faith in our relations toward God and the concerns of the next world, religion is merely applying to the Owner of all things the same rules that we apply without question to the petty properties of earth.

He Doubted Providence.

The newspapers tell about a New Orleans minister seventy-four years old who came "to the conclusion that God had wholly abandoned the world." He added, "I have grave doubts about the providence of God, and do not want to live." So he committed suicide.

We "have grave doubts" about the authenticity of that story, but we know that many good Christians are perplexed concerning the vast weight of woe which God's providence has allowed to roll upon the world. Their faith is sorely tried. They do not see why a loving, omnipotent Father could not have prevented it.

Nor do we. He *could* have prevented it. But only by making men mere automata, only by crushing the freedom of the human will and reducing us to the level of sticks and stones.

God loves us too much to do this. "Grave doubts about the providence of God," at this juncture or any other, are merely the result of unreasonableness. They ask God to do for His children what He could do only by causing them to cease to be His children. And who of us wants that?

Steady!

This is what Captain Loxley of the *Formidable* said to his men while the battle-ship was sinking:

"Steady, men; everything is all right! Keep cool and be British! There's tons of life in the old ship yet!"

Noble words. Heroic words. Words that will ring down the ages.

They fit precisely the needs of those that fear for Christianity, in this severest of trials in modern days, the most deplorable of the world's failures to live up to the teachings of the Prince of peace:

"Steady, men; everything will be all right! Keep cool and be Christians! There's tons of life in the old ship yet!"

Give Nature a Chance.

Not many good things have come out of the horrible war, but certainly the ambrine treatment is one of them.

The method was discovered by a Frenchman, Dr. Barthe de Sandford,

and used by him in treating terrible tar-gas burns. The inhuman modes of warfare introduced by the Germans, who first began fighting with liquid fire and flaming air, caused the most fearful burns. Soldiers in large numbers were brought into the hospitals suffering the extreme of torture, their flesh one awful mass of black and swollen agony. The new method was at once applied. The raw flesh was dried, and then with brush and atomizer the ambrine was applied at a temperature of 150° Fahrenheit. Over this a layer of cotton dressing was applied and over this another layer of ambrine. The whole hardened at once, sealing up the burn hermetically. The excruciating pain ceased at once, and beneath the casing the forces of nature had a chance to do their work. With perfect fidelity they labored, day after day, restoring what had been destroyed, building up new flesh, white and smooth as it was before the baptism of fire. When the casing was at last removed, one would not know that the soldier had been burned at all. As one investigator expressed the result, "It is a resurrection."

A similar process is needed to cure our spirit wounds. Do not irritate them with man-made expedients. Do not keep at them with anxious forebodings, with querulous complaints, with skeptical questionings. Close them up and leave them with God. Trust His wise and steady processes. Trust the power of His providence. Yield yourselves to His patience. Rest in His love. Thus treated with the salve of faith, even the most terrible wounds of the spirit will be healed, and soul as well as body will enter the resurrection life.

Try the Tank.

If the "tanks" did nothing else, they would be well worth while for

the hilarity they have introduced into warfare.

A "tank" is a great, lumbering, water-cart affair, protected with heavy plates of steel, and mounted upon big, broad wheels moved by a powerful gasoline engine. Its armor is pierced with apertures for guns, and it is filled with gunners as the Trojan horse was filled with Grecian warriors.

It can go anywhere, over plowed fields, over fences and hedges, over the German trenches, over the German batteries. It is proof against cannon balls and bombs. It can straddle a trench and rake it from end to end. It allows the enemy to swarm all over it, and do their worst in vain. And it wallows over the field with a clumsy gait that is the essence of awkwardness and irresistibly mirth-provoking. "Tommies" hailed its advent with shouts of delight, and Germans fled before it in utter rout.

War is coming to an end some day. What then will be the fate of the tank?

If it is relegated to the museum of outgrown follies, yet it will have given us a lesson well worth heeding.

For the realm of thought has its tanks, and always will have. And the most effective of these is faith.

Faith is a strange contrivance. It is curious and comic in the eyes of the infidel world. "Crude" cry the philosophers. "Obsolete," exclaim the modernists. "Absurd," say the cynics. But nevertheless the tank of faith moves on over the battlefield, impregnable and irresistible. It holds a stout-hearted little group of fighters. It breathes out the flame of fiery conviction. It hurls forth the word of God, mighty to the beating down of all the strongholds of Satan.

Get into it, Christian! Let the worldling laugh, let the infidel sneer, let the wicked frown. Get into the moving, armored fort of faith, and

you will come off more than conqueror.

Hold On!

It is strange to draw a lesson in optimism from a suicide, but that is just what we may well do from a very sad case of self-murder in New York City. A certain art-dealer became financially involved, and his creditors set appraisers to work taking an inventory of his stock. The art-dealer had valued the stock at a sum amply sufficient to pay all his debts, but he became terribly afraid that his estimate was too high, and that fear, together with the shame of being thought insolvent, led him to take his own life. One hour after his death the appraisers made their report, showing that the man was perfectly solvent, that his actual assets were double his present liabilities and any that might accrue within the next six months. If the art-dealer had held on a single hour he would now be alive and hopeful.

O, the importance of faith! Faith in God, faith in other men, faith in one's self, faith in the wise ordering of Providence! What a safeguard is good cheer! What an insurance is optimism! Simply to believe that all is coming out well is of itself a powerful means of making it all come out well.

Not that I would counsel imprudence or foolish shutting of one's eyes to the actual condition of affairs; but the actual condition of affairs is, in the main, a good condition. Worry is usually unjustified. Things are not so bad as they seem. The world is kind, and God is in it. Optimism can always give a better account of itself than pessimism. Good cheer is to be chosen because it is likely to be based on truth and not on falsehood.

In the case of that New York art-

dealer worry was death; death suddenly, death in a terrible form. In the case of everyone that indulges in it worry is death, though usually it is a slow death, and a death to which doctors give other names than suicide. Suicide it is, none the less, on the record book of the recording angel.

Ring the Bells.

Masséna, one of Napoleon's generals, suddenly appeared, with eighteen thousand men, before an Austrian town which had no means of defense. The town council had nearly decided to surrender when the old dean of the church reminded them that it was Easter, and begged them to hold services as usual and to leave the trouble in God's hands. This they did; and the French, hearing the church bells ringing joyfully, concluded that an Austrian army had come to relieve the place, and quickly broke camp. Before the bells ceased ringing, all the Frenchmen had vanished.

The incident has often been duplicated in individual lives. They have rung the joy bells in the face of pain and sickness and poverty and fear and loneliness and all other trials. Then the joy bells have conquered. Speedily the foe has slunk away. Speedily the bell-ringers have found themselves in possession of the field. For no enemy is quite so strong as faith companioned with good cheer.

FALLS.

Why Air-men Fall.

During the years 1909 and 1910 there were 148 accidents in *aéroplanes*. The causes have been carefully tabulated.

Forty-three accidents were due to imperfections in the machines.

Forty-two were caused by mistakes of the *aéronauts*.

Twenty-nine were the result of perturbations of the air.

Thirty-four were caused by spectators who got in the way of landings, or other air-men who got in the way, or other miscellaneous causes.

The mistakes of the *aéronauts* consisted in trying to rise too quickly, in turning too sharply or too near the ground, and in making a poor landing.

Therefore it will be seen that the causes of falls from the air are about the same as the causes of the falls made by us commonplace mortals that remain on the ground.

Some of our trouble is due to causes beyond our control, but not beyond our observation. The air-man cannot master the squall, but need not go up when it is squally.

Other tumbles of ours are due to other people that get in our way, that tempt us and bring about our ruin. But we might have steered clear of them, if we had had our wits about us and been sufficiently prudent.

Many of our falls have been brought about by imperfections in our physical or mental make-up. We have been worn out or worried or nervous, and our judgment has been clouded and our will power has been weakened. But the air-man might have seen that his engine was in good condition and his braces stout, and we might have built up our bodies and strengthened our characters.

By far the greater part of our tumbles in our lives here on the ground are due to our own blunders. We have been ambitious, and have tried to rise too fast. We have been over "smart," and have played tricks to win applause. We have attempted on chicken's wings to imitate the eagle. We have been headstrong and foolish, and we have justly earned the tumble we have received.

I am going to keep an eye on the aviation notes after this, and in place

of the luckless aeronaut who gets a fall I am going to read my own name. I think that most of the time it will fit.

FAME.

Hot Halos.

In addressing a large meeting of his fellow alumni of Brown University in Boston, Charles E. Hughes once said: "There is nothing in office except the work you do. The distinction is a mockery to those who enjoy it. The halo is a little hot. There are times when you would just like to take it off and rest your head, times when you would like to withdraw from public gaze, from public demands, from public criticisms, and just be an individual. But, after all, the one rule, according to my philosophy, has been to do what is put up to you to do as well as you know how, and let the rest take care of itself."

There is indeed a great deal of hero-worship in this country. Presidents, vice-presidents, members of the cabinet, governors, senators, judges, generals, famous authors, millionaires—such men are attended by crowds, their doings are chronicled in the papers, men hang upon their words. In America every man has a vast opportunity for influence, and those that have attained prominence are far more powerful than in most other nations of the globe. We Americans know how to make halos.

Yes, and we know how to make them hot! Hot with this very thing, this incessant attendance upon our great men, prying into the least details of their daily life, and publishing abroad their least utterance. Hot with fulsome praise. Hot with hostile suspicion. Hot with complaints. Hot with slanders. Hot with misrepresentations. Hot with persecutions. Hot with sarcasm. Hot with ridicule. There are so many ways of heating up a halo!

Perhaps the two tendencies balance each other. Perhaps, since we have the first, it is well that we also have the second. But if I were a public man (and I thank heaven that I am not!) I think I could get along with a very little halo, if I were allowed to control its temperature myself!

"Keep Dark."

The electric searchlight in war will soon be a thing of the past. One of the contrivances that does away with it is the following:

From a gun of special construction shells containing calcium carbide are fired. These shells, when they hit the water, go under, but at once come to the surface again. In the dip, however, water gets into the shell through a tube provided for the purpose, and the action of the water upon the calcium carbide makes the powerful acetylene light. Every shell will produce a light of three thousand candle power, and will burn for three hours.

The beauty of the arrangement is that it gives no clue to the position of the ship that fired the shell, while the object aimed at is thrown into a brilliant glare. When a searchlight is used, it can at once, of course, be traced to its source.

I like that plan, and it gives me a fine hint for my living. I should like to illumine, if only a little, the dark waters of life around me. And I should like to do it while myself keeping in the dark.

There are many whose chief desire seems to be to "get into the limelight" and stay there. They do not care so much about throwing the limelight into the dark places of the world, but they want it thrown on *them*. To be sure, in that case the light is quite likely to strike a dark place; but they do not think so.

I recognize that as a dangerous

procedure. If anything I do appears worth while to any mortal, I am profoundly grateful; but heaven forbid that men begin to investigate the doer! My heart and my life are open to the eye of God, and I ought to be willing that they should be open to the eye of men; but I am not so sure of men's sympathy and compassion and forgiveness as of God's. Too well do I know the wisdom of keeping in the dark!

And there is a duty in it, too, as well as a prudence. Illumination is needed for the waves and not for the ship, for life and truth and not for men. We must put ourselves back of our message, or it will have no force; and if we put ourselves *beside* our message, it will have no force then, either. Let a man's personality be the gun which projects the acetylene shell, and let it be projected so finely far that the man will be left in the dark!

FASHION.

My Russet Shoes.

It's a queer thing, is fashion.

I don't often run up against it, thank heaven! but I did last summer.

I started in with a pair of tan shoes,—carried over from the summer before, but what cared I? They were whole and clean. They fitted well. They were light. They were cool. I liked them.

But one luckless day I went into a shoe store to get a pair of black shoes and I heard a man asking for russet leather.

"We don't keep it any more," said the clerk. "There's no more call for it. It's all gone by—out of style. Everyone has his russet shoes blacked nowadays."

H'm! And I had russet shoes on my feet at that instant.

As I walked out, I was conscious, distinctly conscious, of my footgear.

I seemed conspicuous, down there. Folks seemed to be looking at my shoes. Smiling at them, for all I could tell. I began to notice shop-windows. Sure enough; no russets there.

And the feet I met. Sure enough; no smartly attired chap wore russets—only last-year fellows, like me. I became very much dissatisfied with myself. A vague uneasiness seized me, and when I analyzed it, I would come around to my shoes.

No, beloved, I am glad to say that I did not succumb. Those shoes remained unblacked. I expect to trot them out again next summer, and wear them, if they will hold together. I am not going to knuckle down to fashion. And yet—I shall feel uneasy.

Now if that is my one little experience with fashion, what must it be—what *must* it be—to be a woman? Not the shoes only—mercy, no!—but the hair, and the sleeves, and the neck rigging, and the cut of the waist, and the hang of the dress, and the trimmings thereon, and the sacque, and the parasol, and the cuffs, and the—O my!—and the hat! And if it isn't puffed out here,—my shoe experience. Or if it is silk when it ought to be velvet,—the same experience. And if it hangs down where it ought to stick up, ditto. And if it is flowers where it ought to be feathers,—more ditto. Why, there's hardly a square inch of a woman's garb but is likely to become the occasion of a russet shoe awkwardness.

How thankful I am that I'm not a woman!

FAULTS.

Hung by a Leaf.

I was passing by a large stationery store, and I saw in the window something that arrested my attention at once. It was a ledger, an enormous ledger, suspended by a single leaf.

Three eyelets had been fastened in the leaf near the edge, three wires passed through the eyelets, and from those three wires the entire volume hung, its great leather covers and its hundreds of large, thick pages falling down on either side.

It was a splendid test, not only of the stoutness of the paper, but of the book-binder's art. There it hung for days, yet the leaf did not start, nor tear.

As often as I saw that silent parable, I thought to myself, "Now, how would you like to have that test applied to yourself? How would you like to have any leaf of your life taken at random, and your whole life hung up by it in the world's show window? Aren't there some leaves—many leaves—that wouldn't stand the strain? Aren't there some leaves—many leaves—that are too weak, not sound in fiber, loose in the stitching? Wouldn't you very much rather lie in the show window all nicely shut up in the covers? Ah, can you stand the test of the single leaf?"

That is what I said to myself; but as for addressing those questions to you, I wouldn't for the world be so impolite!

Just a Little Different.

So closely interwoven are the lines of our crowded existences, and so many powerful elements are involved in our modern living, that when even a trifle goes wrong at any part the most fearful consequences may easily result.

This was shown once by a dreadful explosion in the new power house of the New York Central Railroad in the heart of New York City. Ten were killed by the awful blast, scores were injured, and damage was done amounting to two million dollars.

The cause of the accident, as reported

in the papers, was a train of six steel electric cars, sent out to have its brakes tested. The brakes did not work, and the train smashed into the bumper, threw it to one side, and then crashed into a pier. The shock broke a gas-pipe, and it seems to have been the accumulated gas from this leak that, half an hour later, was exploded, probably by a chance electric spark. The train was not equipped with sand. Probably if sand had been used on the slippery rails the train could have been brought to a standstill without carrying away the bumper and breaking the gas-pipe.

If the train had had sand—if the brakes had worked properly—if the bumper had been stronger—if the gas-pipe had been laid deeper—if the broken pipe had been promptly mended—if no electric current had been short-circuited,—here are at least six "ifs," any one of which would have prevented the catastrophe.

Ah, as we look back upon our lives from the clear seeing of eternity, God grant that we may not be obliged to groan with an agony of grief, "If they had been just a little different!"

FEAR.

Dread and Dreadnoughts.

Why do they call our monster battleships Dreadnoughts?

Of course, because the first of the big fighters, the famous English vessel, received that name.

But why did it receive that name?

Because the people are in dread of attack, and the big ship was built to relieve that dread.

Wars are primarily matters of fear rather than of anger: fear of injury, fear of injustice, fear of spoliation.

And the remedy for that fear is supposed to be the inspiring of a more intense fear in the minds of our possible enemies.

What an unchristian system it all is! What a tissue of dreads, so foreign to the peace that passes all understanding, the peace that the world cannot give and also cannot take away!

Our religion should be a Dread-nought. To every trusting soul it should furnish a defense in danger, an assurance of safety, more quieting than all the fleets of all the world combined.

Love is the best ammunition. Good will is the best armor plate. Kindness is the most powerful cruiser. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall *dread nought*, for Thou art with me.

How to Lay a Ghost.

Scotland possesses many a haunted house and many a ghost-inhabited apartment. A story is told of a guest who arrived at one of these specter-favored abodes so late at night that he was placed in the only room that was ready, the haunted chamber.

He pooh-poohed the story of a ghost, and gladly took the accommodations offered him; but when he put out his light, his courage went out with it. Oo-oo-oo! Anything was possible in that blackness. He rose, found his revolver, and put it under his pillow. Ghosts may not mind bullets, but the feel of the handle was comforting. So he fell into uneasy slumber.

At midnight he awoke. Perhaps a ray of moonlight fell across his eyes. Perhaps it was the solemn strokes of the clock, proclaiming the hour. At any rate—horrors!—he beheld a great, fat, white HAND at the end of his bed.

He lay paralyzed with terror. At last, he reached tremblingly under his pillow, pulled out the pistol, clinched his teeth, and fired at the ghostly hand. Then he gave a howl that woke the

household. He had shot off two of his own toes.

Believe the story or not,—I believe it,—yet you may learn from it a useful fact or two about ghosts. They are always a bed's length away. And the covers are always short. If you want to demonstrate their reality,—*Fire!*

In other words, the various specters that fright our souls, the hobgoblin fears and worries and dreads that are the nightmares of our lives, originate within ourselves; they *are* our selves. Keep in touch with yourself, learn to recognize yourself to the farthest toe-reach of your fancy, and you will laugh all the spooks off the premises. And if you don't—then hobble around as best you can on the few toes you will have left!

Do Not Jump.

A man in Boston had a friend who asked him to ride in his automobile. The man agreed, as who would not? The friend lost control of the car and it smashed into a telephone pole. As soon as the man realized that his friend had lost control he jumped from the car, striking on his head. He was taken to a hospital, but he died that night from his injuries. In trying to avoid one death he had met another, while his friend, who stuck to the car, came off unharmed.

This event should be remembered when we are in danger, or think we are in danger. Often it is more perilous to flee from peril than to face it. Often the safest way is to stick to the automobile, though it seems to be crashing to destruction. You are at least in the midst of cushions. You have at least some chance of guidance. Nothing is quite so hazardous as a wild, frightened plunge into the unknown.

If you think this incident has no bearing beyond automobiles, just watch life awhile.

FEELINGS.**Sentiment and Support.**

The largest flag hung from a pole in New England weighs seventy-five pounds, and is kept from whipping around the pole by a heavy chain attached to it. Soon after this flag was raised, its weight broke the halyard, and there was danger that it would fall seventy feet to the street and injure the men below. The fire department was hastily summoned, an extension ladder was run up, and after half an hour of hard work, the flag was brought down from its precarious position. Sentiment—patriotic or otherwise—is a fine thing, provided it is properly supported. Deeds must support feelings as halyards support flags.

Compulsory Sentiment.

An eleven-year boy in Des Moines refused to salute the flag in the public school, when the other pupils were going through that ceremony. At first he was sentenced to nine years in the State reformatory, but the sentence was suspended, and the boy was paroled to his parents on condition that he should be placed in a satisfactory private school.

This incident is an illustration of the folly of trying to force sentiment. The salute of the flag by the hand and arm is worthless unless back of it is a salute by the heart. A mechanical salute may in time become a real salute, but an unwilling salute never can.

The same thing is true when men try to force religion upon others, as through the dark ages of persecution they have been continually trying to do. Outward conformity may be obtained, but never inward conformity. Religion is based on reason, of course; but unless it is shot through with feeling, it is nothing.

All of this, so applicable to patriotism and religion, applies most of all to

love, the greatest thing in the world, which, of course, is at the bottom of patriotism and religion—love of native land and love of God. No one can compel love of a person. We can reason ourselves into respect, but never into love. Love must spring from the deeper, unforced sources of the feeling. Compelling it often kills it.

If one cannot force sentiment, then, how can one get it? By cultivating it! You cannot pull a stalk out of the ground as you would pull a sword out of its sheath, and bid the stalk proceed to flower and fruit; the seed must be planted, rains must fall, sun must shine, soil must press and feed.

Thus with the love of a person, the love of country, the love of God. The seed of it must be planted in the heart; then, thought and experience, work and play, sympathy and co-operation, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, purpose and prayer! All the elements of human life share in the growing of love; and of all the plants that are grown in all the world, no other is so valuable.

Motion and Emotion.

When a man gets angry, he becomes automatically better able to fight. Sugar and other muscle-strengthening agents are secreted more abundantly by the body. Blood circulates more vigorously, thus stimulating the brain, lungs, and heart. The deeper breathing which the emotion causes aids the action of the same fundamental organs. Blood clots more rapidly, ready to close the wounds of the possible combat. Indeed, by means of the emotion nature seems to adopt all measures for fitting the body for the motion to which the emotion may give rise.

Other strong emotions, such as fear, love, jealousy, accomplish the same results; they arm the body for their own purposes; they provide means for the carrying out of their own desires.

We are likely to deprecate the emo-

tions, to regard them as weakening a man rather than strengthening him. If a man is free from emotion, we admire his self-control and speak of his reserve force, his power. Really, the emotions give reserve force, add to one's power. The non-emotional man has little self to control. Righteous wrath, on the other hand, or a passion for loveliness and for nobility, or a fierce zeal for righteousness, increases one's strength enormously for good or evil, and enables one to work prodigies of which he would be altogether incapable without the help of emotion.

Motion and emotion are partners. We need them both if we would be efficient men and women.

FELLOWSHIP.

An Unintentional Gift.

Once a funny thing happened in Louisville, Ky. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church there needed a new tin roof, and the contract was awarded to the lowest bidder, whose figures were \$160.

The vestrymen of St. Andrew's Church went away for the summer. The contractor, ignorant of the exact location of his task, sent his laborers to the Calvary Episcopal Church, whose vestrymen also were away for the summer. The laborers readily obtained entrance, put a new roof on the Calvary Church, neatly painted it, and went their way.

All was well until, one day, it began to rain, and it was found that the roof of St. Andrew's Church, supposably new, still leaked. The vestrymen went to the contractor, who declared that he had done his work and done it properly; to prove which he took them to Calvary Church! He had to put a second roof on St. Andrew's.

Now, of course, I might draw a moral for careless workmen, but I confess that, as I tell the story, I am not thinking of the contractor.

I am thinking how jolly it would be if churches played those little tricks on one another a-purpose.

If some little Methodist church, for instance, whose roof needs a new coat of shingles, should perceive some Sunday that during the week a new roof had been given them by their Presbyterian brethren.

If some little Presbyterian church, behind \$200 in their pastor's salary, should receive in their collection some Sunday that precise sum, with a note saying that it was sent with the love of the Methodist church.

These things are done between Christians; why not between Christian churches?

And they will be done, some day.

FIDELITY.

The Haughty Mucilage.

The Mucilage was, as the boys say, "stuck on himself." He thought he was quite as important as the Paper-weight, the Scissors, and even the Ink-bottle and the Fountain-pen.

"But such menial work as my master sets me to doing!" he grumbled one day. "Sticking old stamps on to envelopes, pasting receipted bills into a big book, and making a scrap-book of newspaper items! Now if he would use me on poems, for instance, or something similarly refined, I should be in my element. I am made for something better than old stamps, and I won't do such work any longer. I'll rebel!"

The next work of the sort the writer tried to do with the Mucilage was a failure. The Mucilage refused to stick and acted like so much water. The writer was a patient man and made several trials, but all were in vain. Thereupon the writer threw the Mucilage away and got a new bottle.

Moral: You'll never get better work to do by failing to do your present work.

Judas.

"This is a terrible ending of a mis-spent life. I have betrayed every trust imposed in me."

So wrote a man, and after writing it he took poison and died.

He was thirty-two years old, a surgeon in the United States service, and friends say that overwork and worry were the cause of the suicide.

However that may be, the sad statement he left behind him is true of many a life that is lived on, after a fashion, and does not come to the tragic and sinful end of self-murder.

Judas Iscariot is not the only Judas. There are thousands and millions more.

Every man who, like this suicide in his confession, has betrayed the trusts that are placed in his care is a Judas. In proving false to the work which should be done for Christ he has proved false to Christ.

Judas committed suicide. Every one of his followers is also a suicide, murdering his own soul.

Micaceous Moralizing.

I have been learning something of the precariousness of mica-mining.

You know what mica is—those thin sheets of tough, translucent mineral that are inserted in stove doors and make the chimneys for our Welsbach burners. When it comes from the mine, it looks like anything rather than the smooth, glittering, beautiful substance with which we are familiar. It comes out in great, rough blocks, the edges rotten and crumbling. Mica breaks down under the frost and rain, and this worthless outer mass must be trimmed away until the more solid material is found.

But even then the difficulties are only in their beginning. The mineral may be split into wonderfully thin sheets, as thin as thin paper; but it is essential that these sheets be even, smooth,

large, pure, and transparent, or else translucent. And few of them are all this.

Often they are specked with black bits of garnet or oxide of iron. Often they are streaked with iron rust. Often they are transversely laminated, so that on being split they fall into slivers rather than sheets. Often they are ribbed, corrugated. Often they split into wedge-shaped sheets, thicker at one side than at the other. Each of these defects renders the mica worthless.

O my soul, do even work! Take warning from Master Mica! How often your work is spotted, specked, wrinkled, patchwork rather than whole sheets. How seldom is it clear and clean, smooth and even, regular and perfect, in large sheets and not all cut up into worthless strips. How often you must disappoint the Great Architect, as He comes to your mine for His building. I'm ashamed of you, my soul! Yes, I'm ashamed of you!

Hands and Character.

You have a pretty face. Well, what of it? You are not to be credited with it, are you? The bright eye, the fair skin, the pink cheek, the red lip, the even teeth, were not of your contriving, were they? No pride in all the world is quite so silly as pride in a pretty face. You have a right to be glad of it, to be sure; but conceited over it—how absurd!

It is a little different with the hands. They are more of your own creation than your face. They express your character far more than regularity of features and fineness of complexion.

I am thinking of people in the ordinary walks of life, people that cannot afford manicures. For such people to have white hands, with finger-tips daintily cared for, means something. It means thoughtfulness and patience and

painstaking. It means a love of beauty and a sense of neatness and order. It means thoroughness, and a desire to be pure and lovely through and through, and not merely in the face that all men see.

Hands that spend the day in useful work, that come in constant contact with the roughness of the world, and yet maintain their beauty, thereby testify to skill and practical wisdom and the artistic soul. Their owners would furnish the world something pleasant to look upon and touch and have to do with.

There is so much careless disregard of this matter that I sometimes think that ministers ought to preach about it. It is so common to see pretty, bright faces flashing through the world above hands that are actually repulsive with their neglect and lack of cleanliness. I believe that this is a discord most frequently to be found in men and women alike, and it is as annoying in one as in the other.

In all of this I am speaking literally, with a jealous regard for this most wonderful tool ever fashioned, this most expressive portion of the human frame; but also I am speaking in a figure.

For the hand may symbolize all those elements of human life that are within your own control, and yet are often scorned just because there are other elements more splendid to the eye that are determined for us by causes outside our volition. We may not be rich, but we can always be generous. We may not be a genius, but we can always be faithful. We may not be witty, but we can always be kind. We may not be commanding, but we can always be helpful. We may not be learned, but we can become wise. The first of each couple is the face, the second is the hand.

Now let me have regard henceforth for what God has put within my power. Let me make the most of that, for myself and others. And in the beauty

and the usefulness and the charm of that let me find my satisfaction.

FIRMNESS.

Wire-glass Characters.

Wire glass may be seen in many of the new buildings, used in office windows, and especially in elevator shafts. In the panes of glass, as they are made, are embedded wire screens with very coarse mesh. These circles of wire are about an inch across. One can get accustomed to them so that they obstruct the view very slightly. Indeed, one hardly realizes that they are there.

And what is the advantage? The extraordinary toughness the wire imparts to the glass. Above all, the safety against fire. Insurance companies recognize the latter quality by cheerful reductions of the premiums upon buildings thus equipped.

When a swirl of fire strikes against ordinary glass, it cracks and falls out. Then the flames sweep through, and the entire building is soon gutted. But wire glass will hold back flame to the point of 1700° Fahrenheit, or even more. It will hold back flame until the wire itself is melted, and even then a stream of water striking against it will solidify it instantly. The glass will crack, but it will not fall out. Thus it is that outside windows of wire glass may dispense with iron shutters. They are even better than iron shutters, for they are more certain to be closed at night.

Now that is the sort of character I should like to possess. Clear and transparent, letting the sunshine through, letting through the ideas and events of the great world outside, hospitable and sweet. Firm and tough, tenacious of my own notions, holding to my own designs, protective of my own possessions against the fiercest fire-storm of opposing elements. I want to combine these two seemingly unfriendly

qualities. The wire glass shows me how they may be combined.

There is the open window, admitting everything, zephyrs and hurricanes, butterflies and bats, fragrance and fire-blasts. That is perilous.

There is the iron-shuttered window, safe and secluding, but dark, damp, dingy, and horribly gloomy.

Some lives have one of these and some the other. I will have both. I will live in the world, but not of the world. I will be all things to all men, but I will work out my own salvation. I will seek sweetness and light. I will also seek firmness and strength. It is a new idea in a building. I suspect that I shall find it to have been a very old idea in the making of a soul.

FLATTERY.

The Modern Absalom.

He goes to Mr. B. I. G. Head and says: "You ought to be a member of the Board of Aldermen. I'll mention your name to the Ward Committee." He does, and compels the committee to turn down Mr. B. I. G. Head.

He goes to Mr. M. T. Rhymster and praises his poetry. "You ought to send it to *The Atlantic Monthly*," he declares. Mr. Rhymster does so, and now he thinks *The Atlantic Monthly* the most worthless magazine in the country.

Mr. Absalom goes to Mr. Wood B. Orator and says: "You certainly ought to be heard on the Christian Endeavor platform. I'll write to the programme committee of the next Christian Endeavor convention, and you'll get an invitation by return mail." He does, and now Mr. Orator has no use for Christian Endeavor.

Everybody says, "That Mr. Absalom is so nice! so appreciative! so ready to lend a hand!" Everybody, that is, except the poor folks that are obliged to turn down the incompetents whom

he flatters, and who are too vain and stupid to see through his shallow trick.

FORESIGHT.

One-trip Boxes.

Our country uses every year, it is estimated, 500,000,000 shipping cases and boxes, of wood and fiber, which are destroyed after only one trip. The estimated cost of these is \$120,000,000. From every large store, every night, huge vans go forth piled high with these discarded containers. The only use made of them is conversion into kindling-wood, which is a fearfully wasteful use. It would be entirely practicable to make them so well and transport them so carefully and open them so prudently that each would be good for many journeys instead of being thrown away at the end of a single trip. A little painstaking would save to the country at least \$120,000,000 annually from this source alone.

Nor is such a waste as this to be noted only in the business realm. Much of our activity, mental and spiritual, is of a one-trip nature. Most of our plans are made for the occasion instead of for life. Most of our good impulses are used and then thrown away, instead of being adopted as habits. Most of our methods are built at haphazard and clumsily used, so that they fall to pieces at the end of a single trial.

Let us build our life boxes to last. Let us look beyond the minute. Let us not live one-trip lives.

FORGIVENESS.

Ask Forgiveness.

A charming letter once received by me contains some paragraphs which I must share. The writer, who is a woman, says:

"One question which has been puzzling me somewhat lately is about forgiveness.

"Of course, we know it is our duty to forgive; but isn't it just as much a duty to ask forgiveness? Does God forgive us before we ask Him, or before we repent of our sins? And can we do anything more than be *willing* to forgive others when they have wronged us, until they express a desire for pardon?"

"In our family we somehow formed the habit of asking forgiveness for angry words and unkind deeds, of which most of us are guilty at times even though we are Christians. And it has been such a help to us that I wonder why more people do not observe the same custom. It binds us together in a sweeter and truer fellowship than we could have if we made no effort to atone for our misdeeds, and to soothe the wounded feelings of our dear ones."

Unwillingness to ask forgiveness is one of the commonest of faults. Indeed, it is a sin, because it continues a sin. It is born of pride: we do not want to own our errors. We are willing to acknowledge them to God—strange anomaly!—but not to man. We would rather stand well with man than with God!

In reality, no action of ours could possibly raise the opinion of others regarding us so much as this same frank confession of wrongdoing and humble petition for forgiveness. It is a manifestation of courage, of manliness, of real heroism. It warms men's hearts toward us immediately. A wise pride would seek the honor that this deed brings with it.

Of all the contrivances of Satan none is so crafty, none so mischievous, as this obstinate silence when we know that we should ask forgiveness.

Forgetting Records.

A bill brought before one of our State legislatures provides that if a convict during the fifteen years following the expiration of his imprisonment

is not again convicted of a crime the legal memory of his crime and imprisonment shall be wiped out. The record of it is not to be produced in any court, nor is any evidence regarding it to be used in court, nor is the ex-convict himself to be required to testify regarding it. So far as the law is concerned the man is to be regarded as not an ex-convict after those fifteen years. His prison record is obliterated.

The idea of this bill is thoroughly Christian. That is just what God does for the forgiven sinner. He puts the sin behind His back. He remembers it no more against us. He removes it as far as the east is from the west. He washes out the record till it is as white as snow.

If we forgive but do not forget we might as well not forgive. It is the forgetfulness that the sinner wants, away down in his heart. He wants the brand smoothed out from his forehead. He wants the stigma off his name. He wants to hold up his head, not as one whose sin is pardoned and forgiven, but as one with whom one does not connect the thought of sin at all. God does that. Christ is God's merciful forgetfulness as well as His merciful forgiveness. And it is wisdom for man to do whatever God does.

FORMS.

When Non-essentials are Forgotten.

One incident that occurred at a Republican national convention tickled me immensely. It happened the morning after the nomination of Secretary Taft for the presidency. Senator Lodge, the dignified man from Massachusetts, was the presiding officer, and after the prayer at the opening of the session he remarked that he had decided to make a formal announcement which in the rush of the closing proceedings of the day before had been overlooked. "It is my pleasure to announce to you," he said, "that you

have nominated for the presidency, for the term beginning March 4 next, the Hon. William Howard Taft, of Ohio."

Not even Senator Lodge's dignity could remove from that announcement, belated to the extent of nearly a dozen hours, its element of comicality. The entire world had resounded for hours with the nomination, and like a timid echo came the announcement that it was all so. It was like the laugh at a joke which some slowly moving brain brings forth after everyone else has forgotten that there was a joke. Only, do not understand me as implying that Secretary Taft was a joke!

But I like it. I am much obliged to Senator Lodge for his lapse. It is indeed refreshing, in these formal days, to find a presiding officer and an assembly that can lose sight of non-essential details in enthusiasm for realities. If we had more forgetfulness of formalities in zeal for inspiring facts, it would be the better for the formalities and for us.

FRAGRANCES.

A Neglected Sense.

Dr. Edward T. Seiser, a perfumery expert, made some pleasant prophecies in an address before the American Chemical Society. "Just as the chemist has been able to compound the different chemicals to produce the delightful fragrance of new-mown hay," he said, "so in time will he make perfume that will have the refreshing odor of the sea breeze, the exhilarating fragrance abounding within the forest after a warm rain, and the many charming odors which prevail at the various seasons in the fields."

In that day we can have the spring-time fragrance at Christmas, the nutty smell of October in April, country odors in the city and city odors in the country. Perhaps then, if not before, we shall awake to the value of our noses.

The sense of smell is the least es-

teemed and the least developed of our senses. The greyhound does with his nose what we cannot do with our eyes. He is as far above us in the power to smell as the sailor is in the power to see. And we do not seem to care. We have only five senses, and we appear quite willing to go through life with one-fifth of them just where it was when we were born, or even in a cruder or crippled state, destroyed by catarrh and heedlessness.

One enthusiast in regard to the nose once proposed a fragrance concert. Odors were to be wafted over the room, changed in sweet succession, blended in strange harmonies, doing for the nostrils what a symphony orchestra does for the ears. Some day this may come about, but first the average nose must go through a long course of education.

It is said that the rarest feature to be found in its perfection is a nose, faultless in outline, size, and general character. Beautiful eyes, mouths, even ears, we find very often, but a beautiful nose is worth a journey across the continent to see.

And if the hunt were for a skilled nose, we might well make a trip around the world!

FRANKNESS.

"Visitors Welcome."

I was passing through Niagara Falls on the train, and I saw this sign on top of a large building:

THE HOME OF SHREDDED WHEAT.
VISITORS WELCOME.

That is delightful. If I had been able to leave the train for an hour, how glad I should have been to accept that invitation! I am sure the factory was bright and clean in every corner. I am sure the machinery was whirling briskly, and I have no doubt that the faces of the operatives were all smiling. I am certain that I should have gone away

with a still higher regard than the high regard I have already for that interesting breakfast food, shredded wheat.

In fact, I went away with a warmer spot for shredded wheat in my heart, even without visiting its establishment. Simply realizing that I was welcome there, that the managers courted inspection, that they had the latch-string out at all times, was enough to raise the whole concern in my estimation.

And that kind of notice has the same result when it is hung out upon a life. It is not put into so many words, of course, but it may be observed quite as plainly, nevertheless. It may be read in the frank eye, in the cordial manner, in the friendly salutation, in the very apparent willingness to talk about one's own affairs and interests, without boastfulness or exaggeration, and yet with pleasure and fullness.

No one likes "close-mouthed" people, people whose severity of countenance and gruffness of manner say to everyone, "You attend to your business, if you please, and I'll attend to mine." After all, the Christian likes to think of himself and others as brothers, members of one big family; and brothers know what one another is doing. It is not idle curiosity, it is good fellowship.

And, moreover, when a fellow evidently does not try to hide anything, it is proof that there is nothing in his life that *ought* to be hidden. His shredded wheat *is* wheat, and not baled hay.

The Manuscripts Converse.

A bundle of well-worn manuscripts lay in a pigeon-hole of an author's desk. One night they began to talk softly together.

"What do the editors say, brothers," said one, "when they read you, and send you back?"

"Chestnut!" sighed the Spring Poem.

"Cold and artificial!" groaned the Sonnet.

"Hackneyed!" hissed the Comic Sketch.

"Cribbed!" moaned the Practical Essay.

"Bosh!" whispered the Sentimental Lyric.

"Wordy!" confessed the Timely Article.

"Unreal!" quavered the Love Story.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed the Mystery Story.

"Alas!" said the first manuscript; "if only our author could hear what the editors say!"

But the author was sound asleep, and snoring.

FRIENDSHIP.

The Neighborhood.

"It's a stuck-up neighborhood," said Mrs. Iceberg. "No one speaks to anyone else, and everyone thinks he's too swell to associate with the other people on the street."

"It's a selfish neighborhood," said Mr. Numberone. "They don't want to lend anything, and no one offers to pitch in and help."

"It's a depressing neighborhood," said Miss Frown. "Nothing pleasant about it. No amusements, nothing to make things cheerful."

"It's a low-down neighborhood," said Mr. Sneek. "The people in this part of town are no better than they should be. I wouldn't trust one of 'em, not a soul."

"It's a dreadful bore, this neighborhood," said Mrs. Stupid. "No bright people here, no good conversers, no one up and coming. I'm sick to death of it."

"It's a perfectly lovely neighborhood," said Mrs. Sunshine. "Everybody's as kind as can be, and so intelligent, and enterprising, and friendly! Why, I don't believe there's another

neighborhood in all the world so fine as ours!"

Bringing Out Beauty.

Who has not picked lovely pebbles from the wave-swept beach and carried them home as great treasures, only to find that when dried they are the most commonplace stones, all their translucent beauty departed and their varied hues sunk in a dull gray? Almost any bit of quartz takes on instant attractiveness when it is wet, but only the finest varieties and most perfect specimens retain that attractiveness when dry. On making this discovery we are likely to throw away our treasure-trove, but the wiser course is simply to place them in a bottle of water. There we have them, perpetual joys, with all their loveliness fresh, limpid, and unfading.

The same thing happens with friendships. The first delight vanishes, the surprise of discovered charms enters the prosy realm of familiarity, the wet quartz has become dry. We are half minded to throw the friendship away as valueless. But there is a wiser course. All it needs is a little watering with thought and care and especially with love. Presto! all its former beauty returns, and our delight returns with it. For there is beauty in every soul, if we will only take the pains to bring it out.

FUNDAMENTALS.

Test Yourself.

You should be able to walk ten miles with ease. Are you? The only way to find out is to try it—not all at once, but see if you can work up to it.

You should be able to enter into conversation with a stranger of your own sex (under suitable circumstances) courteously, agreeably, and profitably. Are you? Try it.

You should be able to entertain company at your own table so that all

present will enjoy themselves. Are you? Try it.

You should be able to read a volume of history, biography, essays, or poetry with as much real enjoyment as a novel. Are you? Try it.

You should be able to listen to a sermon, or a lecture on a substantial subject, and carry away the main points so that you can repeat them afterwards. Are you? Try it.

You should have mental resources so that, if left alone for a day, you will be good company for yourself and be happy all day long. Have you? Try it.

You should have grace enough to submit to insult or injustice patiently, put up with crossness serenely, and answer anger with love. Have you? Try it.

You should be able to read your Bible by the book instead of by the chapter or verse, and delight in the reading. Are you? Try it.

You should be able to pray for at least fifteen minutes by the watch (mechanical?—there is no other way of getting at the facts), and still have much left that you want to talk over with your heavenly Father. Are you? Try it.

These all indicate fundamentals of the physical, social, mental, and spiritual life. Have you ever tested yourself in regard to them, strictly and honestly? If not, do it. I dare you!

FUN THAT KILLS.

Tragic Fun.

The newspaper once reported, with all its greswome details, an occurrence which, horrible as it is, I shall relate, briefly, for the sake of the lesson which it so forcibly teaches.

A laborer, John Doudi, was asleep, at 4.30 A. M., in front of a furnace in a Pittsburg steel foundry. A craneman spied him, and at once was seized by the thought of a huge joke. He told several other workmen of his plan, and

with many chuckles they obtained a five-gallon can of benzine.

Mounting the traveling crane and moving along till he was directly over the sleeper, the brilliant joker poured the benzine upon him. Part of it splashed into the furnace, and in an instant Doudi was swathed in flames, which burned his body to a crisp and killed him immediately. The joker, as I write, is fleeing from the officers of the law.

I do not tell this story to shock you, though it is one whose horrors do not soon fade from the memory. I tell it that you may see in it the type of a certain very common kind of fun.

It is the fun that is wholly absorbed in itself, and takes no thought for consequences. It points a pistol at a timid person, and "did not know that it was loaded." It pulls chairs from under those who are about to sit down. In college initiations it brands boys and girls for life with fire and acids. It trips folks up with stretched wires. It enters into realms that are even more perilous, and purely for "the fun of it" lets loose sly innuendos and sentences of double meaning that blast one's reputation like the breath of a fiery furnace.

"I didn't mean any harm. I didn't think." Thus the fool excuses himself to himself. Not thus, however, do other men excuse him; not thus is he excused by the Judge of all. For thoughtless mischief springs from thoughtless living, that supremely selfish form of life which is reckless of results if only it has its petty way. And such selfishness is a deadly sin.

GAMBLING

Gambling with Pins.

When I was a small boy there passed through my school such a contagion as often passes through schools,—a passion for playing a certain game with pins. It was played in this way.

One boy held a pin in his closed fist. "Point" or "Head," said the boy with whom he was playing, meaning that he guessed that the pin was held with the point or the head uppermost. If he guessed rightly, he got the pin; if wrongly, he gave a pin to the other fellow. Then he took his turn, and the other fellow guessed. So it went on till one or the other had no more pins.

All over the playground at recess and nooning, when we should have been at healthy sports, we were playing this silly game. It even went on during school hours. Some of the boys won great bottles full of pins, and were looked upon as the Vanderbilts of the school. Other boys never had more than a small handful, and that not long.

I played this fascinating game for some days without thinking what it was, or even suspecting its nature. One day my mother found out what was going on, and put a stop at once to my participation in it. She called it by a word which scared me. She said it was *gambling*.

And, of course, it was. The same eagerness and absorption, the same neglect of everything else, the same desire to get something for nothing, the same exultation of the winner and depression of the loser. We were getting ready to gamble with stocks and bonds and wheat and cards when we grew up. Mother knew it, and so did I, as soon as I stopped to think.

And yet, how I hated to quit! Every group of pin-gamblers drew me with irresistible attraction. I boldly explained why I could not play, and stood their ridicule like a little man,—far better than I stood that inward longing. Remembering vividly as I do that time of boyish temptation and trial, I recognize the ease with which I might even now become a gambler.

And whenever I catch myself wishing—as we are so likely to wish—that

I had this reward or that position without working for it, and envying those who, by the turn of fortune's wheel, have fallen on riches and fame, I say to myself:

"Halt! Remember the pins. You want something for nothing again. Are not your deeds already sufficiently rewarded, your labors honestly paid for? What more can you rightfully ask? You are a gambler, serving the cards and the dice. Remember the pins. *Remember the pins.*"

GENTLEMANLINESS.

Must a Manly Man Be a Brute?

Behold the conception of manliness entertained by a certain newspaper out in Kansas! I will not name it, for it may see the error of its ways and repent; but this is what it says:

"A man soon gets mighty tired of treating his wife like a goddess. If he cannot be at ease with her, and smoke when he pleases, and take off his coat if he wants to, and throw ashes on the floor and cigar stubs all over the house, he is going to be mighty uncomfortable, and long to go where he can. For it is born in a man to like to do these things, just as it is born in a girl to like to do her own pet things. Moreover, if a girl has once known a man in a perfectly comfortable, chummy way, she will find him worth twice as much as before he dropped his awe of her. Men are pretty nice as they are; but, for goodness' sake, don't try to make a man ladylike. He isn't and won't be if he is even half a man."

I can see the man who wrote that. He is in his shirt-sleeves, and the shirt is not clean. His collar is dirty, too, and he wears no necktie. His shoes are not blacked. His face is rough with three days' beard. His hands are grimy, and the tips of his fingernails are black. He grips a cigar between his teeth, and his mustache is

yellow with tobacco. He smells of the vile weed so strongly that no one with a nose can get within ten feet of him. As I watch him he kicks off his shoes and sticks his feet up on the table. All this he thinks is being manly. Nothing ladylike for him, if you please.

Well, I am glad to say that there are some men that know what it is to be a gentleman. They do not confound it with being ladylike, either.

A gentleman is a manly kind of man. A gentleman will not want to smoke in the presence of ladies—or of non-smoking men, for that matter. A gentleman will not want to "throw ashes on the floor and cigar stubs all over the house." A gentleman will have regard for the rights and wishes of others. He will not take pleasure in making a nuisance of himself. He will not see how near he can come to a pig, and how closely he can make his surroundings imitate a pigsty.

A gentleman is far more likely to have clean, strong muscles and a quick eye and a firm hand and a level head and good nerves and to make his way in the world and stand high in the honor of men than any whisky-guzzling, pipe-puffing rowdy who thinks it is manly to be a brute.

Meet for the Masher.

I have read an item in a newspaper which pleases me immensely. A Buffalo judge has imposed on a "masher" a sentence of 180 days in the penitentiary or a fine of \$500. As the man is a waiter, he may prefer to lose a few of his fees and remain at large; but it is safe to say that he will not pester any more girls on the street cars.

It is time that the strong arm of the law mashed the "mashers." Of course there are girls that invite their attention, but the "masher" seeks larger prey. His impudent eyes and insulting words are too often turned upon

decent and modest girls, whose beauty is thus made a distress to them.

Gentlemanliness cannot be put into a conceited booby by a course in the penitentiary, but an extinguisher can be put upon his boorishness, which is all the public can reasonably expect.

GENUINENESS.

False Sapphires and True Diamonds.

A Cleveland jeweler is reported as disclosing one of the tricks of would-be smart folk. He declares that many people of considerable wealth wear imitation stones. These are seldom diamonds, because it is comparatively easy to tell an artificial diamond. They are generally colored stones—rubies, or emeralds, or sapphires. These false stones are worn with a real diamond, and the true jewel carries off the deceit. The diamond is so plainly a genuine article that no one questions the genuineness of the gems that accompany it.

There! said I to myself when I heard of this; that accounts for the success of some people whom I know. They do not deserve to succeed, these people. They are cheats in many ways. They pretend to know what they do not know. They get credit for doing a lot of things that someone else does for them. They repeat the bright sayings of other folks as if they were original. They brag of possessions they do not possess, and hint of accomplishments that were never theirs. They glance at a book and talk as if they had read it. They make a smattering of an art serve them for a thorough acquaintance with it. And yet the world seems to believe in them, and takes them at their own estimate of themselves.

Now I understand it. I will look into the matter, and I believe that I shall find in every one of them some genuine diamond accompanying all this falseness. While I have seen the artificial gems, probably the world

has perceived the real one. This man may be kind, sincerely kind. Another, perhaps, is thoroughly honest. Another is always in a good humor. Each of these qualities is a splendid diamond. No wonder the world, perceiving it, lets the other stones pass without an investigation.

Of course the world is wrong; but I wonder if I, too, am not wrong a little!

GIVING.

Wealth Well Willed.

It is hard to make a fortune, but it is still harder to make a wise use of the fortune; so that earnest and admiring consideration should be given to the remarkable will of John B. Pierce. Mr. Pierce made a fortune of more than five million dollars in the radiator business. In grateful recognition of the co-operation of his employees and business associates he left to more than four hundred of them, after suitable provision for his wife and relatives, shares in the business valued at a million dollars, besides annual payments for at least ten years, from the residue of the estate. Finally, a liberally endowed John B. Pierce Foundation is established, which is to promote research and education in the general field of heating, ventilation, and sanitation, for the increase of human comfort and welfare.

Thus personal and business ties are remembered, as well as the widest interests of mankind. Business conducted and riches gathered in such a spirit are a blessing to their manager and owner and a permanent enrichment of the world.

The Problem of Generosity.

I have received the following letter, which I give almost entire because it presents a difficulty that is felt by many:

"If one has a limited income, and

can live comfortably with economy, and is tried by the long and severe illness of a daughter who is a chronic invalid, and has through that got heavily in debt through doctors, nurses, and hospital expenses, what proportion of the income should be given to the Lord? How much should we give to church, missionary, and charitable work, and can we keep anything for ourselves besides the actual needs of living? To pay all the debts would reduce the income so much that this would have to be the case. The debt was not incurred by extravagance, but through illness and hospital operations, and I hope by gradually paying small amounts to clear it up. In the meantime our pastor is constantly urging the claims of the church and denomination upon us. What should we do? How much should Christians spend on themselves and families; how much may we use for comforts or even luxuries, such as travel and amusements? The problem is a great distress to me.—PERPLEXED."

O, if only the right persons would worry about this matter of giving! But no; it is usually the poor widow or the aged Christian whose unnecessary anxiety is aroused by this question. The rich and prosperous, whom I should like to see struggling with the perplexity, are not worried by it at all.

But, since I am to answer this particular letter, I want to say first that money is by no means the only thing the Christian is to give, nor even the most important thing. Prayers are more important. Sympathy is more important. Good cheer is more important. Wise and kindly advice and guidance are more important. And all these can be given out of an empty purse, but with a full head and full heart.

And secondly I want to say that God counts the sincere desire to give as equivalent to the gift itself, if He has made the gift inexpedient.

And thirdly I want to recommend the exercise of cheerful Christian common sense. When you make a payment or a purchase ask yourself simply: "Is it God's will that I should do this? Is it for His glory and to please Him and not myself?" And if the answer of your conscience is in the affirmative, your conscience having been instructed in the Word and quickened by prayer, then make the payment or the purchase, and don't worry.

Live close to God—that is the secret of all wisdom and peace, in money matters as in all other matters whatever.

I am sadly conscious that this bit of comfort for those that want to give but have little or no money will be promptly accepted by those that ought not to accept it at all, those that ought to be making God a large return out of the many gifts He gives them; but such folks would find some excuse, anyway.

A Midnight Convention.

One midnight the contribution-boxes of our town held a convention in Central Church. In turn, they presented their complaints, as follows:

"I am half starved to death."

"I am poisoned with coppers."

"They give me all the bad coins in town."

"I am weighed down with silver, but no bills."

"People's faces grow long at sight of me."

"They have adopted the envelope system, but only a third of the church have envelopes."

"I never feel prayers mingled with the money."

"They make me appear to be a beggar."

Thus spoke the representatives of the eight churches, and all the contribution-boxes testified their assent

by pounding on the floor with their handles.

There was much discussion of ways and means. Finally a motion was unanimously passed petitioning that henceforth the gospel should not be free, but a systematic tax be levied on all that received its benefits.

"To whom is this petition to be presented?" asked the chairman.

There was no reply. The boxes had forgotten Who had made the gospel free.

Thereupon the meeting broke up disconsolately, and was considered an utter failure.

A Present Worth Having.

The steel magnate, Mr. H. C. Frick, once gave to the city of Pittsburg a piece of ground for a park, and the ground cost the respectable sum of half a million dollars. The occasion for the giving, which was even more notable than the gift, was this. Mr. Frick's daughter, Miss Helen Frick, made her entrance into society. At her coming-out party Mr. Frick asked her to name some present which she would like to receive from him, and her choice was that this park should be given to the city, and especially set apart for the delight of the children.

That is a choice as wise as Solomon's. A society career thus inaugurated should be very different from the ordinary society career, and far more blessed. Such a use of money, with the heart and the head, is the only possible justification of the enormous private fortunes that are one of the chief perplexities and perils of our day.

Contribution-boxes and Plates.

The old-fashioned, long-handled, square, and unpadded contribution-boxes kept in the church closet were having a little conversation with the modern, padded contribution-plates.

Boxes: You must give stingily indeed nowadays. Why, in my time it took at least twice as long to take up the collection.

Plates: That is because you had only two deacons on the job, and two boxes; now we have eight deacons in all parts of the church, and eight plates.

Boxes: Our collections amounted to something, though; so heavy they made my sides ache. Yours are chiefly little paper envelopes; what do they amount to?

Plates: A lot, I tell you. You should see the checks and bills that come out of them, and all carefully thought out and promised beforehand; while your weight—honestly, now, wasn't it chiefly copper?

Boxes: Anyway, we weren't ashamed of it. Everyone gave openly, not hidden in an envelope.

Plates: One of those old-fashioned big pennies could be dropped into your boxes and make as much noise as a twenty-dollar gold piece, nor could even the deacon see which it was, if a man held his hand right.

Boxes: Well, anyway, our giving was spontaneous, and a good pleader in the pulpit could sometimes get a collection that was mostly silver.

Plates: So may our giving be as spontaneous as you please, and you will see a plenty of loose bills mixed with our envelopes. But we have decided that we'd rather have a little less spontaneity and \$187.50 a Sunday than nothing but spontaneity plus a weekly offering of \$18.75.

At this point the boxes drew themselves up very straight and refused to say another word.

The Hungry Contribution-boxes.

Once upon a time the contribution-boxes held a convention to discuss their grievances. As a whole, they were threatened with starvation. Their rations had been so diminished that some

of them could hardly keep breath in their bodies. Many were so emaciated and feeble that they had to be helped into the convention, and some of them actually fainted from exhaustion before they could reach their seats. On the contrary, a goodly number of the contribution-boxes appeared well nourished. They were stout and fat. They strutted confidently up the aisle, and were evidently prosperous and happy. Noting this, all the lean and hungry contribution-boxes began to inquire the reason for the marked difference; and, as is the way of human beings when they want to go to the bottom of a matter, they appointed a commission. This commission appointed committees, gave hearings, made exhaustive investigations, and at the end of six months called the contribution-boxes together again to listen to a report. The report, of course, was long, but when boiled down in the newspapers it amounted to this, that the contribution-boxes were well nourished in those churches where the people were well fed with the truth, and were starved where the people were starved. Like most reports of commissions this report ended here, without telling what could be done about it.

Thievery for Charity.

A man in New York, a gospel singer in a rescue mission, pleads guilty to stealing \$1400. It was in jewelry, which he took from an apartment house. The thief enters the novel plea that he stole in order to give to the poor. In all, he stole \$4000, and gave it all away except enough to pay for his own board. After the rescue-mission services he would stand in the doorway and hand coins to the men as they went out. The money he thus gave, he says, enabled them to get food and lodging. He doubtless expected his plea to be successful, but the hard-

hearted (or level-headed?) judge sent him to prison just the same.

Was the judge right?

He certainly was, for it is never right "to do evil that good may come." Nothing but evil does come to the malefactor or to those whom he thinks to make his beneficiaries.

The exploits of this New York mission worker are paralleled by the deeds of many a thieving millionaire who has gained a reputation as a philanthropist. He gives large sums to found a college or a museum or a library or an art-gallery, and he is hailed as a public benefactor. But the poison of its origin cleaves to his money. People do not forget that the institution he founded was built on robbery, was established on the misery of thousands. The apparent success of this iniquity, the good that seems to justify it, sends more souls on the downward path than will ever be lifted up by the supposedly beneficent institution. "Behold!" men say of the successful scoundrel, "his thievery wasn't wholly bad after all. See how much good has come from it."

No; you cannot get away from sources. Better the widow's mite, out of a pure and loving life, than the rich man's gift of millions that is born of unrighteousness. You may gild a snake all over, but a snake it will remain.

Sending Treasure Ahead.

Christ's saying that where our treasure is our heart also will be, is usually interpreted in action as meaning that we are to wait till our heart is in a good cause, and then send our treasure after it.

Christ's way, however, is to send the treasure where it ought to be, sure that the heart will not lag far behind. We are to give to missions, for instance, though we may not be interested in them, just because our mind and conscience tell us that missions are noble

objects and need our money. Then, as we give often and liberally, we shall come to know more about missions, and knowledge will bring delight in them, our heart will be in them completely. If we had waited till our heart was there, neither it nor our treasure might have reached that blessed goal.

Those Noisy Contribution-boxes.

We had in our church the old-fashioned wooden contribution-boxes. As the pennies and dimes and nickels fell into them they made such a racket that the sensitive among the brethren were disturbed in their devotions. Therefore they got a resolution passed in church meeting, and the contribution-boxes were padded with green baize.

Still, however, the pennies and dimes and nickels made a noise, though a subdued noise, and still the delicate auditory nerves of the brethren were set on edge. Therefore, another resolution was passed in the church meeting, and velvet bags were substituted for the old-fashioned wooden boxes.

Even then, however, the clink of the pennies, dimes, and nickels, as they fell against one another in the collection-bag, offended the tense nervous organization of the brethren, and they passed a resolution in church meeting and voted that there should be no more collections, but that all gifts for religious causes should be handed privately to the church treasurer.

Thereafter the services were conducted with perfect decorum, unmarred by the clash of lucre; until, that is, it was found necessary to close the church for lack of funds.

But the next year a revival struck the town, and the church was opened, and the old collection-boxes were brought out, and the lining was ripped out, and still the offerings were perfectly noiseless.

For everybody put in bills.

GOD'S KNOWLEDGE OF US.

He Always Sees.

King Edward on one of his many official visits was passing by a company of children at Norwich, drawn up to greet him. After His Majesty had gone past, one of the little girls was found by her teacher to be bathed in tears.

"Why are you crying?" asked the teacher. "Didn't you see the King?"

"Yes," sobbed the little girl, "but, teacher, he didn't see me."

It is not enough for any loving or admiring soul to see the object of its affection and admiration. We want to be loved as well as to love. If there is no response, we may as well have regard for a cold, dead idol as for a human being.

No Christian can read this story of King Edward and his loyal little subject without thinking of what happens when "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Our King always sees. Our King always hears. It is not necessary for Bartimæus to shout at Him. Zachæus, though a little man, is discerned among the branches. Even the timid touch of a woman's finger upon the hem of His garment is felt by our King.

"Thou God seest me" is to some a dread-inspiring sentence; to the true lover of Christ it is an ever-springing song of joy.

GOD'S MESSAGES.

When the King Calls.

There is one person in England, and only one, whose calls for a telephone trunk-line are honored immediately. That person is King George.

When he telephones to the Central Post-Office in London (it must be remembered that the post-office and the telephone are one in England, as they will be some day in the United States), asking to talk with Paris, the

number and exchange required are written on a card which is stamped with the word "Royal" in red. That stamp gives the docket precedence of all other calls, though ordinarily a call is taken up in the order of its receipt, and it is usually about half an hour before the busy trunk-line can be handed over to the applicant. But King George gets it at once, and holds it, not the three minutes which is the limit for his subjects, but as long as he pleases. Moreover, he is not on any account to be interrupted by an operator in his conversation.

I wonder if that is what occurs when the King of Kings calls us up on the telephone of the universe! I wonder if all other calls are laid aside, all other business at once postponed, and we bend all our attention to His message. I wonder if He has the line to our hearts as long as He wishes to talk with us, and if all interruption is forbidden, though it concerns our most important earthly interests.

King George's business must be instantly furthered. Ah, yes! but is there not another King whose business also requires haste?

GOODNESS.

Parasitic Conquest.

I was reading the other day about how to kill mice.

The cat, it seems, is altogether out-of-date. So is the cheese trap, which has for so long been my standby when the mice get into my papers. We have no use any more for such crude contrivances.

Everything is microbes nowadays, and since those microscopic nuisances do so much harm, it is well to chain them, when we can, to the Car of Progress, and make them draw a load. If they pull in proportion not to their size but their power, the car aforesaid will speedily distance all automobiles.

The method is this. "You take" a ground squirrel that has a certain disease that does not kill the squirrel but will kill the mouse. You get the germ of the disease from the squirrel—by sticking a needle into him, I suppose—and you cause it to multiply in a mass of gelatine or of dough, by drawing the needle through the soft substance and leaving it for a few days. Then you place the infected gelatine or dough where the mice will eat of it, and in a short time all the mice will get the disease, and will die of it. The plan is better than the use of poison, because the mice almost always get out of their holes to die, and so do not decay behind the partitions. Moreover, the disease does not spread to chickens or dogs or other animals that might eat the dough, and has no effect upon human beings.

All this seems cold-blooded, but if I were a mouse I should prefer such a mode of execution to the teeth of a cat or the jaws of a trap.

It is by such a method—the introduction of a fatal parasite—that they are trying in Massachusetts to kill, or at least to check, the plague of gypsy moths that is destroying the shade-trees of that lovely State—a moth whose billions of mischief-makers have all sprung from the three or four imported larvæ which that unsuspecting French entomologist let the wind blow from his window-sill so many years ago.

Well, brethren, in our fight with spiritual evils we also might as well be up-to-date.

We have been fighting them with house cats, haven't we? and with traps, and with poison—with all kinds of violent and direct attacks; and I, for one, would not intermit a single one of these.

But the really deadly attack is by parasite.

What is the parasite that is fatal to all kinds of evil?

It is the microbe of goodness, to be sure.

But that is no disease? Of course not; it is life and health; but it is death to the evil. Brethren, the best of all ways to get evil out is to crowd good in.

GOSSIP.

Facts that Aren't So.

One day last winter I stayed home from the office to think over some lecture I was preparing to give, and in the evening I happened to meet a gentleman whose office is in the city (I live in a distant suburb). With the feeling of a recluse, I inquired what had been going on in the city that day, and with the importance of a well-posted man of affairs my friend remarked that when I saw the papers the next morning, I would believe that something had been going on. Eagerly importuned to impart the information, he told me that the elevator in my office building had fallen that day. The elevator was full of people at the time. The fall had been from one of the upper stories. He had not been able to find out how many were killed, but it was a serious accident. The ambulance had been called; he had seen a man who had seen the ambulance. The sad event had occurred about three o'clock—just too late to get into the evening papers.

Well, wife and I hardly talked about anything else that night. Who could have been in it? Were any of our friends killed? Was the force of our paper crippled? What if I had been in it? (Wife shuddered.) What if she had been in it? (I shuddered.) Why *could* they not make elevators so that they would be safe? And so on. And so on.

As soon as I got into the train the next morning, I bought a paper—which I usually do not do. I learned afterwards that wife had sent down street

for a paper, and was reading hers at the same moment. Neither of us found a word about the accident. I hurried to the building. No scene of ruin greeted me, no splintered elevator, no gaping crowd, no reporters with note-books, no policemen. The elevators were running smoothly, as usual. I stepped into one of them gingerly, and immediately asked, "How did it happen? How far did it fall? How many were killed? Whose fault was it? How did you get to running so soon? Say!"

"WHAT?" said the elevator man.

There had been no elevator accident. A man had slipped on the icy sidewalk in front of the building and hurt his head a little. They had taken him to the hospital in an ambulance. That was all.

And there is a moral lying around loose here somewhere.

GREED.

\$100 for \$50.

It happened in Boston, the modern Athens, the city of the Puritans; but it might happen in any one of our cities.

Mr. Simple was walking home one evening and two young men were just in front of him.

Suddenly one of the young men bent over and picked something up from the sidewalk—or appeared to do so.

Mr. Simple perceived that the stranger had "found" a hundred-dollar bill, and paused to feast his eyes on the find.

Said the stranger: "Dear me! I have got to get out of town at once, and what good is a hundred-dollar bill to me? I cannot get it broken. I would give this bill now to anyone who would let me have fifty dollars in small bills."

Mr. Simple thought that was a worth-while proposition, and jumped at the chance to make fifty dollars in an instant. He promptly handed over fifty dollars in ones, twos, and fives, and

walked proudly off with his hundred dollars.

"It takes me to see a chance and grab it," said Mr. Simple.

Of course when he went to the bank with that hundred-dollar bill he learned that it was counterfeit.

Moral: The way to get something for nothing has not yet been discovered—even in Boston.

Gold in the Valley of Death.

In the island of Mindanao in the Philippines is a famous valley known as the Valley of Death. It is only a few miles wide, but till recently its secrets have been known only to the dead, the daring explorers who have lost their lives there.

Half the valley is the crater of what was once a great volcano, and the floor of the valley still breathes forth poisonous volcanic gases. They hang over the valley in pestilential clouds, and whoever ventures into the fatal region is suffocated by them.

But the valley was said by the natives to contain gold, and what will not man do for the king of metals? A daring American named Rudy, with a comrade, covered their heads with divers' helmets, strapped upon their backs some reservoirs of compressed air, and ventured into the dangerous valley. No native could be persuaded to accompany them. For months they labored in the valley, carrying up the mountain side sack after sack full of gold-bearing sand and gravel. This they continued till they were almost worn out with the monotonous toil and the fumes, which, in spite of their precautions, they were obliged in part to breathe. Then they left, to come back next year with a larger force and a better equipment.

Gold in the Valley of Death! There was no reason why those two Americans should not earn their living that way, if they chose; but there are many

gold-bearing valleys of death into which a man may enter only on peril of his soul. Such are all oppressive combinations of trade, and all occupations that make money at the expense of manhood. Such is the saloon-keeper's business. Such is the gambler's business, whether he uses a pack of cards or the market quotations. Such are many "tricks of the trade" which complacent consciences find it so easy to justify to themselves. Oh, better be a poor man forever than go down into such valleys of death!

Balloon Boys—and Men.

The Washington Heights Hospital of New York City had a strange case. A boy, thirteen years old, was brought to the hospital, an automobile having run over him. Four broken ribs punctured his lungs. He could inhale; but, as he exhaled, the air passed from the lungs into the tissues of the body. This air spread all over his body till he became twice his normal size, his chin touched his chest, and his skin was as tight as a drumhead. He was indeed a balloon boy. Finally the air began to press so severely upon the windpipe that the lad was almost choking, and a surgical operation was found necessary to save his life.

Thus is it ever when we draw in but do not give out. No matter what it is,—air, book-learning, money, praise, power,—constant sucking in with no corresponding outgo is a fatal process. We get "the big head." We swell out in self-conceit. The pressure of our inordinate accretions chokes off our good impulses, our self-sacrifice, our happiness, and finally our spiritual life.

Sometimes an operation is necessary to save us. The Great Surgeon is obliged to use the knife of Poverty, or Failure, or Ignominy, and we are placed on the road to spiritual health again. But how much better it is not to get into such a fix at all!

"Get."

When a certain coal operator was asked, during a legislative investigation, about the probable price of coal, he is reported as saying: "There is no limit. We get what we can. Everybody is doing that, including the farmer." Later in his testimony, when asked if he thought this principle was right, he said that he could not tell, repeating, "I am doing all I can to get what I can."

It is a common phrase regarding prices, "What the business will bear." This means, "All the public can be made to pay."

And the excuse? "Everybody is doing that, including the farmer."

"Get" is the predominant and well-nigh universal trade secret.

He who gets the most for the least and gets it in the quickest time is considered the best tradesman.

Most hoggish, but not "best."

"Get" is the highwayman's motto. If a man is justified in using a monopoly or a trade agreement or a corner or a war necessity to hold up the public and grab unearned dollars, he is justified in doing the same thing with the aid of a mask and a dark lantern and a revolver.

If "everybody is doing it" excuses one villainy it excuses all villainy, for there is no sin that is not at times fashionable.

Some day the folks who pay will rise against the folks who sell, and deal with them as they should be dealt with. They will "get" their deserts then, and add that to all their getting. Let them pray in that day for the mercy which they have scornfully denied to all others.

GREETING.**"Howd'y" People.**

It is an enlivening sight to see ships accosting each other in midocean, to

witness the speedy greetings of railway men as their trains whirl in opposite directions, to watch the recognitions of friends and acquaintances as a parading organization of any kind passes through crowded streets. It is quite as interesting, to a lover of humanity, when any interchange of friendly inquiries is made, from the farmer's halloo out of a rattling wagon to the judge's dignified salutation as he passes the congressman. All sorts of genuine greetings are charming. They testify of brotherhood. They perpetuate good feeling. They are the seed pearls of social intercourse.

Men have risen to a fair measure of regard who have known and exhibited nothing of all this. They walk down street with eyes on the ground. Their thoughts are introverted. You may as well bow to the ice-cart or dart a salutation toward a strolling cow. They may have friends and acquaintances, but if so, they are for home consumption solely. The street is their spiritual dormitory.

To other men, a walk down town is the finest opportunity of their day. What children's clamor breaks forth at sight of them! What smiles anticipate their coming and linger behind them! Their walk is a royal progress, since "there's nothing so kingly as kindness." It is a day's benediction to have met them.

Their salutation may not be cultured or even correct. It may be a mere "Howd'y." But the "Howd'y" is one that my Lord Chesterfield might have studied to his despair. It is the concentration of a summer soul. It is jovial in the etymological sense of the word; that is, it is Jovelike, godlike. It is full, frank, free. It is flung out on the air with an abandonment of good fellowship such as only a nobleman of the Kingdom can possess.

The reserve that prevents these hearty greetings is little better than

the selfishness that does not desire the power to give them. Indeed, reserve is a form of selfishness, and is to be cured by the same medicines. Every true man sees in every other man a brother, and how can he do less for a brother than say "Howd'y"?

Of course, if there is time for more,—time, for instance, for "How do you do?"—so much the better. But "Howd'y" is much in little. It has all of a life in it, when it is well said, hailing all of another life. And the best of it is that whatever it means at first, it comes to mean, as life wags on, ever blessedly more and more.

GRIEF.

A Buried Life.

A few weeks ago the newspapers told of a man in New York, seventy years old, who had spent eight years in a tomb.

His wife, whom he loved dearly, had passed away. Every day since that sad event, through the weeks and months of eight weary years, that mourner had entered the cemetery as soon as the gates were open, gone to his wife's grave, entered the vault and spent the time till sunset sorrowing over the crumbling dust.

Finally he was stricken with apoplexy one afternoon, and was found lying on the stone floor of the vault.

Eight wasted years!

Worse than wasted, worse than negative, for they testified positively to infidelity and despair.

Since no one could live like that who believed in the immortality of the soul, and that in a few years he would begin a blessed eternity with all his loved ones passed on before.

Or, who believed in heaven, and that it is so much happier than earth as to make it a folly and almost a sin to wish our dear ones back from there, or not to be glad that they are there.

Or, who believed in Christ and His

words,—Christ, our Resurrection; Christ, who has gone before to prepare a place for us.

You have seen—we have all seen—wretched men and women who, though they do not live in material tombs, yet have sent their souls to the grave with the cast-off bodies of loved ones, and never got them back again. Oh, may such unchristian folly never be yours or mine!

GROWTH.

Inches and Maturity.

One day a boy seventeen years old was brought into a Boston court. He was six feet, three inches tall, and he weighed 180 pounds. His mother was not able to control this monster of a child, and brought him into court for his stubbornness and disobedience. The judge gave him a lecture and placed him on probation.

What makes a child a child? Evidently not size. Evidently, too, not age, for some of the most childish persons I know are men much nearer sixty than six. Yes, and not education, for other childish persons have learned degrees at the ends of their names.

"When I became a man," said Paul, "I put away childish things." That is the only way out of childishness.

A Sound Bank Closed Up.

A savings bank in Maine was closed on the order of the State bank examiner.

The institution was entirely sound. There was no lack of confidence in its officers. The bank had been paying dividends regularly. Why, then, was it closed?

Because it had not been growing. It had merely been standing still. Indeed, relatively to the banks around it, this bank had been retrograding. It

had lost in deposits, when the amount was not stationary. Its dividend was half a cent less than that of other banks. On the whole, it was felt that this bank, under the conditions of strong competition that obtained, was not strong enough to do business safely; and therefore it was closed up.

I thought, when I read of the procedure, "Lucky for some men I know that there are no character examiners, armed with similar power to close up a life!"

For many a life, while stanchly honest, while commanding people's confidence, and, in a mild way, their liking, is standing stock still while the world of lives whirls by it. Such a life is not laying in new stores of information or giving out increasing dividends of helpfulness. It drones along, opens up for work at nine, closes at three, and sends a daily report to the clearing-house; but the clearing-house balance is always against it.

On second thoughts, I suppose there is just such an Examiner of Lives. And His decisions are always just.

Fattening an Oyster.

Of all the industries, oyster-raising has seemed to me the most subject to chance. It is so much in the dark. You dump your seed oysters overboard into the bay. You leave them alone on the bottom. After awhile you come back, grope around down below with a sort of double rake, and bring up whatever fate sends you, oysters or mud.

But I suppose if I knew more about it the element of chance would disappear, and I should see how the oyster-farmer knows his business and works according to the well-understood laws of it quite as securely and confidently as the land farmer.

For instance, I have been reading how they fatten oysters. The pleasing bivalves feed on little plants called

diatoms. Now your scientific oyster-farmer takes his microscope, takes a certain portion of water, and counts the diatoms in it. If they are too few, he adds to the water a certain kind of fertilizer that diatoms eat. Promptly the tiny plants begin to multiply, and promptly also the oysters begin to grow fat. It is only a question of knowing just what to do, and doing it. A fat oyster is no longer a product of chance.

Well—oysters and men,—they are not so different, after all! Each has the kind of food he will take, and can be nourished by. If you want to build up a man in the true life, find out what his natural food is, and feed it to him. Don't try to raise cows on diatoms or oysters on hay. Don't say, "Oysters *ought* to like hay, and if I persist in laying it before them, chopped fine, by and by they will learn what is good for them." Study your oyster, and "feed it with food convenient for it."

Frozen Mortar.

Eight "flat" houses were laid flat one Sunday in New York. They collapsed without warning. Every day the building inspector had reported those houses as being in first-class condition. That inspector has come to grief, but too late to save the houses. Moreover, nine other apartment houses built at the same time and practically completed had to come down at once.

And why? Why all this waste? why this danger to human life?

Frozen mortar.

The contractors could not wait for warm weather. In defiance of the law, which absolutely forbids building when the weather is cold enough to freeze mortar, they pushed ahead, though every day the thermometer was below the danger point. And that was the result. The mortar did not grip the bricks, and the buildings crumbled.

Let me remember this the next time I am in a hurry about my life building.

Am I ready for this important task, that ambitious achievement? Have I prepared myself for it? Are brain and heart all ready? Have I strength enough to carry it through? Have I ever a surplus of all these, to meet the unexpected hindrances that are sure to arise?

If not, the mortar is stiff.

Better wait.

Diamond Trees.

Do you know what a "diamond tree" is? Perhaps it is as well that you do not, though it is a tree on which diamonds grow big.

Thus:

The jeweler (not *any* jeweler, of course; only the rogue jeweler) receives a diamond ring to be mended. He takes out the big central diamond and inserts another, just a wee bit smaller. *You* couldn't tell the difference, and the stone on his diamond tree has grown twenty dollars' worth.

Next day, someone else brings in a diamond breastpin. The central stone is a little larger than the stone on the diamond tree, and is promptly exchanged for it. The diamond on the tree has grown thirty dollars' worth, this time.

And so on. You see how it works.

There are many branches on the tree, and many stones may be growing simultaneously.

Outrageous, isn't it? *Moral:* Always deal with honest jewelers.

But there *is* a diamond tree that I should like to own, and tend. On it those diamonds of beautiful thoughts and deeds grow larger and larger from day to day.

Thus:

You hear a fine sentiment, or you read it. You think it over, and by and by you introduce it into conversation or repeat it at the prayer meeting. You will perceive that it has grown in power over your life. Repeat it

again; bigger yet. Sometimes a very little thought, treated thus, will influence for noble ends an entire life; nay, a thousand lives.

And it is the same way with beautiful deeds.

If you don't possess this sort of diamond tree, go to the nursery, and obtain one. While you are about it, get a whole grove of them!

When Are You Old?

A wise man has put on his specs, and twisted down the corners of his mouth, and written it out in a book: "On the average a human being stops his mental growth at almost thirty."

"On the average"—bless him for that! That gives me a chance.

For I am past thirty—dear me, yes! Thirty—why, thirty is a boy, a mere boy! And to stop one's mental growth at almost thirty! "On the average." Deliver me from the average.

Come to think, that accounts for something. It accounts for the failure of some folks I know,—folks all the way from fifteen to fifty, who have come to "know it all." They have "stopped their mental growth." There *is* no other way to feel that you know it all; for, of course, if you are still studying and learning, you will see oceans of knowledge ahead of you still unexplored.

Some of these folks, I say, are only fifteen. "On the average," you know; and if some keep on growing mentally far above thirty, some must stop growing mentally far below thirty.

That accounts, too, for some of the dismissals from situations. Men in them have stopped growing mentally. Accounts for the "dead line" in all occupations. It *is* a dead line, to stop growing.

Well, there's no compulsion about it; I'm glad of that. And I want to do my part to lift that miserable average just a little above thirty.

Dry Farming.

Every American should be greatly interested in the wonderful advance of possibilities for the West owing to the discovery that much of the land heretofore thought to be arid can be farmed with great profit without irrigation. By "dry farming" the wheat belt has already been moved into eastern Colorado fairly to the foot of the Rockies, and where the line will stop no one can predict. These Colorado dry lands, that had been thought useless except for a little grazing, produced last year an average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, thus leading the entire country.

The steam plow is the chief factor in the miracle. It will plow, pack, harrow, and seed thirty or forty acres a day, at a cost, including seed, of less than two dollars an acre. The plowing and seeding are one operation, so that there is no chance for the ground to lose what moisture is in it. Moreover, the modern farmer drives his weeder and harrow without compunction through his growing wheat, not minding if he does destroy some of the stalks, knowing how necessary it is to preserve the moisture by breaking up the soil. It is believed that if the land is thus cultivated, at least five hundred million acres of land west of the Missouri River, that have been considered arid and barren, may be transformed without irrigation into enormously productive wheat fields.

I want to do this!

Not in Colorado, but right in my own town.

Not in soil, but in life.

For I have a notion that no heart is altogether hardened in sin.

And I have an idea that no fortune is altogether arid and barren.

And I believe that the right kind of farming will make even the worst spiritual desert blossom as the rose, and

the most desolate lot bloom like the Garden of Eden.

There is a Master Farmer.

Mary, at the sepulchre, thought He was the gardener.

He *is* the Gardener, but His field, His garden, is the world.

I will go to school to Him.

Weight While You Wait.

The Boston post-office is laughing over the experience of one of its examiners who has been testing candidates for clerkships in that big institution. One man who was examined weighed only 112 pounds. Now 125 pounds was at that time (I believe the rule has since been changed) the least that a post-office clerk might weigh. If a man weighed less than that, he was not considered strong enough for the work. According to custom, the candidate was given thirty days in which to increase his weight the necessary thirteen pounds.

Up he popped at the end of the month, and the scales showed that he now weighed 127½ pounds. That looked like a miracle. The examiner's suspicions were aroused. He viewed the applicant closely. He did not appear plump. He did not look like a man that was "heavy for his size." Under the circumstances, the man was told to take off his clothes.

This being done, lo! ten strips of lead were found bound about his manly form. Some of them were six inches long, some of them were two feet long. Altogether they weighed 15½ pounds. The miracle was explained, and the candidate was dismissed.

When I read that story, I thought at once of the many short cuts to knowledge that so abound nowadays. "German in Six Weeks!" "Shorthand in Ten Easy Lessons!" "Three Months in our Business College and a Position is Assured!" "The Universal Sage, or, All Knowledge Condensed into a

Vest-Pocket Volume for Handy Reference!" That is the way some of the promises read.

Now it is good to realize that you cannot get weight "while you wait." Strips of lead are easily obtained and quickly attached, but they are not weight. The world has many examiners, keen of wit and shrewd of eye. One or another of them is sure to find you out. Then come confusion and disgrace.

It is useless to think of it; there is only one way to gain weight, and that is by proper eating, proper exercise, and proper sleep. And there is only one way to gain mental and spiritual weight, and that is by proper brain food and heart food, digested by thought and action. It is a slow process. It is carried on "while you wait," to be sure, but the wait is, oh, how long!

It pays, however. It is the open sesame to every position worth having in all the world.

Acetylene Christians.

They have been making some interesting experiments on the effect of light on the growth of plants.

For three months a set of plants in a hothouse was exposed to sunlight and darkness in the usual way, and another set of the same sorts of plants, of the same age, with exactly the same heat, and with all other conditions the same except light, was exposed during the hours of darkness to the rays of thirty-five candle-power acetylene lamps. These rays were reflected down upon the latter set of plants, so that they enjoyed light through all the twenty-four hours.

The result was that many of the plants on the acetylene side matured just twice as fast as the plants of the same kind that were exposed only to the sun's rays, and then left in darkness during the night. Plants and vegetables kept in the light for twenty-

four hours were at the end of the period just twice the size of those not so favored. It seems to be proved that an easy method of forcing vegetable growth is simply to use continuous light.

Now that is the way a Christian should grow spiritually,—just bathe his soul all the time in the Light of the World.

There are dark days in the life of everyone, days of doubt, days of sorrow, days of trial and testing. The midnight comes to all of us, and the cheery sunshine seems a thing of the past.

But there is still the Light of the World! It shines in the darkness as well as in the day. Midnight is to it the same as noon. And we can remain perpetually in its vivifying rays.

There is no excuse for midnight Christianity, or even for twilight Christianity. It should always be high noon with a Christian. We must never let market gardening get ahead of our religion.

Five Thousand Blooms.

I suppose there is no harm in envying a plant, and I certainly do envy a certain chrysanthemum that was exhibited once in a Boston flower show. It was entered by Galen L. Stone, whose first name indicates that he makes a good doctor for flowers. This chrysanthemum had five thousand white blossoms. It stood on a platform measuring forty-nine square feet, and it covered the platform with a beautiful dome of flowers reaching to the very edges. It was a wonderful triumph of horticulture.

I envy that flower because I should like to make just such a showing in my life. I do not like meager results, half a dozen paltry blossoms, a one-sided life. Give me a big cluster of blooms, great masses of accomplishment. Let me branch out in all direc-

tions. Let me bloom richly in every direction in which I branch out.

It is a matter of soil, air, sunshine, water, and training. Any good chrysanthemum, with these aids, would produce commensurate results. The meager life most of us are living is meager because we do not give it the right food or the right care. Here goes for the five thousand blooms

HABIT.

Handicapping One's Self.

Houdini is a wonderful man. He seems to be able to wriggle out of any pair of handcuffs that ever were snapped on, to make his way out of any prison however stout the doors, and to force an exit from any box into which he may be nailed or chained or bolted.

One of his latest exploits was the following: After appropriate advertisements—for Houdini is not in this business for the fun of it—the wizard stood one day on Harvard Bridge, connecting Boston and Cambridge, while a tremendous crowd watched him. He placed his hands behind his back and allowed them to be handcuffed together. An iron yoke was set around his neck and a chain was run from it to the handcuffs, the chain also being fastened to clasps which encircled his arms just below the shoulder. Thus weighted with sixteen pounds of iron and steel, Houdini leaped from the bridge into the swift current of Charles River, twenty-six feet below.

In less than a minute the remarkable man thrust his hand above the green water and held aloft the opened handcuffs! Houdini says it was forty seconds, and declares that he can time himself closer than any split-second watch. Whatever the time, it was a marvelous feat.

I should like to be able to do that—and then not do it! On the river of life

I have seen the thing done many a time—at least the first part of it, the putting on the handcuffs. The other part, the twisting out of the handcuffs while wrestling with the stream, I have seen very seldom indeed.

Handcuffed? How?

Why, by bad habits, by drinking, by gambling, by licentiousness, by sloth, by carelessness, by conceit, by lying, by dishonesty, by infidelity. Each of these is a pair of handcuffs with which I have seen many a young fellow allow his hands to be locked behind his back while he leaped into the river of life. Then I have seen him flounder a while. Then I have heard him raise one despairing cry to heaven. Then he has sunk, to rise no more.

Oh, leave that sort of thing to Houdini and the Charles River! Or, if you must try it, try Houdini's kind of handcuffs. You will be safer with those than with any of the handcuffs I have named.

Upside Down.

There is a topsy-turvy boy in Durham, England, or was, some years ago. He was five years old, and performed all his school operations backward and upside down. He wrote from right to left. He made all his letters and figures upside down and backward at that. His *u*'s were *n*'s and his *m*'s were *w*'s. He got the same result in words out of these queer combinations as the other children obtained, but his teacher must have felt like Alice in the Looking-glass.

I had the same experience when I began to teach in a country school in Ohio. One of my pupils, a boy about ten years old, wrote all his combinations of figures backward. 42 he wrote 24, and 100 became 001. All his arithmetical processes were similarly reversed, so that he came out with the correct answer. My predecessor had failed to break him of the

habit, and it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in doing so.

I suspect, indeed, that this topsyturvy way of looking at things is commoner than we realize. Through some inherited bent or some misfortune of surroundings or of education, many of us invert our mental and spiritual relations; and often neither we nor the world quite realizes what is the matter with us.

Thus we get our duties out of proportion. We exalt to the first place some very unimportant matters, and we let our really pressing duties go by the board. We put amusement on top and health underneath. We write show first and substance second. We invert heaven and earth. We read backward the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes.

What is to be done about it? That boy in Durham was to be pitied and helped, not scolded; so was the boy in Ohio. We need to exercise extreme patience with these topsy-turvy people. Usually they are to blame for their upside-down condition, but other folks are probably to blame for it more than they are. There is only one remedy: education in the truth of God. The Bible has the standards, upright, straightforward, unmistakable. Let us exalt the Bible before all men, and let us test by it all our opinions and habits of life. It is written of the early disciples that they "turned the world upside down." That is because the world was wrong-side up.

The Wrong Egg.

A Kansas boy slipped a hawk's egg under one of his mother's setting hens; he thought it would hatch out a prairie chicken, but it didn't. The gentle young creature, says the account, developed the habit of perching on a post and sweeping down from that vantage-point upon his foster mother, making devastation with his claws. Some

roosters tried to instruct it in barnyard etiquette, but were ignominiously routed. Finally the stranger's discourtesy took the form of cannibal feasts upon his foster brothers and sisters, and a summary close was put to his career.

This history teaches the folly of admitting to one's mind the egg of any bad habit. It grows a hawk.

Always in the Same Way.

It is said that the police and detectives can at once recognize the authors of most deeds of crime by the way in which they are committed. For example, one man would always enter a grocery hastily, saying that a friend had bet him his hat would not hold three quarts of molasses. The interested grocer would fill the stranger's hat with molasses, expecting to get paid for it, whereupon the stranger would clap it tightly on the grocer's head, the molasses running down over his face, and would calmly rifle the cash-drawer while the grocer was extricating himself. One burglar always entered shops by the fanlights over the doors. One thief had the peculiarity of making off with blocks of tar—nothing else. One man, who started a number of "get-rich-quick" establishments, was fond of oil-paintings with large trees in them, and was traced down by his constant use of them in his offices. Another crook always fitted his offices with carpet of a peculiar pattern. A certain pick-pocket makes a specialty of picking pockets at funerals. And so on through an unending list.

One would think that these criminals would be bright enough to vary their methods, but they seem quite unable to do this. Crime-detectors soon discover their peculiarities, and make arrests that seem to the uninitiated mysteriously acute.

These facts constitute a lesson in the

overmastering power of habit. Watch your own wrongdoing, and you will discover in it a sad monotony. It is always preceded by certain circumstances, and attended by other circumstances that are quite unvarying. You have got into the habit of it, and the chains of habit are none the less mighty because you are unconscious of them.

The realization of all this will enable you to free yourself from the dominion of sin, if you struggle against it manfully and with Christ's aid. Do not allow the precedent circumstances. Avoid the places and the acts which evidently conduce to sin in your case. Have nothing to do with these proved incitements to sin and concomitants to it. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the mischief-making elements. Lock the windows against Satan as well as the doors, and do not leave a cranny by which he may get in.

Building It In.

No good custom is worth much till it has become incorporated. It is pleasing as an ideal. It is inspiring as an occasional effort in our lives. But it actually counts when it becomes a habit in our lives. Beginners in the art of running an automobile are likely to be impatient with the rules of the road. Why cross only on the right side of the center of a square, if there are no other vehicles in the square? Why always take the right side of a curve, if the left side is shorter and no other automobiles are in sight? The answer is that to follow strictly and invariably the law of the road implants that law in our very natures, makes it a habit, so that when the emergency arises and we have no time to think we shall nevertheless do the right thing and thus avoid a disaster. It is precisely the same in the moral and spiritual realms. No occasional virtue is of much value. Virtue is

chiefly useful when it has become an instinct.

A Non-domestic Cat.

The domestic cat is domestic only by force of circumstances. It belongs to the lion family, and every member of that family is a potential wild beast. The other day a strange animal was shot on a mountain in Oregon. It was identified by a mountaineer as a pet cat which had strayed away five years before. The difficult life it had led had doubled its size and had turned it into a wild beast.

That is the way with every bad habit which we take into our lives. It may seem innocent enough, domesticated and safe. But let it loose, give it full rein, and it grows into the wild beast of sin. And bad habits are likely to get loose before we know it.

HARDSHIPS.

Thanks to the Frost.

Let a farmer clear a field of stones as carefully as he will, there are stones again next spring; that is, if he lives in the East, where stones grow, and not in the pulverized prairie States.

You see, the snow melts, and the water gets down into the soil and under the boulders. Then comes a cold snap, and the water freezes, and in freezing irresistibly expands. Below is frozen soil, as hard as rock. Above are only the boulder, a foot or two of soil, and air. Something must give, so up goes the boulder. This happens many times, and finally the stone is lifted to the surface of the field, and the farmer must haul it away.

This action of freezing water is what loosens bricks in the sidewalks, splits off slabs from buildings, and plays many other disagreeable pranks.

But it does much good,—good that is more than a recompense. It opens up the most dry and hard-packed soil, so

that by springtime it is soft and mellow, and the sun and rain can get down to the seeds. Better still, it is this frost that is the manufacturer of the soil itself, creeping into the hardest rocks and flaking them off bit by bit, pushing off each season a thin layer of pulverized rock, till the granite has become clay, and the sandstone a sandy loam. Were it not for the frost, we should have few farms.

And thanks also, quite equally, to the frosts of life! We do not like them. Our blood runs cold at the touch of disaster. We pray heaven to save us from the winter and bring us speedily to spring and to warm suns again.

But God knows best. He is breaking up our hardnesses. He is making way for His fruitful rain and sunshine and the growing of His seeds. He is taking away the stony heart and giving you a heart of flesh.

The bowlders come to the top. Your life looks rough and angular after it? Yes; but never mind, so the soil is made, and the seeds grow, for the sheaves of the Harvest Home!

HARMFULNESS.

When the Wind Changed.

The use of the terrible new weapon of warfare, poisonous gas, is subject to many uncertainties, and is even more treacherous than aeroplanes. In the fighting on the Western Front in the Great War a gas cloud was liberated by the Germans against their foes. It spread out over the fields its horrible green death, and reached the enemies' trenches; but just then the wind changed and the gas was driven back over the Germans themselves.

This happens always when men send forth against each other the poisonous clouds of passion, of suspicion, of slander, of ridicule and sarcasm and contempt. The wind of the Spirit turns the deadly gas back upon those

that used it. Their spiritual life is destroyed by the very act which they hoped would ruin others. "Curses, like chickens, return home to roost," and every impulse of hate turns against the hater. "Evil to him who evil thinks."

HARMONY.

Musical Typewriting.

A lecture before the New England Federation of High School Commercial Teachers urged the value of music in typewriting. Music, said the lecturer, enables the typist to concentrate her mind on her work. Lively music speeds up both hand and brain. A phonograph was set to playing as pupils worked, and the audience was asked to observe how rhythmically and swiftly they accomplished their task.

Whatever we may think about that theory, there is no doubt that music in the soul enables any worker to do more work and better work, just as discord in the soul blocks all the wheels of endeavor.

The inner harmony between the person and his labor is like oil to machinery. It smooths out every difficulty. It alleviates all harshnesses. It sends the workman speeding to his goal.

There is a very real music of the spheres, though the old idea of interstellar harmonies is mythical. This music of the spheres is God's thought for men and His world. If we are "in tune with the Infinite," in real harmony with God's plans and God's desires, our typewriting and all the rest of our work will move with heavenly swiftness, accuracy, and power.

HARSHNESS.

Why the Sparks Fly.

The air of flour mills is full of fine dust, and a bit of fire is likely to cause

an explosion. The explosions may do much damage, and great care must be taken to guard against them.

An English firm of millers, who had been greatly troubled by these explosions, suspected that they were caused by tiny pieces of iron or steel in the grain. These, crushed between the great steel rolls of the mill, would flash out sparks and set fire to the dust.

To test the theory, they caused all the grain, on the way to the rolls, to pass over great electric magnets. These magnets collected a large number of iron and steel particles, some being box nails several inches long. Several times a day it was found necessary to swing the magnets to one side and brush away the accumulated metal. The freedom of the mills from further explosions confirmed the theory.

I am interested in this because it illustrates so well what happens when "the sparks fly" in our daily lives.

The "wheels of life" are heavy and hard and they whirl at a tremendous speed. They have a big grist to grind in these tense modern days. Any bit of harshness in among those rapidly revolving cylinders is sure to make a spark. And the air is full of dust,—the dust of conflicting opinions, of competing business, of clashing ambitions, of differing personalities. W-f-f! and there is an explosion that may destroy in a minute the profits of many days' grinding.

Keep the hard things out of your daily grist!—the hard thoughts, the hard words, the hard looks, the hard actions. And there is only one magnet that will draw them out,—the electric magnet of love.

Harmless Stings.

After experimenting for two years, a Mr. Burrows, of Essex, England, has evolved, it is said, a stingless bee. This innocent, lamblike creature can be received with safety in any drawing-

room. He can be introduced to the children's nursery. We can become familiar with him and even insult him with impunity.

"Stingless" only in name, it appears, for he has a sting; but the sting is harmless. It is merely for show. It is a sort of evolutionary souvenir, like the human appendix.

Now that Mr. Burrows has accomplished this truly useful feat, will he not kindly turn his attention to mankind?

I should like to see the sting taken out of some folks' dispositions, and out of other people's words. Whew! what poisonous barbs an acquaintance of mine interjects into his conversation! And another can sting at long range, through the post-office. And another has an immaterial but venomous sting that works merely by a shrug of the shoulders or a lift of the eyebrows.

Stingless bees are said to be unusually good workers. I think a stingless man would do his work quite as well, and I know that other folks would work better.

HEALTH.

Happiness and Healthiness.

Dr. Thomas Darlington, formerly health commissioner of New York City, after inspecting for the New York Civic Federation the camps of our militia on the Mexican border, found a remarkably low percentage of sickness, though the conditions were very trying. This fine health of the troops was due, Dr. Darlington said, very largely to their cheerfulness. They were a jolly, singing, laughing set of men, and they got their reward in sound sleep, good digestion, stout muscles, and steady nerves.

Few of us realize how closely akin are happiness and healthiness. Worry is worse than foolish, it is fatal. Gloom is a disease. Cheerfulness is victory.

If we want to win our battles of life, we must go forward with laughter and song.

Health Consciences.

Not healthy consciences, though they are well worth writing about, but consciences that are sound on the matter of health.

Nearly one-third of the deaths in the United States are from heart diseases, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. Pneumonia is largely due to over-exposure, tuberculosis to unhygienic living, and heart diseases to overwork. Each of these terrible scourges could be greatly diminished, and two of them could be actually wiped out, by health consciences that made a duty of proper rest and sleep, proper food, proper clothing, and exercise.

Most persons come to understand this thoroughly well—but too late.

The Profit of Pedestrianism.

John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and author, had just passed his seventy-seventh birthday anniversary. When asked how he proposed to celebrate the event he replied: "Well, I think I will eat three square meals and walk five miles. It is because I have been doing that all my life that I am able to celebrate my seventy-seventh birthday."

The ability to eat three square meals a day is dependent upon the ability to digest what is eaten, and that ability comes from the outdoor life, led by Mr. Burroughs, so that his receipt for longevity condenses to one item—"walk five miles every day."

One reason why walking is an ideal exercise is because it takes one out into the fresh air. Moreover, it exposes one to all weathers, if the walking is a daily event, and so toughens the whole body and mind. It brings

one into new scenes, and prevents monotony. It ministers to the love of nature, cultivates a sense of beauty, and leads one to study the wonderful world in which we live. It affords fine opportunities for the cultivation of friendship and good fellowship. Indeed, body, mind, and spirit are all improved together.

If you are not a walker, become one. Get some broad-toed shoes. Get some clothes that will stand a wetting and can safely rub up against briars. Get a good field-glass and a book on birds. Get a steel hammer and a book on minerals. Get a microscope and a botany. Get a camera and a supply of films. Get a companion like-minded with yourself.

And then get—out-of-doors!

The Auction.

Good health was put up at auction. "What am I offered," cried the auctioneer, "for this fine parcel of good health, warranted to last for three-score years and ten?"

"I offer all these pills and drugs," cried a woman with a hamper of bottles and boxes.

The auctioneer shook his head impatiently. "Who bids more?" he asked.

"I offer money," shouted a portly banker. "I bid a million dollars in gold," and he pointed to a bank van which he had brought with him.

The auctioneer shook his head still more vigorously. "Who bids more?" he cried.

"I offer imagination," timidly said a woman; "I offer the will to be well, and the fancy that I am well."

The auctioneer waved her aside with his hand. "Who bids more?" he cried again.

A quiet young fellow stood near, and said in a firm voice, "I bid intelligence and painstaking."

"Going—going—and gone to the last bidder!" the auctioneer shouted. "And may you, young man, make a good use of your good bargain."

The Four Headaches.

The Four Headaches were discussing their parents.

"My father," bragged Headache No. 1, "was Ambition, and my mother was Overwork, a masterful, energetic pair."

Headache No. 2 was prompt to reply, "My father was Indolence and my mother was Pampering—an elegant couple they were."

"My father," Headache No. 3 broke in, "was Intemperance and my mother was Gluttony, and a merry house was theirs—part of the time."

"My parents were serious—Worry and Fret; no frivolity in their home," said Headache No. 4.

"But you ought to have seen my Grandfather Self-will and my Grandmother Thoughtlessness," Headache No. 1 boasted, throwing out his chest.

"Why!" exclaimed the other Headaches in one voice, "those were our grandfather and grandmother!"

Thus the Headaches discovered that they were first cousins, and ever since they have worked in close co-operation and have loaned each other freely their hammers and punches and awls.

Saving Health.

A lecturer has brought out some startling facts in regard to infant mortality.

He ranked the sickness and death of infants next to heart disease in adding to the cost of living.

Every ten seconds a baby dies.

A baby born to-day has less chance to live a week than has a man ninety years old.

It has less chance to live a year than has a man of eighty.

From 80 to 90 per cent of infant sicknesses and deaths are preventable.

Forty-two per cent of deaths can be prevented.

Fifty per cent of sickness is unnecessary.

This means a money loss of \$50,000,000 every year in Massachusetts, and an equal sum in every State of equal population.

This vast amount, if not wasted in sickness and death, would go far toward reducing the cost of living.

Thus spoke the lecturer, Dr. Thomas F. Harrington, director of hygiene in the Boston public schools. Everywhere the doctors and other men of science are urging these facts upon us.

The call is urgent for every person to put himself in as good physical condition as possible, to keep himself so, and to do all in his power toward elevating the health standards of his community.

Especial responsibility rests upon young people to become as strong as possible before marriage, and to learn how they may beget and bring to birth healthy children.

This is all a Christian duty, if there ever was one. Nothing in the Decalogue is more imperative.

Health is an important factor in individual goodness, and certainly it is an important factor in the advancement of the kingdom of heaven.

Some day the churches will start a great health campaign, and it will be as holy as any revival.

Our Wonderful Bodies.

The hand of the average bookkeeper travels ten thousand miles a year, and the brain guides it through all the complicated journey.

The hand of the typist travels a hundred thousand miles a year, and every yard of the journey is a bewildering dance.

The hand of the piano-player does marvelously more. A presto by Mendelssohn was played in four minutes and three seconds, a total of 5995 notes. That meant more than 24 notes a second, and each note meant a bending of a finger up and down, with many side movements of the hand, complicated movements of wrists, elbows, shoulders, and feet. A physiologist asserted that the performance involved at least 72 distinct nerve changes every second, each change produced by a distinct act of the will. For each of the 24 notes in each second there were at least four conscious sensations, or 96 transmissions of nerve force from brain to hands each second of the performance.

This is the kind of instrument that people abuse with alcohol and tobacco, late hours, bad air, gluttony, tight clothes, and a thousand other physical insults.

We hire men to care for our automobiles. We cherish our pianos and violins. We put our paintings behind glass and our books on steel shelves. We store away our clothes in cedar chests and put our bonds into safe-deposit vaults. But anywhere and anything is good enough for that exquisite instrument, that priceless possession, that crown of creation, our matchless bodies.

I sometimes wonder that God does not transform us all into putty.

A Chess-player's Business.

The great chess-players, Lasker the world champion and Capablanca, were at one time confronted with the following proposed rule for their match games: that illness shall not interfere with the playing of any game, on the ground that "it is the business of the players so to train themselves that their bodies shall be in perfect condition; and it is their duty, which by

this rule is enforced, to study their health and live accordingly."

A fine rule, worthy of the finest of all games! A fine rule also for the most engrossing and important of all games, the game of life!

Indeed, the rule is already enforced in the game of life. Whether the players like it or not, the game goes right on, in their sickness as in their health. It is not called off or postponed on account of a headache, or even pneumonia. Day after day, steadily, the players must face the board, move their pawns and knights and castles, check and avoid check, or be ignominiously defeated.

It is a player's business to keep in condition. It is a worker's business to keep in condition. That is the first business of a business man. Without it, his business will go to the dogs, where it belongs.

But we blunder along, our eyes sharp on the bank balance and shut to our balance in the bank of health, till one day a somber messenger informs us that our account is overdrawn. Then what a scurrying around, among pill-boxes and medicine-bottles, to get physical funds enough to restore our balance to the right side of the ledger. Perhaps we succeed, and then we go plodding on as before.

Health is our business. Night's sleep is as important as day's work. Digestion outweighs dollars. Exercise is no extravagance. Recreation is remunerative. The hundred dollars made at the expense of health, even the least fragment of health, pulls the foundation out from under possible thousands of dollars.

Health is our business. Shall we attend to our business, you and I?

Overdrafts.

The man with the overdraft habit is a nuisance at the bank; more than that, he often causes serious loss.

He may be careless. It is too much trouble for him to keep track of his checks and his bank balance; so he cheerfully takes it for granted that the latter will take care of the former. Often it does not.

Or, he may be calculating. "What if my account is overdrawn?" he says to himself as he makes out a new check. "The bank won't protest this check; they'll pay it. They won't want to run the risk of losing my account."

The bank does pay it, and loses the interest on the money while the "depositor" is taking his time about depositing.

If banks make money, it is in spite of such practices, and for every bank they constitute a severe problem.

This form of overdraft is bad enough; but even worse, in some respects, is an overdraft on the bank of health.

The cashier of that bank is very patient. He honors checks apparently without limit, and never says a word. Again and again he permits an overdraft, and seems not to care whether the customer ever pays up or not. This may go on for months, perhaps for years. Mr. Careless comes to look upon the bank of health as an inexhaustible mine, all his own.

Then, some fine day, the cashier protests a check. "No funds," he stamps viciously upon it. Mr. Careless comes around blustering. "It's an outrage!" he shouts. The cashier looks at him calmly. "I'll remove my account!" says Mr. Careless. "To where?" the cashier inquires mildly. "Can't you let it pass this once more? It's very important," Mr. Careless pleads. "Nothin' doin'," answers the cashier. Mr. Careless becomes abusive, and the cashier summons a medical policeman, who puts Mr. Careless to bed. That is the history of millions of overdrafts on the bank of health every year.

Foolish? If there were a more insulting word, I'd use it.

"Keep Well" Clubs.

I have heard of a "Keep Well Club." The members of this novel organization believe in fasting, and have associated themselves together in order to obtain from one another the necessary stimulus and continued bolstering for this strenuous mode of living the hygienic life. They will fast for a week at a time or even, if they think they need it, for a month at a time. And when they are not fasting, the members of this Keep Well Club are very abstemious at their meals. One of them got along for eight months on a diet of eight quarts of milk a day and professes to have found in it physical regeneration.

I can approve of the purpose of this club without approving all its methods. I can believe in not overeating without believing that fasting is good for all persons or very prolonged fasting for any person. I can drink milk without making a calf of myself.

With this proviso, then, I hereby constitute myself a Keep Well Club. The constitution and by-laws of this club shall be very simple; I borrow them from Paul. They are as follows. "Keep well by keeping the body under, the soul on top."

In other words, I shall let reason and not greed rule my life. I shall be temperate in all things: in sleep, in exercise, in eating, in drinking, in work, in play. I shall not worry. I shall not trifle.

I shall make a business of keeping well, which is so much pleasanter and more sensible than getting well after one has heedlessly fallen sick.

I shall welcome all others to my club; but if no one wants to join it, I shall merrily flock alone.

Dyspepsia—in Your Mind.

Troubled with dyspepsia?

Of course you are. Wouldn't be an American if you weren't.

But, ten to one, it's all "in your mind."

You flare up at once. Don't I know dyspepsia? Don't I know that it is one of the most frightful pests of modern life? Don't I know that people are dying of it in yearly increasing numbers?

Yes, to be sure.

Then why do I say that it is "all in your mind?"

Because it probably is.

Because the stomach is a nervous organ, intimately bound up by those wonderful white telegraph lines with all the rest of the body, and especially with the central telegraph office, the brain.

Because there is no quicker way to prevent your food's digesting than to get mad. Except, perhaps, to worry about something.

Because continued bad temper or constant worrying will play havoc with your stomach just as surely as a bullet fired through you.

Because you cannot cure indigestion without getting a calm and sweet disposition.

And the moral of these facts for you and me is never to eat a mouthful when we are angry or depressed or afraid of the future.

Come to think of it, a better moral would be that we should not indulge in these deadly mental states in the first place.

Poor Fellow!

A Philadelphia paper tells about a man in that city who started to save money by walking to and from his place of business. His home is in the suburbs, and he figured out a neat little saving.

But, alas! he soon found himself lonely in this walk, and for company he smoked a cigar—a ten-cent cigar—on his way in. Then he found it equally necessary for his peace of

mind to smoke a ten-cent cigar on the way out. That item alone cost double what his street-car fare would have been.

Besides, this additional smoking increased his fondness for the weed, so that soon he found himself smoking at home more than formerly. Set down another item at the expense of pedestrianism.

Then, he promptly discovered his shoes wearing out. Already he has had to buy two new pairs, and the year is only one-third gone. Total, six new pairs of shoes in a year. That of itself would make a balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

The result of this figuring is that our Philadelphian intends to go back to the street-cars, not from laziness but from economy. He has decided that he really cannot afford to walk.

Regarding which I, who am a lover of walking, wish to say a thing or two.

First. All smokers are bad enough, but the worst is the peripatetic smoker, who stretches the vile odor along five or six miles of otherwise sweet, pure air. All the physical good the walker may get through his feet he burns out in this case through his mouth.

Second. The walker that can't get sufficient amusement out of the thousand varying sights to be seen on any road, though traveled daily for decades, is too stupid to get enjoyment out of anything but tobacco.

Third. If you go into walking to save money, you'll be disappointed. You'll waste a lot of time. You'll wear out your shoes. You may get caught in a rain and wet your clothes.

To be sure, you may save a doctor's bill worth all these ten times over. And, to be sure, you may cheat the undertaker for ten additional years of life. You probably will; but what are these considerations compared with the cold-cash certainties of our Philadelphia friend?

"Can't afford to walk!"

No, you can't; not if you take the nickel view of life.

Healthy for Other People.

I believe that most healthy people are healthy by accident. And of the small number that are healthy because they take thought of the matter, most are healthy because of the personal pain and loss attending sickness. Being healthy for the sake of other folks is a uniformly forgotten duty.

And yet in few matters does your life more powerfully affect the lives around you than in this matter of health. A man in abounding health scatters everywhere he goes the contagion of strength and good cheer. By the very way in which he moves, by the brightness of his eye, and the clearness of his complexion, and the firmness of his flesh, and the vigor of his voice he energizes and stimulates all whom he meets. He is better than a doctor and a drug-store to all his friends. He is a reservoir of health, and anyone may draw upon it. Indeed, no one that sees him and hears him can help drawing upon it. Good health is one of the greatest blessings of its owner. It is also one of the greatest blessings to its owner's friends.

And further, all this being true, it is quite as true and important that poor health also is contagious. The irritation of it, the depression of it, the weakness and misery of it, can no more be confined to a single suffering body than smallpox or scarlet fever. A sick man becomes a public menace, and his disease is always "catching."

The chief reason why so little is made of this is that sick people are generally confined to their homes, often to their beds. They are not often public pests because they are not often public characters. But this is all the harder upon their homes and the dear ones there, whom, above all others,

it is their duty to protect from pain and harm. Upon them falls the brunt of the trouble. They must bear with the fretfulness, their hearts must ache with anxiety, and many weary hours of watchfulness fall to their lot.

No man is sick to himself alone. No man is well to himself alone. To say, when you are chided for some imprudence, "If it makes me sick, I am the one that has to bear it," is the height of selfish absurdity. If a person whose neglect of the laws of health causes sickness were shut up by himself or herself, and if some means were contrived by which that person alone would bear the pain and loss and worry, you would see a revolution in some lives within twenty-four hours, and the doctors would have to find some other occupation for themselves.

Are You in the 3.14 Per Cent?

The Life Extension Institute, widely investigating business houses and factories, has found only 3.14 per cent of the workers physically sound. Sixty per cent had to be sent to physicians. Most of their ailments could be corrected, because taken in time, but if neglected would kill them.

A study of unemployment conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Federal Bureau of Labor showed 1.2 per cent of a million persons out of work because of sickness. If that average holds with all the 40,000,000 workers of the country, it means an annual loss of about 140,000,000 days and of about \$200,000,000.

It makes a big difference to you whether you are in the 3.14 per cent or not.

It makes a big difference to the nation whether this 3.14 per cent is increasing or diminishing.

If you are not in it, make it your first business to increase it by one individual.

HEAVEN.

Throughout My Whole Life.

I have been thinking about the clause of the Christian Endeavor pledge in which the Endeavorer promises to try to do Christ's will "throughout my whole life."

For how long are Endeavorers doing their Christian Endeavor work?

Well, for as long as they are in the society, certainly; not merely for the first month, or while the society is a novel affair, but as long as they wear the name of Christian Endeavor.

Yes, and for longer than that. Are they not going to read the Bible every day as long as they live? and pray every day? and testify for Christ faithfully and frequently? and support their own church in every way? Are they not in the Christian Endeavor society merely that these acts may become habitual and endure "throughout our whole lives?"

Ah but, after all, that is only a small part, a very small part, of what that clause of the pledge should mean. For we are to live forever. Our "whole lives" are—eternity.

Bible-reading in heaven? Certainly! Only, there we shall read our Bible in the face and on the tongues of the very Moses and David and Isaiah, the very John and Peter and Paul, who wrote the Bible of earth.

Prayer in heaven? Certainly! Only, there it will be open communion with a visible Father, His arms felt around us, His voice warm in our ears.

Testimony in heaven? Certainly! Only, there it will not be before a handful of mortals in a little meeting room, but in the company of ten thousand times ten thousand, singing before the throne of God the song of Moses and the Lamb!

Church-support in heaven? Certainly! Only, there we shall support not the Church Militant, but the Church Triumphant.

Committee work in heaven? Certainly! Only, the chairmen of our committees will be Elijah, and Luther, and Philip, and Paul, and Gideon, and Wesley, and Calvin, and Knox, and Moody, and Phillips Brooks, and Frances Willard, and Mary Lyon and Carey, and Livingstone, and Lincoln! and we shall go forth on wings of light and power, and do errands on no one knows what worlds and suns. Ah, the reports we shall give and hear in the business meetings of heaven!

"Throughout our whole lives?" Yes, indeed. No petty, transient aim is ours. We are training ourselves—God help us!—for an eternity of Christian endeavor.

HELPLESSNESS.

"All Sorts."

Coming up in the elevator one day, I heard a sentence and a reply that I have heard before, I suppose, a thousand times, but without once thinking of their import:

"Oh, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

"That's so."

They had been talking about some very disagreeable person, I could not help gathering. They wanted to dismiss the annoying subject, and they contemptuously turned it off in that way:

"Oh, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world!"

No, it doesn't.

The world could get along very well without a good many kinds of people.

Crusty people.

Fussy people.

Selfish people.

Egotistical people.

Opinionated people.

Silly people.

Sour people.

Malicious people.

Suspicious people.

Dogmatic people.

Domineering people.
Procrastinating people.
Slouchy people.
And
so
on.

Why, so far is it from being true that it "takes" all kinds of people to make a world, that the world could wag merrily, far more merrily than it wags now, with only one kind of people,

Helpful people.

Yes, we could even dispense with the people of genius, and the people of wit, and the people of skill, and the people of power, and with lots of other kinds of fine people, if the entire globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Falklands, could only be filled with

Helpful people.

Let us stop thinking and talking as if the world were a great museum, and had to have a complete collection of all genera, species, and varieties, however ugly and poisonous. There are many varieties that we may spare from our assortment. There are many animals we are quite content to allow to become extinct with the ornithorhynchus. In the progress of our spiritual evolution they are to become extinct, and I, for one, am eager to expedite the process.

The Air-pillow.

The air-pillow lay on the sofa, homely and flabby, for it was not inflated. On the end of the sofa lay a large and very handsome sofa-cushion. Said the cushion to the air-pillow: "How very little you are!" "Little-ness is sometimes an advantage," answered the air-pillow: "But how ugly you are, too!" the sofa-cushion continued, with very unkind frankness. "Why—'handsome is as handsome does,'" the air-pillow quoted cheerfully. "And you are so very flat!" the sofa-cushion continued its criticism. "Are you ever stuffed out? and

where do they put in the feathers?" At this the air-pillow only laughed, for the question seemed ridiculous. Just then the mistress came around. She was packing up to go on a journey in an automobile. "I must have just one cushion," she said "for my back gets so tired." "Here I am," cried the sofa-cushion; but the mistress pounced upon the air-pillow. "Just the thing!" she said. "It will take almost no room, and when it is inflated it will support my back perfectly." So off she went with the air-pillow, leaving the handsome sofa-cushion to sulk.

The Ignorant Samaritan.

It was cold weather. Smith had to leave his automobile in the street, the motor running so that the engine might remain warm and not freeze up. As the law does not allow an unattended car to remain running, Smith asked his friend Brown to stay with the auto and keep an eye on it, which Brown agreed to do.

Along came Jones, and, noticing that the car was steaming, he advised Brown to shut off the engine. Brown did not know how to do this, and asked Jones to do it. Jones, willing to oblige, shut off the engine, and went on his way smiling to himself in the consciousness of a kind act performed. He had saved Smith so much gasoline.

But when Smith came back he could not start the car. Investigation showed that the engine was frozen up, and some of the parts were ruined. He brought suit for damages against Good Samaritan Jones, and the court, in a kindly and witty decision, awarded him fifty dollars.

All of which goes to show that folks ought to know something about other people's business before they interfere with it. Good nature is not enough for a good Samaritan; he also needs good sense.

The Word That Was Not Spoken.

William A. Dorr was electrocuted at the Massachusetts State prison for a horrible murder. Before his execution he said to the clergyman who was with him: "I have never done anything wrong in my life that has done me any good. If when I was a boy fifteen years old some kind friend had put his hand upon my shoulder when evil influences were brought to bear upon me and had given me a kind word of good advice and cheer, there would have been a different chapter from that which closes with me to-night."

Yes, and not only in the case of Dorr, but in the case of practically every murderer and thief and drunkard and useless vagabond the wide world round.

The kind hand on the shoulder, the kind word in the ear, kindness and sympathy and love radiating from a strong soul to the weaker one—these are the great reforming agencies. It is these that would empty our prisons and saloons. It is these that would brighten the dark places of the world, and fill with joy and beauty the pages of the recording angel.

A brotherly hand and a brotherly word—how easy to give! We are none the poorer for them, and time and all eternity are so much the richer! Let us be on the watch for chances to give them. We shall find those chances everywhere.

The Rear Light.

Sometimes, as one is driving an automobile, the electrical connection with the rear light fails, and the light goes out. Then the motorist travels in fear, for he may be held up by the policeman at any corner, and made to pay a fine. To guard against this, some drivers carry a pocket flash light which may be held out backward in

an emergency, warning all who come up from behind. The principle is of wide application. Indeed, one cannot journey far on the road of life without discovering the necessity of letting one's light shine in all directions, for warning as well as encouragement, for cheer as well as guidance. If we are to be lights in the world, we must not be content with rays thrown in only one direction.

Life's Radiations.

Inventors were a long time discovering the best way to make a gas stove. At first they shut the lighted gas inside the stove as if it were a mass of coal that had to be kept from tumbling out. Of course such a stove had to be heated almost white hot before it began to radiate as much heat as the gas would have sent out if it had been exposed. But now a gas stove places the gas jets in the focus of a convex corrugated surface, brightly shining, and all open to the room. As soon as the jets are lighted the heat is radiated powerfully. The room is warmed with no waiting, and the gas may soon be turned off. There is a lesson here for all who wish to live helpfully. Look to your radiations. It is easy to cheat one's self into the belief that one's life is helpful just because one is conscious of comfort and wisdom and beauty within. But the question for each one is: "Do my neighbors get it? Has my life a radiating surface? Or is it all lavished upon my own shut-in soul?"

Saving Crutches.

A noble New York policeman, as the papers tell us, rescued a crippled boy from a burning building. But he was not satisfied, for the boy's crutches had been left behind. Back went the policeman through the smoke and

flames, over the shaking floors, and amid the falling timbers. He almost lost his life, but he came back with the crutches. No one but a cripple is likely to understand how precious are crutches which just fit one, to which one has become accustomed; but that policeman knew. His kind and brave act deserves lasting remembrance. We confine ourselves too much to the big helpfulnesses, to aid for the so-called fundamentals of life. Often what we regard as a little thing, too trifling for notice, amounts to more in the life of some one in suffering or danger than what the world calls important. Nothing that touches life closely is a trifle to a loving heart.

HEREDITY.

A Good Reason for Old Age.

Mrs. Emily Mayhew Osborne, of New York City, celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary. She used spectacles, but only to "rest her eyes." On this centenary of her birth she "led her fifteen descendants in a tango step, four grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren joining in the applause which greeted this skillful attempt to reconcile Puritan ancestry with modern liberalism." We guess that the "tango" is the exuberance of a reporter's fancy, but we welcome the portrayal of the aged lady's sprightliness, particularly as it was coupled with the reason which Mrs. Osborne gave for the splendid old age which she had attained:

"I have lived to enjoy vigorous old age because of the clean, moral life of my forefathers."

Mrs. Osborne was descended from Thomas Mayhew, the first governor of Martha's Vineyard. This Thomas Mayhew was the first of a succession of five generations of Mayhews, who with great devotion and success labored among the Indians of Martha's Vine-

yard and the adjacent islands. For one hundred and sixty years, from 1646 to 1806, the members of this remarkable family gave themselves to the secular and especially the religious welfare of their red brothers. One of them, Rev. Experience Mayhew, labored in this service for sixty-four years, up to the age of eighty-five. Another of this goodly succession lived to be eighty-nine years old, and Governor Mayhew died at the age of ninety-two. Verily true of the Christian are the words of Isaiah's Messianic prophecy: "He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."

Among the things for which I am most profoundly grateful are my godly ancestors. Among my most earnest prayers is this, that I may carry on the noble succession. This much we may wisely take from the ancestor worship of the Chinese, that we may reverently acknowledge our debt to the strong men and women of the past, who have put so much health into our bodies and souls. You also owe this debt, do you not? Then pay it by noble living in your turn!

HEROISM.

Bound to Be a Hero.

A young man in California received several threatening letters, and indulged in fine, manly talk about the direful things he would do to the writers of those epistles. At last he made up a party of forty other young men, whom he took out to the bloody field where he was to satisfy his wounded honor. Our hero went eagerly ahead of the crowd, and his friends, though they saw nobody, heard a pistol-shot. Soon the valiant fellow appeared nursing his left hand, which had a bullet hole in it. He expected great applause, but some way his companions were suspicious. They

put the young man on the rack of rigid questioning, and at last made him confess that he had shot one hand with the other, and had himself written those threatening letters to himself. So he became conspicuous all right, but not in just the way he had planned.

It is easy to obtain notoriety; one has only to show one's self to be a big enough fool. But as nothing is easier than notoriety, nothing is more fallacious. The hero of the story just related cheated himself worse than he expected to cheat other folks. He wanted to be a hero; he succeeded only in being a ninny. He wanted to be praised; he merely got laughed at.

Heroism, in fact, is always unconscious. It can no more be planned for than the beauty of a rose or the fragrance of a violet. The mere desire to be a hero is unheroic, and vitiates its own purpose. The opportunity for heroism is met by the hero instinctively. He does not debate the deed, he just does it. A hero is a hero by character and not by logic. He never realizes that he is a hero; he is annoyed and embarrassed when others tell him of it. Trying to shoot one's self into a hero's renown simply puts a hole in one's hand and punctures, at the same time, the balloon of a silly ambition. Don't attempt it.

Didn't Want to Tell.

William J. Murphy was well known at Revere Beach, near Boston, where he was a life-guard for the thousands of bathers between 1897 and 1909.

He is said to have saved seventy-five lives.

He was the first around Boston to organize a volunteer life-saving association. He held a medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society for heroic rescues in the breakers.

He was bravest of the brave. He

never hesitated to go after a drowning man, whether to the bottom of the sea or far out over the wild waves.

He remained in the water the greater part of his working day, from 10 A. M. till 8 P. M., and he was always ready for signs of trouble.

"Sometimes," says his chief, "after he had rescued a man and I would call him into the office, it was hard work to get a statement from him to file in the records. A good many of his rescues at the bath-house I am satisfied were never reported. There is many a man alive and walking this earth to-day who has to thank Murphy for it, that no one else knows anything about."

In this account of William J. Murphy you may see two essentials of heroism: it is always ready for any need; and—it does not like to talk about it.

Ready.

It was in Boston, not far from the heart of the city. A robber walked coolly into a second-floor jeweler's office and pointed a revolver at a young woman, a bookkeeper, who was alone there. "Hold up your hands!" he ordered.

She did nothing of the kind. She turned her back on the man, walked to the back of the room, and threw in a switch that set going an electric alarm gong in the hall.

The man ran away. As only one tenant on the floor remembered that the gong was an alarm, the robber was not caught.

As he disappeared, the young woman became hysterical. She had earned that right.

What makes a hero or heroine? Just this readiness.

If that young woman had been obliged to stop and think, it would all have been up with her. The diamonds would have been taken from the safe,

and the robber would have escaped with them.

If she had waited to balance probabilities, whether he would fire or not, whether the gong would work or not, whether the robber would run or not, whether anyone would come or not, whether it paid to risk her life for some jewelry or not—if she had delayed for these considerations, she would not have been a heroine.

Heroic souls act from the instinct of heroism. That is all they have time for. They are ready.

Therefore heroism cannot be furnished up on order. It cannot be acquired when the need arises. It must have been the habit of one's mind for years. It must have become ingrained in the nature.

No one need be in doubt whether he will act heroically when the need arises, or act cravenly. Is he heroic now? or is he a coward? That is the only, the decisive, question.

And everyone may know.

HINDERERS.

Take Off the Emergency Brake.

A friend of mine is learning to run an automobile, and is having a series of exciting and amusing experiences—the exciting not being always amusing, by any means.

The other day he took his best girl (his wife, I should explain) and started off for a ride. Everything went well till he stopped at a garage for a supply of the necessary gasoline, and, in order to hold the car on the little slope, applied the emergency brake. After the gasoline had been poured in and paid for, he started off again.

But the start was a poor one. Trouble developed at once. He crawled along. He turned out for a woman with a baby carriage, and the car stopped. Then it stopped on a little hillside. He started it up again, and it would not budge. He applied more

power, and it thumped in a way that alarmed him considerably and his wife still more. At last he got it started uphill. It dragged itself to the top, gave a few sad pants, and then stopped again, utterly exhausted.

My friend examined the machine. Nothing seemed wrong. It had been going beautifully, and he did not want to go back to the garage for nothing. Besides, how could he get back there? He sat there and studied the matter, his studies being punctuated by sarcastic remarks from his best girl.

At last a happy thought occurred to him. He loosened the emergency brake, and off they flew on the wings of the wind—or of gasoline, which is quite as good.

The wonder is that the car had moved at all. Of course it would not have moved if the brake had been applied hard.

And the wonder is that a church or a society, or any other organization, will move at all under the pressure of the many emergency brakes that are continually applied to such institutions.

There are so many dear persons who are afraid the minister will run off into foolish notions.

There are so many who think the society is getting too headstrong.

There are so many who do not believe in newfangled ideas.

There are so many who do not like changes.

There are so many who are sure that something is going to be done wrongly.

There are so many who scent dangers.

And all these are applying the emergency brake, and applying it all the time and applying it good and hard.

Brothers, sisters, let up on it! An emergency brake is a good thing, but only in an emergency. Wait for the emergency. When it comes, pull the lever; but when it is not here, give the chauffeur and the engine a fair chance to prove what they can do.

HINDRANCES.**The Value of Rotaries.**

The old-fashioned way of getting rid of snow on railroads was by means of the primitive shovel. A storm would send every available man out on the road, and many were the back-aches next day.

The second step was the early form of the snow-plow, a form still in use wherever the Frost King is not too fierce in his operations. It is a wedge-shaped plow, which is pushed against the snow by locomotives behind it, and sometimes as many as seven locomotives have been hitched in line for that purpose. But the engines are liable to get off the track, and the method is clumsy and inefficient compared with the rotary snow-plow, which is the latest contrivance.

This rotary plow may be twelve or more feet in diameter. It consists of a series of rapidly revolving knife-edged scoops, that bore their way through the snow and ice and send it from fifty to a hundred feet to one side and the other. This snow-screw is rotated by its own engine, and the whole affair is propelled by one or two engines behind. It may move from two to twelve miles an hour, and it will conquer any snow bank that Boreas can heap together.

This evolution of the snow-plow contains a hint for all men that are obliged—as so many are—to force a way through opposing elements in the world.

You may push against them, ram them, propel yourself bluntly and headlong. You may get derailed. You may get a broken head. The obstructions will very likely be rammed out of the way, but it will be at great and unnecessary cost.

Try the rotary motion. Take the hindrances on the flank. A rifled cannon is a far more efficient weapon than a battering ram. A billy goat is not

a good model for our following. Bluntness is never a virtue, and it is always expensive. There is a better way.

Just an Overhanging Tree.

Do we think enough about keeping a clear way for other people alongside our lives?

In a lovely suburb of Boston is a beautiful tree, whose graceful branches overhang the street.

Along came a wagon, and the covered top caught in this drooping branch.

The strain on the wagon snapped the key bolt of the front axle, and the front wheels separated from the body of the vehicle.

The driver was dragged forward, and fell under one of the wheels.

The horse, with the shafts and wheels, started off to roam the streets, leaving the driver unconscious on the ground, with three broken ribs.

All of that because a branch of a tree was not trimmed out of people's way.

Every day I am obliged to dodge just such overhanging boughs, or awning fixtures, or other appurtenances of our complex city life.

Every day I get some new illustration of the duty so to manage one's personal pleasure and work and convenience as not to interfere with the great procession of existence.

"Live, and let live"—and the last is a "mighty" important factor in the first.

Slides.

From the beginning of the excavation of the Panama Canal up to the day of opening, no less than two years and three months of the time of the diggers was occupied in the removing of material that slid into the big ditch from the hills and banks at the side. One year the removal of the slides oc-

cupied twenty-four weeks and another year it actually occupied forty-four weeks, leaving only eight weeks for the real work of digging.

These slides confused the work and retarded it almost beyond measure. More than 250 acres of ground slid into the canal. More than thirty million cubic yards of material had to be removed in addition to what was in the direct course of the canal. Not all the horses and mules in the United States could draw this enormous mass. It would make a wall seven feet thick and seven feet high reaching from New York to San Francisco. It imprisoned dirt trains. It wrecked steam shovels. It broke up the water system and the system of compressed air. If it had not been for the slides the canal could have been used about a year earlier than it was.

But, after all, Colonel Goethals and Colonel Gaillard were contending with the difficulty that besets every worker. How much we could do if it were not for the slides! If we could simply do our legitimate work, unhindered by unexpected and haphazard obstructions! Now the slide is a headache. Now it is a long-winded caller. Now it is the failure of a co-worker to bring in his contribution to the task in season. Now it is bad weather. Now it is a break in machinery. Now it is some unreasonable extra demand upon our time. Whatever it is, it is a slide. Down it rushes from the hills, impetuous, irresistible, cruel. It smothers our plans, it wrecks our strength, it confuses and disheartens our spirit.

Well, what shall we do with the slides?

Do what Colonel Goethals and Colonel Gaillard did with them—haul them out of the way! Put them where they will do no further mischief! And go serenely on with our life-work, defying the worst slides to prevent us. In 1908 it was estimated that the cost of digging the canal would be 98 cents a

cubic yard for the whole cut. The next year Colonel Goethals brought the cost down to 78 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents a yard. And in 1912, when the slides were the most troublesome, the cost was crowded down to 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents. That is the way to conquer slides.

HOLINESS.

The Plain Path Upward.

A mountain climber, who was a novice, was climbing one of the White Mountains when he was seized with mountain sickness. As it was a very severe attack, he had to return to the foot of the mountain. He found great difficulty in doing this, however, because the path was poorly blazed and was overgrown with moosewood. As he ascended, the path above was plainly seen between the stems of the short trees or shrubs; but as he went downward, the path was completely hidden by the thick leaves on top of those stems on which he now looked down. He lost his way several times before, quite exhausted, he reached the inn from which he had set out.

This is exactly paralleled by one's experience in life. The upward path is plain, but in going downward, one is sure to become confused and lost. It is easy going downward in one sense—gravity pulls us—but in every other respect it is terribly hard.

HOME.

Home Hinderers.

"I know a husband," says the letter to me, "who gives up his Sabbaths largely to teaching in the Sunday school and to other work with and for young people. He is trying to be useful for Christ. But his wife wants him to stay home on Sunday. She thinks he is selfish, thinks he is doing too much for the church, more than a

Christian need do. This wife receives all of her husband's salary, and most of his evenings are spent at home, but still she is not happy."

My correspondent also tells of a mother who will not permit her daughter to join the church, because in that case she would have to give up worldly pleasures. The daughter, who is old enough for it, wishes to join. Now my correspondent wants me to write something that will meet these two cases.

Alas! in the day of final enlightenment I think we shall all be amazed to learn how many Christian lives have been thwarted or hindered by those at home that should have been the most eager and efficient helpers. When a wife does not sympathize with her husband's zeal for the Lord or a husband with his wife's; when a mother or father looks coldly upon the religious desires and activities of son or daughter, the wormwood of bitter estrangement is mingled with what should be one of earth's most delicious and satisfying draughts.

Of course—*of course* I would not have any member of the household neglect the duties owed to a home. They are as sacred as the duties owed to the church. Christ is in the home, and will miss us very quickly if our love and thoughts are not there.

But the home is only a means, not an end. It is one of the agencies for the building of Christ's kingdom on earth. The most lovely and loving of homes, if it is selfishly wrapped up in itself, if it has no loving outreach toward all the world, is no home for Christ. Wife is to help husband be a better worker for Christ; husband is to help wife, and mother and father are to help their children. This law is the highest and ultimate reason for marriage and parenthood. Everything else is a duty or a pleasure along the way to this supreme duty and pleasure.

For, as false love is the most selfish thing in the world, true love, Christian love, is the most superbly and happily unselfish.

Where Would Your Home Fall?

I am greatly pleased with an interesting advertisement with which the publishers of a certain widely circulated magazine are trying to persuade advertisers that it furnishes precisely the best medium for their use.

This advertisement is mainly a picture, a big picture occupying a large part of a newspaper page. It represents a great revolving cylinder. In this cylinder are many openings, smaller at the left and progressively larger toward the right. Through these openings houses are falling, and below the cylinder they are shown lying in three great piles. At the left is a pile of poor little houses, hardly more than huts. In the middle is a pile of houses slightly better, but still mainly tenements. On the right is a big pile of nice, comfortable houses, with many that are evidently inhabited by people of wealth and refinement. It is a distinguished-looking heap of homes. It is homes of the last class, the publisher declares, that take his magazine, and that, of course, the advertisers of the country want to reach through his magazine.

I have been thinking about that graphic appeal to the pocketbook, and I have been wishing that I could make an appeal to the soul.

If that cylinder should separate homes not by their wealth but by their Christian character, into which pile would *your* home fall?

The three heaps would be motley to the eye. Big houses would jostle little houses and tenements would, in many cases, tumble into the same pile as Newport cottages and Fifth Avenue palaces. But on the left would be the

homes that do not know Christ or practice His loving precepts, in the middle would be the careless half-way homes, and on the right would be such homes as Mary and Martha and John and Joseph of Arimathæa lived in—homes to which Christ loved to go, homes where He still to this day blessedly abides.

Ah, that is the real classification. That separation determines the homes that are really worth reaching. And if your home falls into the right pile it is the home of happiness and power, whether it is assessed for \$500 or \$500,000.

Home-wellness.

We all know what homesickness is. I well remember my first long absence from home. It came when I was thirty years old, and it was to be a permanent business. I bore it pretty well. Indeed, I did not admit to myself for a moment that I was homesick, and in the ordinary sense of the word I was not; but I was not able to think of my home at all. When thoughts would lead up to it, I had to spring to the switch and throw them off on another track. To this day I dare not let my memory play around that dear old home, take me into this familiar room and that, down into the basement, up into the attic, into my own little apartment where the books were, and the table at which I wrote, and the window that let in the starlight—ah, stop that! I am getting homesick this very minute!

Some folks make a virtue of homesickness. I will have none of it. If it is not your duty to be away from home, you ought not to be away from it; and if it is your duty to be away, you ought to rejoice even in that separation and not get sick over it. No; homesickness may not be avoidable, though I think it generally is. Whenever it comes, anyway, it is not a

thing to be proud of; it is at best a misfortune.

But the thing I do believe in is "home-wellness." "Home-wellness" is making the most of home while you have it.

How often we hear it said, "It is worth while to travel to have the joy of getting home again. One never realizes how good home is till one has been away from it for some time." How seldom we comprehend the disgrace involved in that remark!

For it is our business to understand the joys of home. It is our business to appreciate it while we are at home, and while our appreciation can do our dear ones and the precious home life some good, and not wait till we go away or till some confused return, whose transient emotions are so speedily forgotten.

Home-wellness thinks every morning as we rise: "How good it is to be a member of this household! How blithely the sun shines in at my window! How I bless God for this good home!" Home-wellness looks around at the breakfast table upon all the dear ones there, and shines out its gratitude from beaming eyes, and carols it out with cheery laugh and loving praises. Home-wellness goes through the entire day with a song in the heart. It irradiates the whole family with its satisfaction, for home-wellness is very contagious. It makes everyone work better and play better. And when the evening comes, and the sacred night takes the home in its keeping, it is a home of thanksgiving and peace that it broods under its ebon wings.

Homesickness is said to produce, very often, physical results as serious as a genuine disease; indeed, it deserves to be ranked with the diseases of the body as well as the maladies of the soul. But home-wellness is the opposite of disease; it is the household health.

Naming Our Homes.

A Missouri paper urges farmers to name their farms, and to register the names with the county clerk. "A bright name for a farm," says the State board of agriculture, "promotes pride, appeals to sentiment, lends dignity, fosters individuality, is valuable as a means of identification, and is a real business asset."

The same arguments apply to names for homes. In England the smallest suburban house is likely to possess a distinctive name, neatly displayed to the passersby. The custom is a very pleasant one, and must add much to the value of the home in the mind of every inmate. How much of our personality hinges upon our names! What would remain of it if, like prisoners, we were to our friends only No. 231 or No. 544? Yet that is the way we treat our homes.

HONESTY.

Paying for Paper.

Buyer: Mr. Butcher, what does the wrapping paper you put around my meat weigh?

Butcher: Oh, a mere trifle; my scales don't show it.

Buyer: Do you know that the paper, twine, and burlap in which meat is wrapped in the one State of New York cost the buyers three million dollars a year?

Butcher: Impossible!

Buyer: But a fact, nevertheless. Now I want my share of that three million dollars.

Butcher: How can you get it?

Buyer: By insisting that hereafter you weigh my meat before you put the paper under it, and that you get your meat weighed for you in the same style.

Butcher: But—but—ah——

Buyer: If you won't, I know a dealer that will.

Butcher: Of course I will, sir; anything to please a good customer like you. Anything more to-day?

HOSPITALITY.

The Front Door.

Once there was a man who, in building a new house, paid especial attention to the hall. It was elaborate and large, and graced with a very costly and beautiful staircase, with a carved balustrade ending in a handsome newel post. He was so proud of this stairway that he had it come straight down to the front door.

The front door also was elaborately carved, very heavy, made out of costly wood, adorned with a silver knocker.

The owner of this house was eager to impress his guests with his wealth and magnificence, and looked forward to the brilliant entertainment that he would give.

But, alas! when the builder came to hang the fine front door, it was discovered that it could open only about two feet before it struck the base of the handsome stairway, and it would not go back an inch further!

Moral: Display is the enemy of true hospitality.

HUMILITY.

Something about Fillers.

Several times I have set out to fill my fountain pen, and found I couldn't. You may be as wise as Solomon (which I am not—quite), but you can't fill a fountain pen without a filler; and it must be a filler that will work.

On those occasions I have gone to my filler and discovered that the rubber was so deteriorated that no elasticity was left in it. Or, perhaps,—a matter quite as serious,—a hole had developed in the bulb, and it couldn't suck up the ink. I insert the glass tube in the ink bottle. I squeeze the rubber

end vigorously. No use. The filler is as empty as when I began.

You can't pour ink into a fountain pen; that is, not without untoward results. An empty fountain pen calls for a filler, and for the only sort of filler that will meet the need,—a fountain-pen filler. There are fillers that are stoppers of bottles of fountain-pen ink. There are behemoth fillers, glorious affairs, so big in the bulb that they fill a pen with a single squeeze. But these also get old and cracked.

The success of a filler depends upon a vacuum. No filler will work unless it can empty itself, even of air. It must be empty before it can be filled, and it must be filled before it can fill the pen. If there is a crack so that the air can get in, no vacuum can be formed. If the rubber will not rebound from the squeeze, no vacuum can be formed. And no vacuum, no ink.

We have arrived, you see, at a very pretty moral. It is the humble spirit that learns. Empty yourself, if you would be filled. And it is the filled mind that alone can teach. Oh, so much in life depends upon humility! In the last analysis, does not *everything* depend upon it?

Bending Cathedrals.

It was in Stratford. I was visiting that central spot of the world's literary history, the church in which lies the dust of William Shakespeare. A very courteous and intelligent young man, connected with the church, was kindly pointing out the features of special interest, and among them he directed my attention to a matter new to me, though doubtless old enough to any student of architecture.

"Look," he said, "along the line of the pillars of the nave, up into the choir. Do you notice anything?"

Yes, I did. The line was noticeably bent, to the left.

"Now pass to the other side, and look."

I did, and saw the same thing, the twist being again conspicuous, and also to the left.

"It was a beautiful thought of the ancient monks," my guide explained. "They built their churches in the form of the cross, and they bent them thus to remind themselves of Christ's drooping form, as He hung upon the sacred tree."

It was indeed a beautiful thought. I have since seen it illustrated in several cathedrals, and it seemed to me the finest feature of each of them.

It is an illustration of that departure from symmetry which is often the truest beauty. It shows how the purpose of a thing should dominate its form. And it is a very lovely and appealing suggestion of the tendency that every Christian life should show, an eager willingness to bend from the way of pleasure, and elegance, and worldly success, if need be, that it may come into fellowship with Christ and enter into the spirit of the cross.

HUMOR.

Why the Water Tank Ran Over.

We had been having a great deal of trouble with the water tank in our bathroom. It ran properly, but it didn't stop properly. Drip, drip, drip at first, and then a steady stream day and night, and all the while the city of Newton piling up the water tax on us.

I looked into the tank. Things seemed all right, but they didn't sound all right. S-s-z-z, a tiny thread of sound was hissing there all the time. That meant a leak somewhere; but where?

My Greek didn't help me a particle in that emergency. There are lots of things not taught in college. So I had to call in the plumber.

That gentleman lighted his tallow candle, climbed the step-ladder, gave a professional grunt or two, and said, "Ballcock out of whack. Both ballcocks out of whack."

"Is that so?" I replied, hoping to find out what a ballcock is; but no more communications from the region of the tallow candle, so I had to ask for an explanation. My theory is, "If you don't sometimes astonish people with your ignorance, you will never astonish them with your knowledge."

I learned, therefore, and by personal examination I made my knowledge vivid to myself, that the ballcock is a valve attached to the water pipe, and provided with a long arm, at the end of which is a large hollow metallic globe. As the water is drawn out of the tank, this globe sinks, and in sinking pulls down the arm, opens the valve, and lets in fresh water to fill the tank. As this new water fills the tank, the level rises and the hollow globe rises with it, thus, when the water reaches a certain height, pushing up the arm so as to close the valve and shut off the water.

But the globe in my water tank was worn out, and was half full of water. It was too heavy to rise as far as it should. Therefore it never quite closed the valve, and the water kept trickling in, raising the level till it ran out through the waste pipe in a small but steady stream—useless except to the City of Newton that gets the taxes.

A new globe, properly empty, at once straightened things out; the plumber blew out his candle, and went to his office to make out his bill.

But I had learned a lesson worth several bills, and that was the old truth—the value of a sense of the ridiculous. An empty-headed sense, you say. Precisely. It is just because that metallic globe is empty-headed that it shuts the valve, and keeps back the impetuous rush of water that would swamp my bath-

room and purse. There are men whose sense of the ridiculous is worn out; there has come an inrush of business cares, of frets and troubles, and their hearts are as heavy as the sea of care in which they float. Therefore it rises higher and higher; there is no way to shut it out.

Don't you see why men use that adjective in speaking of this part of our minds—why they call it a *saving* sense of the ridiculous?

HYPOCRISY.

"Mr. Sunshine."

He had the merriest smile imaginable, and everyone called him "Mr. Sunshine"—that is, almost everyone.

He would dismiss an old employee with a face like a jolly saint.

He would hum "Let a little sunshine in" while writing an order for the eviction of a tenant back in rent because of sickness.

He would send a bushel of potatoes to a poor widow and foreclose a mortgage on the home of another poor widow, all in an hour.

He would lay his hands in benediction on the heads of little children, and lay his hands on their fathers' savings—not in benediction.

He would give a dime to a beggar so graciously that one almost forgot the beggars he had made.

No wonder he was called "Mr. Sunshine"—by all but a few. But those few will name him for eternity.

The Unwise Snake.

Once there was a snake who was greatly displeased at the horror he seemed to excite in everyone. He was conscious of his innocence and could not understand why everybody ran away from him, or, if they stopped, threw sticks and stones at him with cries of anger. He concluded that it was merely on account of his personal

appearance, and made up his mind to change that. Therefore, placing his tail in his mouth and forming himself into a perfect circle, he stiffened himself so that he appeared perfectly wooden. In this condition he was found by some children, who pounced upon him with eagerness, crying out, "Oh, what a pretty green hoop!" Taking a stick, they began to trundle the "hoop," giving it a smart blow with the stick at every revolution. The poor snake endured this torture as long as he could, and then took an opportunity to roll off among the bushes and speedily assume his proper shape and slip into his hole. "I have learned," said the snake, "that however unfortunate one's lot, nothing is to be gained from pretending to be something else."

Platinum Counterfeits.

Once an English photographer deposited in his bank, among other pieces of money, a much-worn sovereign. He was amazed to find afterwards that he had been credited with a guinea. In reality, the coin was a counterfeit; but the base was of platinum, heavily gilded. Now, though platinum, at the time when the counterfeit was probably made, was worth about one-third as much as gold, it is now more valuable than the yellow metal. This is because so little of it is mined, and there is so great use for it in the arts and industries.

It is quite unusual, as will be agreed, to find a counterfeit that is more valuable than it pretends to be; but in the domain of the spirit this discovery may be made all the time. Indeed, spiritual counterfeits are always of the platinum variety.

What I mean is this: that in spiritual counterfeiting the counterfeiter gives away quite priceless possessions, for which he never gets an adequate return. He may be counterfeiting

piety, or virtue, or love, or honesty, or industry. Into every counterfeit he puts his honor, his happiness, his self-respect, his hope, his character, and his eternal welfare!

A valuable coin, that! No need of gilding it, surely! The only difference between it and the platinum sovereign is that its metal is of use to no one but the counterfeiter. But to him, ah, how priceless! And how endlessly foolish is this counterfeiting in the realm of spiritual realities!

"No Smoking Allowed."

"NO SMOKING ALLOWED" is the sign, in big, staring letters, which confronts me every time I enter my railway station. It is the most conspicuous of many notices upon the walls. Yet no one can stick his nose inside the room without being assaulted with tobacco fumes. The floor is filthy with the remains of cigars and cigarettes. The air is vile with the choking smell. In the center of the waiting-room is a large glass case full of tobacco in all forms, for sale. The ticket-seller smokes in his office. Many of the trainmen smoke voluminously in the waiting-room. The patrons of the road smoke there, of course, without hindrance. It is one room for men and women, and those that do not like the smoke may go outdoors and wait there for their train. Men and women are driven to do this constantly. Yet on the wall, month after month, that foolish sign stares at us, "NO SMOKING ALLOWED."

Doubtless the railway officials felt very virtuous when they put up that hypocritical notice. Doubtless tobacco-haters and lovers of fresh air took them at their word, and rejoiced. But it was only a notice; it meant nothing; with no watching back of it, no rebuke or punishment if it was not observed, how could it mean anything?

That sign has come to be a symbol

in my thinking. It stands to me for the many, many outward professions that men make with little or no thought of the inward meaning. Churchgoing without heart worship; Bible-reading without life obedience; the polite smile without soul sympathy; songs without thought of what the words signify; prayers by rote; votes by party; company manners—ah, the world is full of signs like “NO SMOKING ALLOWED”! While I sit in that waiting-room and choke over the stale tobacco fumes let me go over these signs in my life. Let me not tear them down, for they are good signs; let me valorously determine to live up to them.

IDEALS.

Try for the Best.

An editor of experience was advising a young writer in regard to sending out manuscripts, and said: “If you have confidence in your work, send it first to the leading magazines, and not to your town paper. If it is a book, begin with the very best publishers.” He cited the case of a young woman who was about to offer her first novel to a fourth-rate house. He advised her to send it to a certain honored firm which many considered to be at the head of the American publishing business, and the book was promptly accepted. The principle holds true of all effort. If a programme is to be formed, try for the best speakers; you may have to come down to the second-best, but you may be surprised to find that the subject or the occasion particularly appeals to the speaker you had despaired of obtaining. Thus also if you are choosing an occupation, if you are making friends, if you are cultivating your mind, aim at the best, the most exalted, the thing that seems impossible. Do not conclude that God does not mean it for you till you have given Him a chance.

Altitude and Vision.

Balloons are wonderful things! How wonderful they are, the wise men are only beginning to find out. Here is one of their discoveries.

Dr. Daulnoy, an eye specialist of Paris, investigated the way the eye acts at a balloon altitude of six thousand feet. He was surprised to find how sharp the vision became at that splendid height. Flinging a bottle downward, he and the two others in the balloon could follow it in its flight to the lake into which it plunged, and could even make out the neck of the bottle as it disappeared in the water.

The doctor observed that the pupils of the eyes were dilated, and the sensibility of the optic nerve was increased. The arterial circulation in the retina was much more rapid than where the air-pressure is greater, and it is thought that medicines applied to the eye in certain severe and practically hopeless diseases of the precious organ would be far more efficacious if applied at such high altitudes.

At any rate, whether there is hope here for the blind and the half-blind or not, there is here a very noteworthy spiritual analogy. If you want to see things clearly, get up into the upper regions! Rise above the heavy atmosphere of earth's bargains and clamors and ambitions. The heart is more active there, the spirit is enfranchised, the vision is undimmed. If you want to see clearly both God and man, both duty and destiny, then for at least a few minutes every day mount your balloon, and rise into the upper regions of the soul!

“How Many Shingles?”

We were looking at a magnificent pine-tree. Its great trunk rose straight and proud, and carried a superb array of level branches. Masses of soft dark green stood out against a crimson sunset. All the rough strength of his

woodland majesty was swathed in the tender glow. It was a corner of God's vast outdoor cathedral, a splendid shrine, full of awful beauty. Our voices were hushed, and our thoughts went heavenward.

But not the thoughts of all. For as we stood there, wrapped in silent delight, one of our number spoke out; and this is what he uttered:

"Say, how many shingles do you suppose that tree would make?"

It was the voice of America breaking in on the dreams of Europe. It was the marketman rudely jostling the artist at his easel. It was to-day impudently accosting eternity.

What are we to do with such incompetents, whose weazened lives have no room in them for loveliness or loftiness, but only for a pile of bank-notes and estimates?

We can do nothing with them; they are hopeless cases. But we can take care that we do not become like them.

We can see to it that some part of every day is consecrated to the imperishable, that our souls are fed daily with the sight of some noble picture, the words of some great poem, the sound perhaps of some worthy music, and always the authentic communion with the Lord of hosts, the Creator of beauty. We can refuse to tie ourselves to the lower levels of our lives. We can render our burdens detachable. We can recognize the transitory and cleave to the enduring. However severe our drudgery must be, we can save some little time from the shingles, and give it to the pine.

Firing at a Geometric Point.

Modern artillery men do not fire at an enemy in sight—at least, not very often. When they do so fire it is said that their aim is not so deadly as when they fire at an enemy whom they cannot see. The enemy may be

over the brow of a hill or behind a forest; nevertheless, the guns will be fired directly at him and the shell will reach him.

This is brought about by the use of mathematics. The officer in charge takes his position on some high place, such as a church tower or hilltop. Or, he may remain on the level ground and may receive the reports of aviators who have scanned the entire country from the clouds. At any rate, he knows just where the enemy is.

Then he proceeds with "triangulation." He knows the distance to his gun and the two angles at this base line, and he can therefore direct the gunner how to fire if he does a little figuring.

Thus also in the battle of life we gunners often have to aim at an unseen mark. We cannot tell just where our goal is. We do not know just what to do or how to plan. But we do know what we want to accomplish in the end, and that ultimate purpose is the key to our success. There are principles of successful life, and they are as sure as the laws of mathematics. These life principles are truth and love and zeal and prudence and fidelity and industry and faith. They reach out into the unseen. They grapple with hidden enemies. They enable us to walk in the dark and fight in the dark and at last to win our victories. And it is safer to rest upon these principles, though they lead out into the unseen, than to live for lower aims that we can fully compass with our limited vision. For the triumphant life, now and eternally, is the life of high ideals.

IDEAS.

Wanted, a Separator.

Did you ever see a cranberry-separator? It is a fascinating machine to me, but I am not sure that I can explain it. It is a simple affair to look

at, and you think you understand it, but, somehow, you don't after all.

It looks not unlike a miniature threshing machine. On the top at the back is a hopper into which the cranberries are poured, a box full at a time. They are of all sorts, just as they have been pulled from the vines by the rapid little rakes of the cranberry-pickers. Some are decayed. Some are dried up. Some are worm-eaten. Most are hard and firm. There are little stones among them. There are sticks and leaves.

All of this must be sifted, and only the good berries taken out. That is the problem of the machine, and it solves it beautifully. As the handle is turned the mixed-up mess falls down on an upward moving incline made of firm cloth—rubber, if I remember correctly. The hard, solid berries bounce as they fall, and keep bouncing down the incline till they tumble into a box below. The poor berries have no bounce in them, and the stones are too heavy to bounce, and the leaves, of course, do not bounce, so they are all carried up with the moving cloth and fall over its upper edge into another box.

There is more to it than that, of course, but that is the gist of the contrivance, and it is a very shrewd arrangement.

As I look at it I wish that someone would invent a similar machine into which one could put a mess of ideas and turn a crank and sift out the poor ones from the good ones. What a lot of rubbish gets into our scheming brains, and how difficult it often is to distinguish the wise from the unwise, the sound from the foolish! Time is an unfailing separator, to be sure, but his method is a slow and painful one. I want some way of picking out the good plans before they get mixed up with life.

Come to think of it, I believe I have heard of some such machine. It is

made by the firm, as I remember it, of Consecration & Commonsense. Have you ever tried it, and does it work?

IGNORANCE.

"Defense d'Afficher."

Don't be cocksure, when your real knowledge isn't worth a single crow.

I am moved to this remark by a little experience of mine in Geneva, Switzerland.

A group of us were walking along the line of the old wall, and talking, as we walked, about the stirring history the ancient town had seen, and especially about the climax of it all, the "Long Night" celebrated by Stanley Weyman in his novel, when the foe nearly took the city by storm, but were repulsed with great bravery by the citizens.

We knew that the repulse was somewhere near where we were, and that it was marked by a memorial placed upon the wall.

"There it is!" suddenly said one of our party, pointing to a sign painted upon the stones. It read:

DEFENSE D'AFFICHER.

"Sure enough," exclaimed others, looking at the first speaker with sudden respect, and the awe which those ignorant of a foreign language have for those that are proficient in it. "Sure enough. Defense! Here is where they defended the city!" And they stepped reverently over the spot consecrated by the blood of heroes.

I did not deceive them, though I had seen the real memorial—a very inspiring one—a little further along, and though I was aware that the sign (everywhere to be seen in French countries) means merely

POST NO BILLS.

It was simply a very laughable illustration of the folly of jumping at conclusions from the springboard of

ignorance. One is certain to land upside down.

Don't do it!

Don't pretend to translate French if you don't know French.

Don't pretend to any knowledge that you don't possess.

Don't pretend at all.

And even—this will be safer still—let folks think you know a little less than you do know.

Then you may surprise them some day.

IMAGINATION.

Conservative Ballooning.

From Geneva, Switzerland, comes the good news of a balloon fastened to a railway. An Austrian got it up, the ingenious Mr. Balderauer. He laid a single rail up the sides of a very steep mountain near Salzburg. Then he placed a car on the rail, and fastened a balloon to the car, about thirty feet above it.

You get into the car, the conductor says, "All aboard"; the hydrogen begins to lift in the balloon, and off you—fly, shall we say?—up the mountain to the very top. If you are going too fast, there is friction to be applied to the rail. If the balloon should become cranky, it could be let go in a second, and an automatic brake would prevent the car from falling. The motion is smooth, as exhilarating as flight, and covers hundreds of feet in a few seconds. When the balloon has done its work, a water reservoir in it is filled from a stream at the top of the mountain, and then its own weight carries it down. Herr Balderauer is a regular Yankee.

The contrivance is not likely to be of immediate value to me, as a vehicle, but it has already proved useful to me as a suggestion.

For that is the way, I think, I must go ballooning, hereafter, in the mental realm. I must not allow my fancies to

run away with me. I must lay a track for them, I must hitch them to a car, I must set them to work.

I think I'll get quite as much fun out of them, and then, there will be the price of the tickets!

IMITATION.

On Lending a Pen.

Probably everyone has observed that the owners of fountain pens are loth to lend them. They do not care to lend them even for a signature, and when the request is for a longer period, it is with fear and foreboding that they let their darlings pass out of their hands.

This is not pure selfishness, either. A fountain pen becomes in a very real way a part of its owner. It grows fitted to his hand. Does he write back-hand? Is he a devotee of the vertical system? Is his penmanship a fine Italian script? Does he emulate John Hancock in the vigor of his chirography? Whatever his style of writing may be, his pen soon learns it. The sympathetic instrument "gets on to his curves," as the baseball slang is. It accommodates itself to the favorite position of his hand. The nib, as it wears, forms itself at right angles to the slant of his writing. In its owner's hand, it runs smoothly, responsively, almost like a thing of life.

But in another hand,—ugh! The nib is at cross purposes with the new position, and scratches and splutters. Lucky if it does not catch in the paper and break off. There is no sympathy, no ease, no responsiveness, nothing but unwillingness and antagonism. The pen is like a snarling cat in the arms of a strange visitor, and its owner listens with dismay to its protestations. If, by chance, the instrument returns unharmed, its temper is ruffled, and some time is required to smooth its fur again.

Every man to his own tools! That is a good rule of thought and action. Whatever the tool may be, wit, argument, pleasantry, invective, science, philosophy, pleading, the matter-of-fact wisdom of practical life, let each man use the tool to which he is accustomed, and not try to do his own work with another's instrument. Be yourself, and you will be your best possible. Build upon your own past, and you will build as high as you can hope to go. Use your own pen, and you will turn out the best penmanship.

IMPROVEMENT.

Without Disturbing the Traffic.

When they began the construction of subways, it was an annoying process. The streets for miles were rendered impassable, chasms yawned up and down the city, and for many months there was great disturbance to traffic and great loss of business. Now, however, all that is changed. The work is done with hardly a break in the surface, only a small shaft here and there for the quiet removal of dirt and entrance of steel girders and bags of cement, usually in the night. The city hardly realizes that a subway is under construction till, one fine day, it is invited to use it.

The entire process is illustrative of the way a wise man will make improvements in his life and effect changes in his thinking. Quietly, without fuss, he will be at work under the surface, removing what is useless and building up what is useful, until he has constructed a brand-new and greatly improved method of existence or course of thought. The best things should be done in the best way.

INDEPENDENCE.

Wise Emptiness.

In Waltham, Mass., the famous watch town, they completed and

shipped to England the biggest watch in the world. It went, appropriately, to the biggest city in the world, London, where it was hung in front of the American Waltham Watch Company's building.

Its case is of aluminum finished in gold, and it is five feet in diameter. Its dials—for it has two, one on either side of the watch—are four feet across. One dial is fitted out with Roman numerals and the other with Arabic.

But—and this is why I am telling you about the monster timepiece—inside, it is empty! It has no watch movement at all,—only a simple mechanism connecting its hands with one of the best timepieces the Waltham Company could make, which is kept inside the building, and is electrically connected with the hands on the outside watch.

Well, why shouldn't it be empty? It is hollow, but it isn't a "hollow mockery." It tells the time, and tells it accurately; what more do you want of a watch?

Indeed, it tells the time far more accurately than it would were the works inside it. You have all observed how unreliable are clocks exposed to the weather. Now the sun beats hard upon them. Now the sleet cakes upon them. Now the winds shake them. Now the mists creep into them. No wonder they often get too fast or too slow. No wonder they often stop altogether.

But the timepiece within doors is protected against all this, and the electric current does not mind it at all, so that our Waltham watch will move regularly and steadily on, and all London will set its watches by it.

Brethren, you see the point, do you not? For in our lives, those things of space and time, an empty watch-case, with the right connection, is better, far better, than a case filled with independent works. "Empty yourselves," the preachers exhort; and they mean just this. Be content to be nothing, or

next to nothing,—just moving hands and a speaking face,—if only Christ will be all in all within you. Let the electric throb of divine control direct you, and you need no wisdom or power of your own, no wisdom or power besides. Men will look up to you, and by you will even regulate their lives.

Self-fillers.

My fountain pen is not of the self-filling sort. I must hunt up my glass-tube-rubber-bulb combination every time my pen runs dry; and if the glass tube isn't broken and the rubber bulb isn't cracked, I can get my pen to running wet again.

But there are fountain pens that are self-fillers. When they run dry, you have only to insert the pen end in the bottle of ink, and then pull out a piston rod, or rotate a screw, or press a bulb in the side, and lo! the reservoir is full again, ready for another quire of wisdom or folly.

It is convenient, undoubtedly. It must already have saved the recording angel many an entry of profanity. To say nothing about ink on the fingers and the table-cloth and the carpet. I wish my pen were a self-filler.

Better still, and more to the point, I wish *I* were a self-filler.

For sadly much of my filling I am indebted to others. Can't fill up my reservoir of good cheer without their help. Or of courage and faith. Or of practical wisdom. Must hunt them up,—some book, some friend, some circle of friends,—or my life is a distressful blank, meaningless as white paper.

I want to be independent of other folks in a matter so important as my soul reservoirs, just as I would not depend on them for my dinner, or for my daily measure of fresh air. I want to include within my own being all necessary instruments, facilities, and powers. I do not want to be at the

mercy of broken glass tubes and cracked rubber bulbs.

Of course, I am not forgetting that the source of supply must always be outside me, as it is outside my friends upon whom I am depending. I realize, too, that no fountain pen, be it the very latest patented "self-filler," can fill itself. Always a Hand must pull the rod, rotate the screw, or press the bulb. But I would be in personal touch with the source of supply. I would not depend upon an intermediary. In this sense, I would be a self-filler.

And if I want to be, and want it hard enough, I, unlike my fountain pen, can be.

Why Chairs?

A lecturer at the Harvard Medical School has deplored the use of chairs.

The chair is a comparatively modern institution. Early man had no need of chairs. Orientals to this day do not use them.

Our dependence upon chairs has weakened our back muscles, with consequent weakening of the many functions depending upon them.

Chairs seldom fit the back, and a poorly fitting chair deforms the back while it pretends to aid it.

Chairs hold us in one position and prevent the free movement that nature intended.

Sitting on the floor without a back to lean against strengthens our spines and the muscles of the legs as well as those of the back. Rising to our feet still further develops our muscles.

So run the arguments of the physiologist. They sound reasonable, but what is one to do? Try to sit on the floor or on a bench without a back, and before many minutes you will have ample evidence of your dependence upon the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer. Many decades of subservience to chairs on the part of us

and our parents have made us their permanent slaves. Only a long-continued course of gymnastics with this aim definitely in view can put stamina into our backs and ransom us, at least in part, from this slavery.

In this matter, as in so many others, we come to the stern principle that man is strong in proportion as he is independent of things. Learn to be self-sufficient. Learn to do without. Learn to be satisfied with what God has placed within your immediate reach and undisputed possession. Do not allow your happiness or comfort on earth to be bound up with anything that is not readily and easily and everywhere obtainable. This is a wise rule; it is a Christian rule as well. It is a part of that emancipation from this earth which has so large a share in fitting us for heaven.

Our grandmothers took pride in sitting bolt upright, their backs at no point touching the backs of their chairs. In this matter, as in many others, we cannot do better than imitate them.

INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT.

Going Right to the Spot.

An epidemic of diphtheria broke out in a kindergarten in Germany. The old way would have been to shut up the school and watch all the children for symptoms of the dread disease. The new and better way was this:

A bit of mucus was taken from the throat of each child and examined. Several throats showed diphtheria germs. These children were then tested by the introduction under the skin of a fluid which set up a little local disturbance if the child really had diphtheria, but did not do so if the child was free from the disease. The children whose reaction showed that they really had diphtheria then received the regular serum treatment, and got along finely because they had been taken so early.

A week later the tests were all repeated on all the children, so as to make no mistake. Eight children in all were found to have diphtheria, and they were promptly cured. Thus the school was continued as usual, and there was no epidemic.

That is the way to get at disease of all kinds, including that worst of all diseases—sin. Do not rely upon wholesale methods. Go right to the person affected or possibly affected. Study him. Treat him. Work with him. Isolate him, if necessary. Bend all your energies upon curing him. You will usually succeed.

Wholesale remedies are easy to apply. It is easy to close the schools when any disease appears. It is easy to wait till the children come down with the disease. But then the hard part comes. Then the disease spreads rapidly, and you soon have on your hands a disaster of considerable magnitude. By wise, strict, individual treatment you could have kept the trouble down to one or to very few.

Hand-to-hand methods are harder at first, but they are much easier in the end.

INDUSTRY.

He Sawed Wood.

Once there were seven sawyers, and each had a cord of wood to saw.

Said the first sawyer: "This wood is green, and the saw sticks in it. I will go away and wait till it gets dry." He did so.

Said the second sawyer: "This saw is dull, and I can never saw a cord of wood with it. I will tell the master to have it sharpened, and then I will saw the wood for him." He did so.

Said the third sawyer: "This wood is knotty, and will be very hard to saw. I will ask the master to change it for straight wood, which I will gladly saw for him." He did so.

Said the fourth sawyer: "This wood is hickory, which is twice as hard to saw as oak. I will ask the master to swap it for a cord of oak, and then I will saw for him." He did so.

Said the fifth sawyer: "It is very hot to-day. I will wait till it gets cooler." He did so.

Said the sixth sawyer, "I have a headache, and will wait till I feel well." He did so.

The seventh sawyer had green wood, and knotty wood, and it was hickory. He also had a dull saw, and a headache. The day was hot for him too.

But he sharpened the saw and set it, so that it flew through the knotty hickory, and did not stick at all. The exercise drove away his headache, and the perspiration cooled him off.

At the end of the day the master gave him the six other cords of wood to saw.

Dewey's Delight.

At the close of his autobiography Admiral Dewey wrote a characteristic paragraph: "A gratifying feature of the rank of Admiral of the Navy, which Congress had given me, was that I was to remain in active service for life. While I lived there would be work to do."

This gallant desire of the Admiral's was fulfilled. He was kept at work—worthy and honorable work, work suited to his tastes and to his great abilities. An idle life would have killed him.

How many there are who, far from sharing Dewey's delight in "active service for life," look forward to nothing else so eagerly as to a life of inaction! When duty is all done, their pleasure will be begun.

Of course we know that it is not so. The primal curse is not the curse of labor, but of drudgery. Labor, of proper kind and in due measure, is one of man's greatest blessings. Dewey was right.

The Pigeon-hole Snare.

Years ago John Willis Baer had in his office in our building a roll-top desk, with, on top of it, an extension full of pigeon-holes,—about forty of them. He took it into his head one day to do away with that desk and install in its place a broad table containing a few drawers. He asked me if I would not like the desk and the set of pigeon-holes on top, and I jumped at the chance. The desk had a few more compartments than the one I had been using, and there were about forty additional pigeon-holes. I was enraptured, as Mr. Baer knew I would be.

Since that time, I assure you, those pigeon-holes have been full. What has slipped into them no one but an editor can realize, because no one but an editor knows the vast variety of stuff that an editor has an opportunity to accumulate—is compelled to accumulate, almost. Indeed, an editor's life is a running fight against the on-rushing waves of written and printed paper. Letters, manuscripts, papers, clippings, programmes, cards, proofs, memoranda, schedules, engravings, books—the flood is endless and insistent.

And pigeon-holes are so convenient for it! At the end of a long, hard day, with a desk still discouragingly littered with all sorts of abominable stuff, and with your stenographer, however willing, yet needing to go home, a happy thought takes possession of you—the pigeon-holes! You rapidly classify that mass. Unanswered letters pop into one pigeon-hole, unread manuscripts into another, memoranda of articles to write into a third, memoranda of articles to ask for into a fourth, and so on.

There is so much virtue in classification. The pigeon-holes absorb it all with so much alacrity. Your desk looks so clean and neat when you are through. You shut it up with satisfac-

tion. And you open it the next morning with equal satisfaction. It is bare of all reproaching litter. No tasks awaiting you stare you in the face. Your mind accommodately passes by the fact that they are hidden away in the pigeon-holes. You enter upon the day with a light heart.

Once this pigeon-hole trick is learned it is easily repeated, till it soon grows into the pigeon-hole habit. The pigeon-holes become crammed. Before long they will hold no more. Then it is the turn of the drawers, and they also are crowded. Then some fine day you wake up to the fact that the entire desk is full of postponed duties. In dismay you haul out the contents of a pigeon-hole. With growing dismay you examine it, and discover accusing dates upon the letters, and note the memoranda that should long ago have been attended to. Oh, the day of reckoning comes to every culprit of the pigeon-hole! Well for him if he grits his teeth, sets himself to clearing out those traps for sloth, and, after they are cleared out, resolutely shuts the roll-front down over them and throws the key out of the window!

That is what I intend to do. No more pigeon-holes for me! No more pigeon-holes in my desk—or, if I retain them, they shall be used not for tasks but for tools. And, more than that, no more pigeon-holes in my mind. For it is as easy to pigeon-hole a duty in the mind as a letter in the desk.

Work is Not Everything.

A Boston workman was whitewashing a ceiling. He gave impartial attention to the wires and the thermostat of the automatic fire-alarm. Calmly he brushed away, ignorant of the disturbance he was exciting in the delicate contrivance.

His whitewash brush had summoned the fire department. The automobile engine rushed from the engine

house ten blocks away. A Protective Department automobile rushed after it. A district chief in his red car with the gong sounding vigorously dashed along the congested streets.

They all pulled up at the quiet building and asked for the fire. Led by a mystified janitor, they went poking from room to room, from floor to floor. No flame, no smoke, no smell of fire. At last they came to the room where the workman was whitewashing the ceiling, and at once perceived the cause of the alarm.

The workman did not turn his head, but kept on brushing. "Don't you see you are operating the fire-alarm?" they shouted indignantly. "What alarm?" the workman asked, continuing his labors. And through all the colloquy that followed he did not rest his brush or even turn his head.

From this little story it ought to be easy to perceive that industry, even the much-applauded "unremitting industry," is not enough. Industry ought to be remitted long enough to permit the worker to do a little thinking on his job.

INFLUENCE.

The Taut Cord.

I was giving a stereopticon lecture. The operator, instead of handing me a stick to hammer on the floor when I wanted to change the picture on the screen, or a little electric button to squeeze in my hand, gave me a cord, and told me to pull it.

He showed me how that cord ran along the floor past the front seats, turned on a little flat pulley he had tacked to the carpet, and then ran down the main aisle of the church to—his leg! so that when I wanted a new picture, I was to pull on his leg!

I began my lecture by confessing to the audience my nervousness over the novel arrangement, and asking their

co-operation in the way of stopping the operator if my over-zealous jerk should haul him down the aisle.

The operator told me that on one occasion he was using that same contrivance with a very excitable man, who, for fear, I suppose, of losing connection, pulled the cord taut all the time, so that his signal became confused, and the pictures became a jumble. The lecturer, quite unconscious of his mistake, thought a certain man in the front seat had his foot on the cord. In despair at last he called for the lights, adding, "There's an elephant has his foot on my signal cord!"

Then the long-suffering operator spoke up.

"Brother," said he, "you will get along all right if you will let up on the cord a little while yourself, and don't pull it taut all the time."

The lecture went more smoothly after that hint.

It is a hint needed by many folks that never get on lecture platforms.

Your influence over people, my brother, depends quite as much upon your silence as your speech, on what you do not say as on what you do say.

Do not try to be influencing people all the time. Let up on the cord. You know what nagging means. The nagger is the most uninfluential man on earth. Speak a quiet word of advice at the right time, and then talk about something else for a month. Do not ask help unless and until you really need it. Do not issue a single command until you mean to be obeyed.

"Steady dropping wears away the stone" is the motto in which many folks delight.

A far better motto is this: "The rests are the life of the music."

Let Your Light Shine.

The French Academy of Sciences once received a report from Major Darget regarding some of the most remarkable

experiments of recent years. It seems that every human body gives out rays of greater or less intensity. These rays, like the X-rays, are able to influence a photographic plate. Thus Darget placed on a man's forehead a photographic plate protected by triple covers. Within it was a paper printed on one side only, the white side being in contact with the sensitive plate. After this bundle had been held against the man's forehead for an hour it was found that the rays from the brain had printed the letters upon the photographic plate. The experiment was successfully repeated by others.

It was found that the sun itself, though the bundle of plate and envelopes was exposed to its most powerful rays, made no impression upon it. It was also found that the rays differed in their results, according to the health of the subject and his state of mind. Metallic plates placed between the forehead and the photographic plate changed the reproduction to images like those caused by electric discharges.

One is reminded at once of Christ's saying, "Ye are the light of the world," and His command, "Let your light shine." Just as truly as we seem to be giving out literal rays, we are certainly giving out rays of influence. Some day the wise men may be able to take snap-shots of us that will show just what we are thinking about and what we have been thinking about; but these rays of influence of which Christ spoke, this spiritual light, has always made itself visible. It is always necessary for us to make manifest to the discerning eye just what sort of men and women we are.

"If the light that is in thee be darkness," was Christ's warning, "how great is that darkness!" The wise men may be able some day to show us a coal-black picture, the horrible revelation of our inner dungeon, the prison house that we have made for our souls.

The Floors Below.

It is a five-story building in the heart of Boston. In the top story is the establishment of one of the city's leading photographers, with its reception room, its room for taking the pictures, and its rooms for developing and printing. In the latter, of course, is an abundant supply of water.

Last Saturday night (as I write) someone left a faucet open in the developing room, and then calmly went home. The janitor did not notice it; probably the janitor was not allowed in the room at all. No one came on Sunday, which speaks well for this photographer's establishment and for Boston. And then, when they came to open up on Monday morning, what a sight!

The water, running for thirty-six hours, had flooded the photographic establishment, damaging draperies, curtains and carpets. The third and fourth floors contain the rooms of a ladies' restaurant, one of the daintiest in the city. Here everything was soaked by the leak from above. On the second floor is a milliner's store, full of lovely ribbons, velvets, flowers and feathers. Drip—drip—drip—drip, all night, all day, all night again, and much of this expensive finery was destroyed. On the first floor is a shoe store, and the flood made inroads here into the delicate slippers and costly shoes. The damage in all amounted to thousands of dollars, and just because some careless worker opened a faucet, drew off some water, and then forgot to close the faucet again.

Ah, brothers, sisters! we are all living in tiers; one above another, one below another, individuals, families, neighborhoods, towns, States, countries! Sometimes you occupy the fifth floor, sometimes the fifty-first, sometimes the twentieth, for we are restless folks, and do not "stay put." May day, moving day, comes often.

Half the time you do not know who is just above you, or who is immediately below. No one knows who occupies the floors all the way down, or all the way up. Life is a vast office building, extending so far into the clouds as to make the Woolworth Building green with envy.

But, though you do not know the other folks, even those on the next floor, you know that they are there, and they know that you are there. Folks, folks, folks, packed in tiers, layer upon layer, layer below layer, endlessly!

Therefore, turn off the faucets! Therefore, be careful how you live! Therefore, take heed of what you fail to do as well as of what you do!

A little heedlessness—how it accumulates! How soon it becomes a flood! And then—drip, drip, drip—how soon and how far it leaks through! The life below, the life below that, and the life below that—why, no one knows when and where it will stop!

Your bad-temper faucet, running not water but acid. Oh, shut it off, shut it off! There are delicate fabrics below, lovely colors, beautiful bits of character that cost months to fashion, and your flood of bad temper will spoil it all.

Your worry faucet—a black stream, a stream of ink. Your base-thought faucet, running mud, an evil-smelling mud. Your malice faucet, giving forth hot water, blistering, scalding. Shut them off! Seal them up tight!

You don't care for the old carpets in your room of life? You don't mind living in a mess from a running faucet? There are folks on the floors below. They mind, if you do not. No one liveth to himself, that is, no one lives on the ground floor.

And you would be shocked if you realized who is suffering from your open faucet. You may not care about the person immediately below you, though you should—your sister, per-

haps, or your "best friend." But the minister, the grand and beloved Dr. Angel? Yes, and that distinguished Professor Sage? Yes, and Judge Law, in his position of great responsibility? Would you ever think them in range of your drip—drip—drip? Well, they are.

Get over this idea that you are living in a little bungalow, a one-storied affair, in the center of a ten-acre lot. Nonsense! You are in the Woolworth Building of the Universe, and you are on the ten thousand, three hundred and forty-first floor!

INSIGNIFICANCE.

When It Pays to Be Little.

One thing was made evident by the war between Japan and Russia, namely, that bigness is not always to be desired.

In a modern battle matters are precisely reversed from the ancient conditions, when a towering Agamemnon or a gigantic Samson could sweep an army before him. Now, he would simply make an easy target.

To-day, he is the most fortunate soldier that offers the smallest mark for hostile bullets, that can pack himself away behind the littlest tree-trunk or back of the slightest rise of ground. Your hulks of bone and flesh are not only slower to march and maneuver, but they are faster to fall under fire.

The average Russian presents to the foe a surface from a third to a half greater than the surface presented by the average Jap. It is a mathematical certainty, therefore, that, other things being equal, the two armies will suffer under fire in just those proportions.

Yes, and in the immaterial world the same principle holds, in the world of fears and frets, of joys and sorrows. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" find the famous man, the

man of power and wealth and influence, an easy mark to hit. You and I escape much of the attack through our very insignificance.

As for me, "give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me." I would not be a dwarf, and certainly not a giant. And whatever I am, I would wrap around me the impenetrable armor of contentment.

INTERESTS.

Sink New Shafts.

We are told that in the Pennsylvania anthracite region alone there are 7,000 miles of old tunnels that are now useless and a heavy expense to the operators. All the coal that can be reached by them was long ago removed. Nevertheless, the miners must keep water out of them, lest the accumulation flood the present workings, and they must pump fresh air into them lest gas form there and stretch out its deadly fumes into the tunnels that are being worked. And, of course, these 7,000 miles in the anthracite region must be multiplied several times to reach the total for the great bituminous coal fields.

An immense amount of timber has been locked up in these abandoned tunnels to bolster them up. Mine timbers and lumber cost the large sum of five million dollars every year. The Pennsylvania mountains have been stripped of trees for this purpose and now the Southern mountains are called upon for their contribution.

What an expense all this is may be seen from the fact that a single company spent more than half a million dollars and dug eight miles of tunnel before it took out a single pound of coal.

All of this has its precise analogy in the conduct of life.

When we begin to do active work, the coal and ore of our minds and souls

are near the surface. Almost spontaneously we give forth thoughts and feelings and acts.

Later, however, as we mine farther back in our natures, we find we are constructing tunnels. We are less spontaneous and more thoughtful. We have methods to follow, processes to respect, theories to serve, precedents to regard, our past to think about as well as our present and our future.

And if we are not careful these tunnels of ours will prevent us from doing our best work and furnishing to the world the output which they have a right to expect from us. We shall be spending our time and energy in the upkeep of ourselves, and shall supply the world with little that is really valuable.

What we need is now and then a fresh shaft. We need to make a different vent for our thoughts and powers. We need to reach our soul from a novel angle. We need to explore ourselves and the world from a new direction.

It costs a lot to sink a shaft a mile into the earth, and engineers will not do it unless it is positively necessary; but it is an easy thing to sink a new shaft in spiritual mining. The Bible is full of guides for new shafts; so is practical life. Every reform, every crying need of the world, every impulse of the every-young Spirit of God, bids us sink new shafts and tells us where to sink them.

There is no excuse for trudging over and over the same damp, dark, empty tunnels. Drive new ones, leading out of a brave new shaft! They will open up fresh veins of interest and profit, and you will be a spiritual millionaire before you know it.

ISOLATION.

"Silences."

When the cadets at West Point or Annapolis wish to show their dislike of

some instructor who has made himself particularly unpopular, they give him what is known as a "silence." As soon as he enters the mess hall, the clatter and brisk conversation that have filled the room are followed by absolute silence. Not a word is spoken for the rest of the meal. Sometimes the cadets eat nothing more, but sit perfectly still, their arms folded, their eyes looking straight ahead. Many an officer, it is said, has succumbed to this dignified but severe condemnation.

One officer, however, knew how to meet it. When he was received in that way he gave no sign that he noticed anything unusual, but quietly went on with his meal. When he was through, he rose and politely thanked the cadets for the honor they had conferred upon him, assured them that he had never enjoyed a meal with them so much in his life, and calmly walked out. It was admitted that he had the best of it.

Often in dealing with offenders against the social and moral code a "silence" is the best weapon. Simply leave them alone. Do not even allow yourself to bear yourself as usual in their presence. Exile them from society by surrounding them with this sphere of silence. It will be the solitary confinement of the prison without the confinement. It will prove one of the most effective of punishments.

On the other hand, you yourself may be the victim of a "silence," and unjustly. In that case copy the example of the doughty lieutenant who finished his meal. Go on with your work in a good-humored way.

Show your persecutors that you can well get along without them and their society. Live down the lie or the misunderstanding, or whatever it is that led to the "silence," the isolation, the repulsion, and by and by the world will see its mistake and will seek your forgiveness.

Either way, silence is a strong test of character.

JESTS.

Expert Evidence.

I am greatly pleased with something I have been reading that was said by William Travers Jerome, the famous ex-district attorney of New York City. He declared:

"I have had a very wide experience with expert testimony in lunacy, and, with one exception, I do not recall a single instance in which such testimony was not honest. In no case with which I have been connected has there been to my knowledge a miscarriage of justice, and in every case the State's expert evidence on insanity has been borne out by subsequent facts."

It is too much to hope, however, that this authoritative statement will have weight with the comic paragraphers, who have added the expert witness to their rogues' gallery.

By his side are the cross mother-in-law, the extravagant wife, the cooking-school graduate whose viands are adamant, the lying fisherman, the over-charging lawyer, the smart-Aleck Sunday-school scholar, and all the rest of the familiar cast of characters.

There is as much truth in one of them as in another, and that is practically none at all. They all do a world of harm to a vast number of excellent, faithful people, and fill our lives with unconscious but none the less harmful prejudices. They teach us to think and speak unfairly, to condemn *en masse*, and to allow ourselves to be influenced by passion and whim rather than reason and justice.

I have sometimes thought that I should like to be the editor of a comic paper, and banish these mischievous alleged jokes to the limbo of all other lies.

But perhaps I should find myself editor not of a paper but of a vacuum.

JUSTICE.

Saved by an Inch.

An Italian was arrested in Boston as soon as he arrived in the city. The alert police suspected him of being a murderer very much wanted in Pennsylvania. The telegraphed description of the fugitive fitted the Italian perfectly. He even had a scar on just the right part of his chest. It was considered a sure find.

But by mail came the Bertillon measurements, and behold! the scar was found to be an inch out of the way. So carefully are these measurements made that immediately it was known that the Italian could not be the right man, and he was released, let us hope with something more substantial than apologies. He came within an inch of the electric chair.

In the old days the exact tally of man and description might well have killed the poor fellow. Doubtless many an innocent man has been condemned on evidence no stronger. It is well that human justice is becoming more painstaking and exact, but we are still a long, long way from the unfailing justice of Omniscience. "Judge not"—the message is still needed by every one of us—"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Twelve Cents.

I am the Twelve Cents a Massachusetts lawyer has just been awarded by the Superior Court of the State. I am only Twelve Cents, but I think highly of myself. Some others think as much of me, while still others laugh.

My lawyer paid a street-car company twenty cents for a ride to the company's amusement park, admission, and return. He found the park closed, and demanded the return of his twenty cents. Eight cents was paid him, but Twelve Cents was held back for car fares.

The spunky lawyer sued, and was awarded his Twelve Cents. The company appealed to the Superior Court, but again it lost, and has to pay that Twelve Cents. I am the Twelve Cents.

I am proud of myself because I represent manliness and courage and determination and righteous indignation.

I may be little, but I represent these things as largely as Fifty Million Dollars could.

I stand as a Glorious Example of the Maintenance of Right.

KINDNESS.

The Cost of Poor Roads.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has not been satisfied with the general impression that poor roads are expensive, but has set itself to discovering just how costly they are. It ran an electric delivery wagon over different roads at different speeds, and measured the varying amounts of power required. Thus it was learned that twenty per cent more power is needed to run at twelve miles an hour over a poor asphalt pavement than over a good one; one hundred and twenty-five per cent more power to run over a soft bituminous macadam pavement than over a good one; and from forty to sixty per cent more when the pavement is in various other stages of deterioration. With higher rates of speed the loss of power is even greater. If an automobile should run a thousand miles and half of them over poor pavements, it would need about ten dollars' worth of gasoline more than it would use if the pavements were all good.

The same principle holds with our life highways. By our crossness and injustice and selfishness we can make those roads very difficult to all our friends; by our kindness and helpfulness we can make them delightfully

smooth and easy. And the difference in wear and tear is enormous.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Help for the Horse.

The Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals once had a notion as big as its name. It planned to give a two weeks' vacation to all the work horses of the city.

Some of these horses have probably never had a rest. Day after day, year after year, they have strained at heavy burdens. No Sundays for them. No holidays. Nothing but grinding toil.

What a privilege to take such a faithful servant and turn him out into the green pastures and besides the still waters! The very thought is a pleasure.

If men worked with as much fidelity as horses, and as uncomplainingly, this world would be near to heaven. Indeed, I believe that a large section of the celestial meadows will be reserved for the weary overworked horses of earth. And I sometimes question whether many of their present owners will be there to take care of them.

KNOWLEDGE.

A Little Matter of Tongue.

Clover, so they say, was a flat failure at first in Australia. It grew. O yes, it grew beautifully; but it wouldn't seed. It evidently liked the soil and the air and the rain and the sun of Australia, but the clover wouldn't propagate itself. What were they to do about it?

Well, this is what they did: they went to a scientific man. The "practical farmer" whose pride is his ignorance of "book larnin'" had done his best, and his worst. It was "book larnin's" turn.

The wise man put on his specs, and said, "Bring me a clover head." So they brought him a clover head.

Then he said, "Fetch me a bee." So, wondering, they fetched him a bee.

Then he began to squint through a microscope at the clover head and at the bee's head.

At last the wise man laughed. He sent off to the other side of the world, whence the clover came, and said, "Send me some bees." So they sent him some bees.

Then he let his imported bees loose, and lo! as these new bees multiplied, the clover began to seed and multiply, and became one of the most valuable crops in the Island Continent.

And why? Just because the tongues of the Australian bees had been too short to reach down the long, tube-shaped petals, and touch the pollen there, and carry it thus from one clover head to another, fructifying the field. The imported bees had longer tongues.

So hurrah for heads! Hurrah for the human head that brought the bee's head and the clover head together, and hurrah for all thinking headpieces the wide world over!

My brethren: if your work is fruitless; if your life is barren; if, no matter how much toil you put into your task, it seems to make no headway,—remember this parable of the bees. Remember upon how small a matter—a minute fraction of a bee's tongue—success may hang. It's the method you use, as well as your spirit and energy, that determines results. There's much in a beautiful purpose, there's much in a heroic will, but oh, there's a deal in simply *knowing how!*

An Empty Pen.

You will be writing along smoothly and fluently. Thought after thought comes tripping to the front, and you are having a good time. It is so pleasant to write when one has something to say!

But how when one has nothing with which to say it? For, all of a sudden,

your trusty fountain pen begins to write faintly. A few lines further, and the impression has weakened to a mere scratch.

You shake the pen impatiently, and your women folks are lucky if you do not shake it over the carpet. A reluctant drop on the nib of the pen is the result, but it lasts for only a minute, and at the end of it, though you shake with tenfold vigor, nothing comes. The pen has manifestly "gone dry." There is nothing for it but to hunt up the filler and the ink bottle, and set about the dirty and disagreeable task of filling up the reservoir. By the time you have done this, you are hot and flustered, you have quite forgotten what you intended to say next, and you are out of touch with your theme. Oh, it is such a nuisance, when your pen runs dry!

After all, though this fountain pen is a very ingenious contrivance, beautifully finished, admirably adapted for its use, it is absolutely worthless, of no more service than any stick in the cellar, when it contains no ink. As long as it is in that condition, it might as well never have seen the inside of the Patent Office.

And what happens to the fountain pen only occasionally is the perpetual state of some men and women whom I know. They are beautiful instruments, but—empty!

Their faces are lovely, perhaps. Their fresh red lips are finely turned; but when they open them, nothing comes out but platitudes and inanities. Their eyes are bright and beautiful; but they look with more favor upon a vacuum-pated dandy than upon a man of wit, wisdom, and godliness. Soft and shining hair curls entrancingly over a well-formed head; but beneath the skull the brain is—empty! They prattle away by the hour, but in the end it is like writing with a dry fountain pen; the sheet is still an absolute blank. Not even a scratch.

Why is it that so many have understanding enough to see that an empty fountain pen must be filled up, if it is to make any impression in the world, but go through life with the idea that an empty head, not enriched with the fructifying fluid of books and thought, can by exterior attractiveness or by sheer impudence make its fortune and achieve success?

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

He Came from Annapolis.

Congressman Weeks (afterwards Senator Weeks), of Massachusetts, was a new man in our national legislature when one day the matter of hazing in the Naval Academy at Annapolis came up. As Captain Weeks had obtained his military training at Annapolis he was urged to speak on the question.

"But I am only a new member," Mr. Weeks objected.

"Never mind," said his colleague. "You may not have a chance in five years to speak on a subject you understand so thoroughly."

Mr. Weeks decided to venture, but was dismayed by the disorder of the House. The members were coming in or going out. Some were conversing with one another. Others were writing. Others were lounging and evidently paying no attention to what was going on. It was the usual state of affairs, but it was discouraging to a beginner.

Nevertheless Mr. Weeks shouted above the racket, "Mr. Speaker, I am a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis."

The effect was magical. The loungers promptly wheeled around and faced him. The men going out stopped short and sat down in the nearest seats. Conversation ceased. The entire House was instantly "at attention."

And why?

Because here was first-hand informa-

tion. Here was a man who was going to tell what he knew from experience and not merely what he imagined, or had cribbed from books. And on that question, as on every other, Congress wanted the facts.

"Since then," says Congressman Weeks, "I have found that exact knowledge on any subject under discussion will always gain the attention of the House of Representatives." Following out this hint, he has become one of the most influential of all the Representatives.

And it is true everywhere, and not merely in Congress. It is true in business circles, that the man whose advice is heard and heeded is the man that knows conditions. It is true in the prayer meeting, that the man whose words produce an effect upon life is the speaker that speaks out of his life. It is true in society, that the man whose conversation is most sought after is the one who knows what he is talking about. It is true in literature, that the writer who gets the biggest price is the man who has been there, like Peary; the man who has done things, like Roosevelt.

Everywhere and always the fact is at a premium. If you would succeed, never guess, however brilliant your guesses; never "talk through your hat," though your hat is the finest Panama. Go to the central sources of information. Get the bottom facts. Plant yourself solidly upon them. No man can move you from that vantage point, but all men will flock to you. For of all rarities under the sun perhaps the rarest is the man that knows.

Know Your Surroundings.

The writer was seeking the Water Street Mission in New York City, made famous by Jerry McAuley. Emerging from the subway at Brooklyn Bridge, he asked five persons, one after the

other, the direction of Water Street. Each of the five pointed in a different direction. Entering a Park Row store, he asked the proprietor the name of the street just below him. The proprietor did not know, but referred to it as "up town." It was toward the Battery, distinctly down town. The writer finally reached the street next to Water Street, as it proved, but was told by two respectable, elderly gentlemen that he was on Water Street, and walked five blocks looking for the mission before he discovered his mistake. He came to the conclusion that, unless he had been very unfortunate, New Yorkers do not know New York.

Find out where you are! Learn your surroundings—not only the streets of the town, but the hills, the trees, the geological formations, the soils, the flowers, the birds, the historic sites. Thus you will enlarge your domain, for what you know about you will enjoy, and in a very real sense you will own.

LABOR.

One's Own Business.

He was one of the most attractive young business men I have ever met, and he had recently gone into business for himself after many years spent in working for others on a salary.

He was contrasting his present with his past experiences.

"Then, you see," he said, "when it came five o'clock I would shut up my desk, and that would be the end of it for the day. And if I wanted to leave at four, there was no one to object. But *now*—why, *now* I'll sit up till two in the morning over a bit of work. There's no end to my work, *no end!* But I like it! My! I like it!"

The glow of mastery, the exhilaration of command, which that young man felt was spurring him to put his heart's blood into his tasks. He had

done faithful work before. He had enjoyed a large salary, and his services had been appreciated. But now!—well, it was precisely the difference between play and work, between drudgery and—genius.

I think it is a pity that the work of this world could not be so arranged that every honest laborer should have this proud delight of conducting his own business. Our continually increasing complexity of life is placing that ideal farther and farther away from the majority of toilers. Factories, department stores, syndicates, and trusts are making privates of all but a very few major-generals. The aggregate loss of human happiness I believe to be incalculable.

And the loss of human efficiency, too. If I covet for the worker the joy of directing his own affairs,—for to all true workers their work is their most interesting and important affair,—I also covet for all employers the spontaneous and overflowing eagerness and interest shown by my friend when he became his own master. If all wage-earners had the same zeal which they would have if they were owners of the concern, the world's work would go forward at a rate absolutely unimaginable.

Can the riddle be solved? Have I run up against some such problem as the theologian's attempt to reconcile God's omniscience and omnipotence with man's free will? Certainly the world's tendency toward combinations cannot be stopped or even checked. Certainly the great majority—an ever-increasing majority—must be directed, and a few, perhaps an ever-lessening few, must be directors. Is the joy of conducting one's own business finally to be lost to the world?

There is a solution. Not for a moment do we doubt that. It is not to come along the lines of any mechanical socialism, any fanciful Bellamy

scheme. It is to come as men begin to realize the ideal of Christian brotherhood. In this happy state, hitherto unrealized for all the Christian centuries, Paul's simile of the body will be worked out in life. The hand will not say to the head, nor the head to the hand, "I have no need of thee," but all parts will have equal honor and authority when mankind becomes "the body of Christ."

The solution is not, and cannot be, until men become the sons of the same Father and therefore brothers, and the Father's business becomes their own.

The Sand and the Shovel.

A workman was digging a well in sandy soil. He got down about twelve feet when the sand came pouring down through a suddenly opened gap between the boards. Faster and faster it came, and he was rapidly becoming overwhelmed by it.

Jones looked down the well. "Fill the buckets as fast as you can," he called, "and I will haul them up and empty them." The workman did so, but still the sand rose.

Smith looked down the well. "You need a bigger shovel," he said, and threw one down. But still the sand rose.

Brown looked down the well. "You are not systematic," he said. "You have the bucket too far from where you are digging. You make a lot of waste motions." Brown gave some efficiency directions which the workman followed. But still the sand rose.

Robinson looked down the well. "You work too slowly," he said. "Be more energetic! Spunk up!" He lowered a tonic, which the workman drank. But still the sand rose.

Then the Boss of the Job looked down the well. "Gettin' the best o' ye, hey?" he shouted cheerfully. Then he came down the ladder with a board,

which he nailed across the gap, and the well was soon clear again.

Moral: There's more than one way of keeping on top of your work.

Up Close to Your Work.

Once there was a man that made a foolish wager. All wagers are foolish, for that matter, but this was particularly foolish.

He bet that he could tie a brick to two miles of cord, and, pulling on the further end of the cord, move the brick. He thought he was sure of winning.

The experiment was made outside the city of Chichester, England. A brick weighing about seven pounds was used. Two miles of stout cord was tied to it, and the man pulled. And he could not budge the brick.

Neither could you, for the friction of the two miles of cord upon the level road increased the seven pounds of the brick, as has been roughly estimated, to a dead weight of about one ton!

The lesson I get from this experiment in physics applies to all my work. It is this: do not work at long range! Get up close to whatever you are doing. It is a weight that you must lift. Very well: put your two hands directly under it, and lift! Do not tie a rope to it and go off a mile or two and pull.

There are all sorts of long-distance ways of working.

Some people must have committees appointed for everything, and put the cord of two or three business meetings, and a set of resolutions, and an election, and a chairman, and committee meetings, and preliminary reports, and instructions, and a second report, and a lot besides, between themselves and their brick.

Some people even go further, and really cannot see their way to get anything done without forming a society for the purpose.

Others cannot undertake any matter, however simple, but they must first

study it up at great length in all the libraries to which they have access.

Still others cannot go to their tasks till they have consulted a dozen people about them, and put two miles of more or less expert advice between themselves and their brick.

And others before doing anything must write out a plan for doing it and a set of elaborate rules, stretching two miles of self-manufactured red tape between themselves and their brick.

Give me the men that have no use for such ingenious subterfuges for avoiding work! Give me the men that, when they see a thing needs to be done, go and do it! Is it a brick to be got out of the way or built into a wall? Very well. Here are two hands. Presto! The deed is done. And now, what next?

A Model Worker.

If I were asked to name the best worker of my acquaintance I believe that I should be compelled to pass by everything with feet and hands, and turn to a bit of paper. Does anyone know a better toiler than a postage stamp? Consider what claims it has upon that proud title.

In the first place, it is a common remark that it *sticks to its business* better than any other workman. Indeed, it may well be questioned whether that very phrase, "sticking to business," did not originate with our humble friend.

Moreover, it takes whatever job is offered. It may be to carry that letter just across the street; or it may be to go with that letter to Alaska or the Philippines. It makes no difference. Master Stamp is ready for either, with a face equally bright.

Then, this model worker of ours always *follows directions*. If the letter goes astray, it is not his fault; and really, a wonderfully small proportion of letters go astray.

Our friend in scarlet is not looking, you observe, for a soft job. He may be sent five thousand miles, while his neighbor just the other side of the perforation is sent into the suburbs. He never grumbles and says that he ought to get five thousand times as much for it as his neighbor. No; two cents, each of them; that is all they ask.

And he magnifies his office. He does thorough work. He does not give short measure. He never gets tired and stops ten or a hundred miles short of the goal. He always goes as far as he can.

Brother Stamp, too, is ready at any hour of the day or night. You have only to run your wet sponge over his back (or your tongue, if you are not particular), press him on the letter and say Go! He is off like a race horse.

He is a democratic workman. He will work just as readily for Paddy O'Flynn as for William K. Vanderbilt, and do no more for the belle of Fifth Avenue than for her washwoman. Whoever has two cents may command his whole-hearted services.

He is the same in all dresses. Sometimes he is in gala attire, as on the occasion of the Columbian Exposition, or the Trans-Mississippi, or the Pan-American. Never mind. He does not hold himself a bit higher for all his fine clothes, and he is just as ready to go on errands.

My jolly postage stamp, you see, has not been discouraged by his apparent insignificance. He is only a piece of paper, less than an inch square, but he has won universal respect in the only way universal respect can be won,—namely, by getting a specialty and making a success of it.

A dirty job? Yes. The very first step in it is always to suffer a deluge of black ink. But what is a canceling machine compared to the glory of doing the government's business?

For our stamp—like some human servants of the King who are about the King's business—knows well what is back of him. He holds up his head with dignity. Well he may, for it is always the head of George Washington or some other great man. He wears the government uniform. He has back of him all the power of this great nation. And he can do any work to which he is set—through this power which strengthens him.

One's Own Master.

It is possible to put the cause of "the present unrest" into a single sentence of twenty-eight words and thirty-five syllables, and we are going to do it. Here it is:

What men want is the certainty that every man willing to work shall get a chance to work, and get for himself the full results of his work.

Observe: *certainty*; no panic, strike, lockout, dismissal, spree, whim, manipulation, combine, trust, or speculation to prevent it.

Observe: *every man*—ditcher, kitchen maid, college president, fireman, bank director, farmer, lawyer, middleman, breaker boy, manufacturer, Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, John Smith, Mary Smith, Bridget O'Sullivan.

Observe: *the full results*—what his work is worth to the world, head work, hand work, organizing, distributing, transporting, growing, making, bossing.

That is the problem. When it is solved "the present unrest" will cease, and not till then.

Men vs. Machines.

A mining engineer has invented a machine for cutting coal from the seam. He claims that it will do the work of a miner twenty times as fast as a man can do it, and fifty per cent cheaper. That is, counting the work

done and the cost, this machine is worth to the mine-owner precisely thirty human miners. Each machine will require only two men to operate it. Moreover, the machine removes cleanly ninety per cent of the coal, whereas the average miner removes only seventy per cent of it, so here again the machine has a big advantage over the man. It is estimated that if the machine is introduced it will throw out of work from two-thirds to three-fourths of the present miners.

This is interesting news for miners. Workmen in all callings have become wonted to such news. They have been seeing for decades their work taken from them by wonderful machines. It is no wonder that millions of workers have come to hate "labor-saving" machinery, and to call it, in their own minds, "labor-killing machinery."

It is often urged, on the other hand, that in the end these machines make work for more workers than they supplant. That may be true. The machines must be made, in the first place, and they must be replaced when worn out. Moreover, machinery greatly stimulates industry and commerce, and that means more work. But this does not help the miner. He is not a machinist. He is not a trader. He is not a railway man. All he knows is that he is thrown out of work, and it is poor comfort to him to be told that some other man, perhaps fifty years hence, will get a job because of his distress, poverty, and hunger.

The growth of the machine calls upon all Christians everywhere to be very thoughtful of the laborer, to open doors to him, to educate him so that he can turn his hand to more than one employment, and especially to tide him over the hard places in his life. These are days of perplexing transition from a world of hands to a world of steel cogs. Let us all help to make the transition as easy as possible.

LEADERSHIP.

The Organ That Was Drowned Out.

The Church Organ said to the Electric Light: "I am completely discouraged! I am all tired out!"

"What's the matter now?" flashed the Light.

"The matter? It's that forward and ill-mannered congregation. I make the most wonderful music, and what do they care? They actually drown me out with their singing. The louder and finer I sound forth the tune, the louder they sing. I reach my limit at last, but they seem to have no limit. What can one organ do against a thousand bellowing voices?"

Then the Electric Light answered, twinkling: "My dear Organ, has it ever occurred to you that the hearty singing of the congregation is a proof of your skill? You are not a performer, but a leader. It is your task to draw out, not to show off. The louder the people sing, the greater is your real triumph. Don't you see it?"

But the Organ only grunted, down in the bass.

Moral: Many a human leader, like that organ, wants to be the Whole Thing.

LETTERS.

Yourselves in Your Letters.

I have been reading Ticknor's life of Prescott, the historian. It is a remarkable biography of a remarkable man—remarkable in what he accomplished under great difficulties, the almost total loss of sight. The book has been an inspiration to me in many ways. One of these, and not the most important, but a very delightful gain, has been a new sense of the possibilities of letter-writing.

You would have thought that Prescott, heavily handicapped as he was in the matter of writing, would have used the scanty fragments of his sight

for his great histories, and would have dictated his letters, or, at any rate, have made them very brief. But he did neither. Usually with his own hand, and always at full length, he wrote lavishly, or, at least, what seems lavishly to our curt and telegraphic age.

What charming letters they are! Every sentence is turned as carefully as if it were to form part of some immortal page. All the graces of his fascinating style are here. Wit and wisdom are here, and eloquence as well. To be sure, much of his correspondence was with famous men and women, whose letters also are models of finish and thought; but when he wrote to the members of his own family and to life-long intimates it was with precisely the same elegance and painstaking.

This is very fine. It makes me long for leisure to imitate the author of "The Conquest of Mexico."

Leisure? How do I know that it is leisure that is lacking? If I had all my time at my disposal, and forty-four hours in the day to boot, what reason have I to believe that my letters would be any better than the crabbed affairs they are now?

For letter-writing, like conversation, is a matter of the heart quite as much as of the head. It is a matter of unselfishness when it is at its best—of unselfishness and sympathy and good will. That is why women are so much better letter-writers than men, because they are so much more unselfish.

On the whole, I shall not charge the decadence of fine letter-writing to the hurry of the age, but to the self-absorption of the age. If there were money in it, we should all proceed to imitate Prescott.

LIES.

"Gassed."

The fiendish ingenuity of modern warfare has placed at the service of the

combatants many horrible weapons, but none more horrible than clouds of poisonous gas. This gas is formed in great quantities and is carried by favoring winds over the enemies' trenches. Over No Man's Land it rolls, a ghastly green fog. It hugs the ground and falls into the ditches, filling them with choking, mysterious death. It grips the throats of the soldiers, blanches their faces with a frightful corpse-like aspect, and fills their veins with insidious poison. It is more deadly than bullets, more frightful than bombs. Until the "gas-masks" were invented, it made miserable wrecks of thousands. Even now, woe to the soldier who is caught without his mask when the fearful cloud spreads out over the field.

A soldier who is thus victimized is said to be "gassed." The new verb is a good one, and is likely to outlast the war.

It applies to many an audience, gasping and benumbed in the fog of wordy oratory.

It applies to many thinkers, "gassed" by infidel sneers and faithless philosophy.

It applies to certain theologians, their minds poisoned by skeptical theories "made in Germany" but adopted with great eagerness by America.

It applies to political parties, seized by the subtle passion for power and spoils.

It applies to communities, over which the noxious plague of slander drifts with fatal effect.

"Gassing," indeed, is woefully common, for it is a favorite trick of the devil. He has found that silent weapons are the deadliest, that miasmas work the most awful mischief, and that it is easier to dodge a bomb than a fog.

"Blowers" have been made, to force these deadly gases back upon the foe that sent them forth. Let us set to

work the blower of heroic truth, and beat the devil at his own game.

LIFE.

Living Water.

There are in our West numbers of desert stretches like the famous Death Valley in Nevada. In making one's way across these dreary wastes one of the chief perils, or, at any rate, the chief discomfort, arises from thirst. Water is very scarce, and thirst under the burning sun comes to be maddening.

When a traveler is in such a condition, ready almost to barter his soul for a good drink of water, he is likely to come across some shallow pool filled with a sparkling liquid that is as clear and beautiful as if it were just distilled from the snows of Mt. Blanc. It is just what he has been looking for. It seems purity itself. He stoops down eagerly to drink his fill.

Well for him if at that moment some more experienced traveler is at hand to pull him back from the tempting draught. If he drinks of it, severe sickness and almost certain death will be his immediate fate. For that pool is heavily charged with arsenic.

But if, on the other hand, the traveler finds a pool of foul-appearing water, water that is full of worms and bugs and snakes, most repulsive to the eye and forbidding to the taste, that water may be drunk with safety. Lie down flat upon the burning sands and fill yourself with it, not stopping to strain out the worms. For, since the insects and snakes are alive in it, it is healthful for you also.

And all of this is as true for Broadway, New York, and State Street, Chicago, as for Death Valley in Nevada. "Living water," the water of life, is not of necessity fair to the eye and pleasant to the taste. It may appear muddy and forbidding. The Christian activities, the way of life that is

life indeed, may not seem half so attractive as the ways that take hold on death.

But watch a little. Stop and think. Is life here? Or is not this sparkle and clearness, this wonderful brightness and transparency, only conclusive proof of the absence of life and the presence of death? For life tramples and crowds and stains and muddies. Water that is used stirs up the bottom. Where there is life there is many a failure, many a sorrow, many a fear. But there is life there and what ministers to life, which is endlessly better than the most beautiful mask that death can wear.

The Dangers of Bark Beetles.

The insect-infested State of Massachusetts is confronted with a new peril. It would seem to have been enough to be obliged to contend with the gypsy moth, but along came the brown-tail moth to add to the devastation. People were sufficiently appalled by the ravages of these two when the elm-tree beetle came to the front, and it is now rapidly destroying the chief tree glory of New England. And what these three spared, the leopard moth stepped forward to devour. It would seem that the owners of trees had their hands sufficiently full and the lovers of natural beauty had enough to deplore.

But now the State forester warns us against a fresh peril—the bark beetles. There would be no danger from these under ordinary conditions, but the presence of so many dead and dying trees is giving the bark beetles so much food that they are multiplying at an alarming rate. The prospect is that they will increase rapidly, eat up all the dead bark that is available, and then, in default of their natural food, will learn to eat fresh bark and leaves and become a most formidable

addition to the already vast army of our insect foes.

It has been proved that the bark beetles can do this if they are driven to it. The gypsy moths at first would have nothing to do with the conifers, but as soon as they had eaten all the deciduous trees at hand they learned to eat the pines and spruces as well. These plagues are not particular, and they have no scruples. The only safeguard, says the State forester, is to cut down the tree as soon as its fate from other insects is certain, and use it for firewood before the bark beetles have much of a chance at it.

I see in all this an illustration of the danger of leaving dead wood in our individual lives, and in society and commerce, and even in the church. Whatever is not growing is a continual menace of death. Whatever is not bearing living seed bears seeds of decay. The man that is not growing is a peril to his neighbors. A dead or dying habit or opinion is a peril to a man. An outworn custom is a peril to society. There is no safety in our mental and spiritual life except the constant circulation of blood, the continual vivifying of all parts of our being, so that every thought, every power, and every action shall be vitalized by the presence of God's Holy Spirit. Where He is not, all evil creatures riot and multiply and destroy.

In the Station.

Life is often compared to a railway journey. That is not the best comparison.

Our life in this world is rather a waiting in a railway station, a waiting for the real journey, the eternal journey, to begin.

If this life here were the journey, we might well complain. Often it does not get anywhere. It is full of disappointments. But knowing that it is

only a waiting in the station for the train to start, all is changed.

What if the waiting-room is crowded, and the people on the seat with us are not to our liking? There will be plenty of room and plenty of pleasant companions on the Train.

What if the waiting-room is hot and stuffy? Cool breezes will blow through the Train.

What if the waiting-room is aimless, or seems to be? The Train will run speedily and accurately forward to its goal.

What if the waiting-room is full of confusion? The Train will be beautifully simple and direct.

What if the waiting-room is ugly and wearisome and monotonous? The Train will whirl us through God's varying loveliness, a constant succession of entrancing views.

What if the waiting-room is lonely? Our friends and dear ones will be found on the Train, every one of them. Perhaps they are even now "holding a seat" for us.

Just a waiting-room, and just for a few minutes. Can we not wait with patience, and even with joy?

LIFE'S FULLNESS.

Saved by Their Cargo.

A schooner that came into Boston harbor once was a floating—though *barely* floating—parable. A tug had found her waterlogged and about to sink. She was towed safely through Boston Bay and tied to the wharf.

When the schooner was picked up by the tug, the schooner's crew of nine men was camped upon the cargo, and this cargo alone saved them from drowning. The cargo consisted of lumber piled upon the deck, and as the boat sank the sailors climbed up on the boards. As it was, they were constantly drenched by the waves that swept over them, and had suffered much from those and from the cold.

From this incident on the Atlantic Ocean I get a useful hint for my voyage upon the stormy seas of life. It is this: *Carry a full cargo, and heap it high!* A well-stocked head and well-balanced mind, lots of information about all sorts of subjects, many acquaintances, wide experience, deep thinking, hearty living—all of this makes up a cargo that heaps the decks high with freightage. And if it is tightly bound together so that the rolling of the ship and the dashing of the billows will not shake it off, then, though the boat sink deep in the water, I can ride to port on the top of the cargo!

Of course I do not intend that the boat shall become waterlogged; but even if not a seam starts, I choose to reach port with a heaped-up cargo.

Fruit Above and Below.

A well-known journal is responsible for the statement that a tomato shoot has been grafted on a potato sprout, the result being eleven potatoes underground and eleven tomatoes on its branches. Whatever may be the truth regarding that horticultural wonder (and certainly Luther Burbank has produced results as surprising), the human plant may be expected to do quite as well. Body, mind, and spirit, the three components of our nature, all should bring forth fruit to the glory of our Maker. Our lower faculties should be at work no less than our higher faculties, all doing their best. The Kingdom of God needs fine singing of hymns. It also needs fine sweeping of floors.

Live in the Open.

All users of automobiles have learned, or should learn, the dangerous character of the fumes given off while the engine is running. More than one man has kept the engine going in a

closed garage, and, hours later, has been found there, suffocated by these deadly gases. If one must keep the engine running in the garage, the big door should be wide open, that the waste products of gasoline combustion may get into the outer air as speedily as possible.

In all our work it is best to keep in the open air, literally, when we can, and always spiritually. All toil has waste products—the gas of weariness, the gas of fretfulness, the gas of worry, the gas of gloom. Shut yourself in with your own life, and soul asphyxiation is the sure result. Get out into the large, free spaces of human interests and God's eternal plans! There is no other health for the soul.

Why My Trees Would Not Grow.

I am the happy possessor of a summer home by the sea. It is right on the shore, on an exposed bluff, swept by all the winds of the Atlantic, and the problem of making things grow on the grounds around it is a difficult one.

Having succeeded fairly well with grass, I turned my attention to trees.

The country back of me is crowded with the most delightful pines and cedars and deciduous bushes—the American holly, the bayberry and the like. I was covetous of them for close quarters; but when I declared my intention of transplanting them from the woods, the wiseacres all shook their heads. "They won't grow," they asserted. "You will have just your trouble for your pains."

I smiled egotistically at their gloomy prophecies, and fancied the triumphant bower in which I should dwell a few summers thereafter, to their confusion and envy. I would be a horticultural Columbus. If these beautiful things grew so luxuriantly in the woods, why should they not grow a

few hundred feet in front of the woods in the splendid soil and with the splendid care that I would give them? That they would not was nothing but a superstition.

Therefore I hired my Portuguese with a horse and cart and set them to work. What fun it was, ranging through the uplands and tying strips of white cloth to this and that lovely specimen, thus claiming it for my very own! And as the green beauties came down the road, heaped up in the cart, I felt as if I were annexing a forest to my private domain.

When I got through, my little yard was dotted with perfect pines and cedars, young oaks and wild cherries, beach plums and bayberries and hollies. I flattered myself that not even a landscape gardener could have packed more into the space; indeed, probably a landscape gardener would have indignantly taken half of them out of the space. "But," said I to my wife, "perhaps some of them will not live, and then there will be none too many." In my heart, however, I was confident that every one of them would live.

But, alas! during the winter disquieting rumors came to me, as several of my friends visited our summer abode and brought back word of the condition of affairs there. My trees were dead, every one of them, they declared.

I refused to believe it. "Of course, the leaves are dead," I replied; "but wait till spring, and my place will be a paradise of green."

Spring came, but greenness did not come with it to my transplanted trees. Summer came, but still they were brown and dead. I called in an expert, a nurseryman. He shook his head at the dispiriting array, twenty-five gaunt skeletons of trees; he took out his pocketknife, and cut off bits of the wood here and there.

"Dead!" was his solemn verdict. "Dead! Every one of 'em!"

Then he told me about his own experience; how he had transplanted carefully more than three hundred evergreens from the woods, tended them with all painstaking, and yet got only three or four live trees out of the lot.

"The reason," he said, "is this. You see, the wild trees, growing in rocky ground, have no mass of little rootlets, but only one or two long roots."

Yes, I had noticed that.

"And so they cannot, when transplanted, get into touch in their new quarters. They can't reach out and get nourishment. They haven't the outfit for transplanting. Now I can give you from my nursery," he went on to suggest, "evergreens raised from the seed in fine, rich ground. They have great masses of rootlets, and I send them to you with the original earth all around them. I will warrant them to grow, but the wild trees from the woods are sure to die."

So I gave him an order, had the Portuguese come and cart off my failures, and now I am waiting for the fall rains, when I shall make my second, and, I doubt not, my successful planting.

This experience has set me to thinking about the superiority of the full-rooted life, the multiple-contact life, as against the life that may be strong and beautiful, but along only one line, carried on only one idea, the life of narrow sympathies, of a single inspiration.

Like the wild pine, the one-ideaed life is vigorous and stout while left to itself, in the solitary environment in which it has grown up; but it collapses when brought out of the wilderness to live among men. It is battered by the wind, perplexed by the light, unable to draw nutriment from the alien soil. It is a hermit, and not a citizen of the world.

Broad culture is an advantage for

one's own pleasure, but even more for one's effectiveness. New situations are inevitable, if one gets out into the moving world. The new situations cannot be met without the active sympathy, the keen intelligence, the profound humility and the ready adaptation which culture gives. We must have long and strong roots for anchorage, but it is equally necessary to have delicate and many roots for nourishment. Thus only, in all the transplantings of our lives, can we be like the trees of the Lord, which are full of sap.

Lifting the Low-water Limit.

They had been having a disagreeable time on the shores of the lovely Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. The seasons had been unusually dry for two or three years, and less water than usual had flowed into the lake. Furthermore, the lessees of water privileges around the lake had drawn off the full amount of water to which they had been entitled. The result was that the banks became mud flats, the boat landings were left high and dry, and the summer colonists found much of their vacation enjoyment spoiled.

But all this was remedied by an act of the legislature raising the low-water mark twenty-one inches above the former one. Now, when the water in the lake sinks to the new minimum, no manufacturer is allowed to draw it off. As this minimum is within the reasonable prospect of supply from the incoming streams, the shores of that beautiful sheet of water will be preserved fresh and charming as ever.

Such a condition of affairs as those summer colonists passed through comes to almost every life. We use up the water of life too fast. We work too hard. The mills grind too fast. Perhaps the year is dry with us. Fortune does not favor us, sickness may come, or failure and disappointment.

Then our life banks yawn muddily above the receding water. Then the grim ugliness of poverty or old age or invalidism stares us in the face. Beauty and gayety have gone, and sullen despair has taken their place. It is hard even to launch the boat of our faith to ferry us over our shrunken fortunes.

Is there such a thing as raising the low-water mark of our soul?

There certainly is! And it is easier on the lake of life than on Lake Winneaukee.

Here also the way out is by law, and there is no need to pass a new law, for the laws already existing are ample. They are the laws of God.

Some of these are the laws of health. We have been burning the candle at both ends. We have neglected exercise and recreation and rest and sleep. We have not given our food a chance to digest. We have abused the marvelous instruments given us with which to do our work. We have known the laws of health, but have deliberately disregarded them. And we have fooled ourselves by pleas of necessity, knowing that those pleas were false.

Some of these laws are the laws of kindness. We have been engrossed in our own work, our own pleasure, our own progress and gains and selfish interest. We have forgotten those nearest to us and dearest to us. We have idolized our own existence. We have been seeking our own life, and so have lost it.

Some of these laws are the laws of worship. Of course, in forgetting our friends we have forgotten God. Prayer has been neglected. The Bible has remained closed. The prayer meeting and the church service have not seen us, or they have seen only our bodies, our minds being far from them. We have been drawing away the waters of our life into worldly mill races, the race for wealth or fame or pleasure,

and we have forgotten the skies and the stars.

We do not need new laws, then, but only to obey the good old laws. We need to stop our overwork and our overplay. We need to topple from its pedestal the idol of self. We need to limit severely and strictly the amount of time and strength and thought that we will allow to worldly pursuits and selfish interests. We need to clear out the channels of the springs of life. We need to take a vacation, to get close to the trees and the grass and the clouds. We need to get close to people, by entering upon many activities of living service; and we need to get close to God in long periods of daily Bible-reading and meditation and prayer.

It will not be long, then, before the hills will become our help, and their waters will pour by a thousand rippling streams into our muddy basin, and the banks will fill with an abundant tide of life and health and beauty and joy. Let us take care this time that the lake does not henceforth get down to the mud.

LIFE, LONG OR SHORT.

Who Prolongs Life?

Professor Irving Fisher, professor of political economy in Yale University, once wrote to a woman who had just attained the fine old age of one hundred years, and asked her to what habits and circumstances she ascribed her longevity.

The newspapers report her indignant reply. "How foolish he is! I'm not responsible for living so long. It is God who has made me live so long."

Of course there is a measure of truth in that answer. We all live by the favoring care of the Most High. But it is fatalistic folly of the deepest dye to lean back upon God's providence and say, "I am to live as long as God wants me to live, and so I have

nothing to do about it." That is the creed of the Moslem, not of the Christian.

God has placed us in a world under law. If we order our habits and our surroundings in conformity to His laws of health and long life, health and long life are quite likely to be ours. And if we violate those laws repeatedly, God will not let us live long, though otherwise He may have planned long life for us. Professor Fisher's inquiry was eminently Christian and wise.

How to Become a Century Old.

Joseph Zeitlin was certainly the oldest inhabitant of Brooklyn, and probably the oldest United Statesan. He was one hundred and six years old when he died, and was born in Poland in 1804. He had lived in this country for about a quarter of a century.

Here were Mr. Zeitlin's rules, to the observance of which, he thought, his length of life was due:

Be moderate in all things.

Do not think too much.

Never worry.

Do everything with regularity.

Play with children at least one hour every day.

Be moderate in all things. That is, do not work beyond your strength. Do not play beyond your need for recreation. Do not sleep too long. Do not eat too much. Do not grasp after more money than you really need.

Do not think too much. Cultivate, that is, the power of oblivion. Let your mind occasionally lie fallow. Every other machine has to rest often, or it will break down: rest your brain.

Never worry. Worry is worse than work for your mental machinery: it is gravel in the cogs. Worry actually creates a poison in your body, and kills, in time, as surely as strychnine.

Do everything with regularity. That makes for ease and for speed and for

power. Go to the same places, do the same things, at the same time, in the same way, as long as you sensibly can. Whatever in your life can be made automatic relieves by just so much the tension on your mind and spirit.

Play with children at least one hour every day. If you are doing this with the children—God bless them!—you know what good comes from it; and if you are not doing it you wouldn't believe me if I told you. Just try it, if you want to keep young.

Mr. Zeitlin was a philosopher. I mean to incorporate his philosophy in my own living. It is too late for me to expect 106 years, but perhaps I may attain to 86.

LIFE OVER-CROWDED.

Building to the Line.

I have heard of a lawsuit that interests me. A telephone company bought land from a certain judge and then put up a building which extended clear to the boundary of the land, neglecting to provide any space for light and air. The judge also owns the land next to the back of the building, which is vacant and which furnishes all the light and air for the rooms in which about fifty operators and clerks are at work. Now the judge wants the telephone company to pay him an annual rental for the use of this light and air, and the company refuses, but offers instead a lump sum. To compel payment according to his terms the judge has built upon his land close to the windows of the telephone company a barricade of galvanized iron sheets held in place by long beams. This barricade shuts out the light and air, and the telephone company is using electric light and breathing its old air over again.

I am interested in this matter from the legal viewpoint, but also from its application to our everyday living.

For all of us, whether we own any real estate or not, are occupants of lands in the great estate of life. It is possible for us to build up to the limit, and to crowd our allotment of time quite full with the brick and mortar of worldly tasks. We may be so intent upon "making a living" that we may quite forget to live. We may quite leave out of our reckoning the light and air which are necessary if we are to do any worth-while work in the world very long.

This light and air are the higher things of life, the religion and music and art and social companionship which brighten life and sweeten it and fill it with vitality. We can get along without them after a fashion, but it is a half-hearted sort of living while we are in this world, and it makes no provision whatever for the life beyond this life.

And so when you plan your life building leave abundant room for air and light. Do not crowd it to the line. For if you do, the stern laws of nature will be sure to raise an iron barricade, and the beautiful sky and the fresh breeze will be shut entirely out of your days.

LIFE WORK.

The Pen and the Hand.

Fountain pens, in former days, were not so great favorites with me as they are now. I had bad luck with my pens. Some were too coarse, and some were too fine. Some worked too hard, and some were too pliant. Some were scratchy, and disagreeable in many ways. It was a cross to live with them. I grew careless about each one of them in turn, and stepped on it, or lost it, or—loaned it, which sometimes amounted to the same thing. And when it was gone I didn't care. At last I fell back contentedly upon lead pencils and the typewriter.

But one day I chanced to be talking

with an agent for the Ritewell pen. This agent noticed (of course he noticed) that I didn't use a fountain pen, and he asked me why. I told him the story of my inky woes, and he asked me how I had been in the habit of choosing my pens. By going into a store, I told him, and trying them one after the other, until I got hold of one that seemed to be what I wanted. And then, when I reached home, my opinion would suffer a reversal.

Well, that agent understood his business, and how to make a Ritewell friend. The next day I saw before me on the desk six or eight nice new fountain pens, all filled and ready to work. They were of all sorts. Some were full stubs and some were half stubs and some were not stubs at all. Some were stiff and some were flexible and some were half-way between. The pens, moreover, were set at different angles. I had not realized before what a difference there is in fountain pens. And I was to use those pens until I had found one to my liking, and was sure of it, if it took a year.

That was ten years ago, and the pen I thus selected, with care and thorough trial, has been my constant companion, next my heart and in my hand, through all the decade since.

So much for fitting a pen to the hand. And now just a bit of application to the far more important matter of fitting an occupation to a life.

Not a few of the young men I have known have chosen their occupations much as I used to choose my fountain pens, and with much the same result. The recommendation of their friends, or a moment's fancy had settled the whole affair. "Well, I'll take this one. How much is it?" And off they go with their decision in their pocket.

Then, the scratching! And then, the rasping awkwardness and discomfort! And then, the carelessness, and the willingness to drop the whole thing,

and the secret satisfaction if the job is lost, and there is a chance to try something else. I have seen the little tragedy acted out many times. So have you.

There is only one way to choose an occupation, and that is exactly the way I chose my fountain pen—the last one!

LIMITATIONS.

The Use of Rhyming Dictionaries.

Why should it be held unseemly for a poet to use a rhyming dictionary? If he has ended a line with "love," why should he not learn from a glance at the dictionary that the next line must end with "dove," "glove," "shove," or "above"? Why should he be compelled to run through the whole alphabet, "buv," "cuv," "fuv," "guv," "huv," and so on? Why should he not recognize at once the limitations of that rhyme, and either settle on "dove" or "above" at once, or drop "love" in favor of some other word?

Every situation in life has its limitations, and the sooner we learn them, the better. Rhymes are hampering things, but the final pleasing effect is worth while. It is always worth while to make the most of our limitations; in that way our lives become genuine poems. Only, we must know what they are. It is useless, for instance, outside of dialect verse, to seek a rhyme for "scarf."

LISTENING.

Priming an Audience.

Priming is as necessary for an audience as for a gun. No speech, however eloquent and witty the orator, can "go off" well without it.

The priming of an audience is the man—or men—that come to the meeting in the spirit of it, having taken the trouble to get into the spirit of it beforehand. They have an appetite

for what is to be said and done. They are not all fagged out to begin with. They are interested in the subject and the speaker.

More than that, these delightful people are not afraid to let their neighbors in the audience know that they are not bored and do not expect to be. They lean over the seat in front: "Oh, I *do* think the speaker we are to hear is just too lovely for *anything*!" They lean back over their own seat: "I have been looking forward to this meeting for weeks!" They create an atmosphere of expectation before the speaker appears on the platform.

When he appears, more than likely they lead off in a round of applause. They might have waited decorously until the speaker is introduced, but, bless you! they are too full of it for that. They'll risk a premature explosion.

The very expression of their faces, as they look up at the speaker, is priming enough for any speech. "Hurrah!" their faces exclaim. "We believe in you, old boy! Sail in, and do your best!" That expression is so radiant that it spreads. It is like a sunbeam, reflected back and forth over a room.

They have taken off their gloves, from their hands and their souls. They are not afraid to applaud, at the start and all through. Sometimes they applaud with their voices as well as with their hands. "Good!" they cry. If they are Englishmen they shout cheerily, "Hear! Hear!" "Bravo!" they occasionally exclaim. "Amen!" they vociferate, even though they may not be Methodists. First thing you know, the entire room vibrates with "Amens!"

It doesn't need much priming to set off a lot of gunpowder. A very insignificant listener may be the making of a very big speech. I mean to try my hand at it. And Heaven send me such a hearer when, in my turn, I am obliged to face an audience!

Thought-absorbers.

In the auditorium of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University some interesting and valuable experiments have been made regarding the acoustic properties of rooms.

That auditorium is shaped like Sander's Theater, the university assembly hall, in which speakers may be heard with ease; but the museum auditorium was troubled with an annoying reverberation. Words would bound and rebound from the walls, until what a man might say would be lost in the echoes of what he had said. It was a sore disappointment to the projectors of the building.

Thereupon Professor Sabine set himself to compare Sander's Theater with the museum auditorium. The most noticeable difference was that Sander's Theater possessed hundreds of large, soft cushions in the seats, while the museum auditorium opposed to the sound waves only hard reflecting surfaces. Cushions were brought in from Sander's Theater and spread round; immediately there was improvement, which has been made still more marked by hanging felt curtains upon the walls.

Professor Sabine has gone further, and has learned to what extent different substances absorb sound. Open windows in a room, of course, do most to prevent reverberation; taking this effect as the unit, it has been found that glass or tiles or brick in cement absorbs only about one fortieth as much sound. Upholstered settees absorb nearly ten times as much sound as wooden settees. Thus a regular scale of sound absorption has been formed.

This is all interesting to me, but I am far more interested in the suggestion it affords regarding the reception different persons give to the ideas that are presented to them.

Some are like the museum auditorium. They shed thoughts as a greased

pole sheds water. If there is a company of this kind of persons, they bat the thought to and fro among them, and it does not sink into a single skull. A room full of such men or women is like a whispering gallery, and furnishes an audience about as inspiring.

On the other hand, the good listener is like Sander's Theater. Every syllable falls distinct and perfect into that absorbing atmosphere. There is no confusion. There is no distraught bandying of words. It is an intelligent and appreciative reception that gladdens the heart of a speaker and stimulates his mind.

Speaking to the first listener, one runs up against a blank wall. We are conscious that our auditor is not paying attention; his thoughts are far away; his wandering eye testifies to the wanderings of his mind.

Speaking to the second listener, one comes into warm, vital contact with a responsive personality. The smiling mouth, the shining eyes, the attentive attitude, all invite us to be our best. A stone image could be an orator before such an audience.

Sometimes I think we can do more good by listening wisely than even by speaking wisely, because there are in the world so many wise speakers compared with the number of wise listeners.

However that may be, it is good to know that we all can become thought-absorbers, though we may not be already. We can spread round the cushions. We can hang up the felt. We can open the windows. We can cover the hard glass of indifference and the cold plaster of selfishness with warm, soft layers of humility and kindness. We can become as renowned in the annals of heaven for our eloquent listening as Demosthenes is famed in earth's annals for his eloquent speaking.

All of which is only another way of picturing the stony and trodden ground

into which the seeds do not fruitfully fall, and the good ground which receives the seed into its rich depths, and brings forth its hundredfold.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

LITTLE THINGS.

Those "Little" Songs.

I do not want to spoil for any person a single one of the beautiful popular religious songs. I rejoice in them all, and sing them all with great heartiness.

But I am impelled to enter a protest against a certain tendency that is plainly observable and that ought to be corrected. If it showed any hint of cessation, I should keep still, but it is increasing rather than waning.

I refer to the large number of popular religious songs based on the adjective "little." They are good songs, and therefore I will not name them; but glance over almost any recent song-book and you will find it full of songs about "little deeds of kindness," "little bits of love," "little acts of mercy," "little gleams of sunshine," "little words of cheer," and so on, till the word "little" has been applied to just about everything that a Christian can be or do.

I cannot help feeling that though a "little" of this is a good thing, so much of it is belittling. I am longing for some great big songs, songs that take us out of the littleness of our lives into the largeness that is possible for us; songs that teach us to attempt great things for God and expect great things from God. Little prayers are good, but give me, for a change, a vast prayer, a prayer with the universe for its scope and all time for its field. Little words of kindness are good, but let us, once in a while, get our mouths enlarged as was Hannah's, and say some of the everlasting big things that wait to be said. A little bit of love is

beautiful; but, using it for the little bits of places, give us also some songs of the great, wide, all-comprehending loves that sweep over lives and nations and worlds.

I am sure to be misunderstood even though I repeat that I love these little songs about little things. I love them and I want to keep right on singing them; but right by the side of them, once in a while,—and rather often, too,—I want to see more of the biggest possible songs about the biggest possible things.

LOVE.

Panaceas and Specifics.

A panacea is a cure-all. A specific is a sure cure.

In medicine there is no panacea, and quinine is about the only specific.

In morals there is only one panacea and only one specific, namely, love.

In government there are a thousand alleged panaceas and specifics—initiative and referendum, single tax, universal suffrage, short ballot, free trade, arbitration, and so on *ad infinitum*; but there is only one real panacea and specific, namely, brotherhood; that same love.

The formula is the Golden Rule.

Hammering the Rails.

The large number of railroad wrecks, especially those of express passenger trains, has set men to thinking and to writing. Many reasons have been assigned, pre-eminently the too great speed of the trains; but a leading specialist believes that a large factor in these accidents is defective rolling stock. If a wheel is imperfect in one part, that part wears out first, and the wheel becomes what is called "flat" at that place. Whenever in each revolution it reaches that part of its circumference, it slaps the rail with a tremendous concussion. If the wheel is

not perfectly round but slightly oval, there is a similar result. So also if the wheel, though round, is not perfectly concentric with the axle on which it revolves.

This steady pounding of the rails by defective wheels may be noted almost any time if we listen when traveling on the cars to what is happening beneath us. And when we remember how heavy the cars and the locomotives are, we can see that the destructive effect of this constant pounding upon the rails is very great, great enough to account for most, if not all, of the broken rails that cause so many fatal and terrible accidents.

Nor is the case very different when I come to my own life and the lives of those around me. Some move rapidly and accomplish an enormous amount of work, but there is no jar; their lives run so smoothly that you would hardly know they are running. They live to a good old age, and do not die in the ditch.

On the other hand, most workers go thump, thump, thump over every mile of the way. Their toil is a steady pounding. They punish everyone that comes into contact with them. It is blows, blows, blows from morning till night, and if not blows on the face it is the heavier blows of the tongue. They are running on flat wheels.

Ah, brothers, there is only one machine-shop where they turn out wheels that can be trusted to run smoothly all through their life.

And the firm which runs that machine-shop?

Love and Co.

Their Golden Wedding.

I once received a very beautiful and touching missive. It was written with loving care, in a fine penmanship. Evidently the letter was duplicated with tender painstaking and sent to other friends.

It was a memorial of a wife who had been dead for a number of years, and it was sent out by her husband on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to her.

I like the spirit of that. It pleased me and moved me more than any communication I received for a long time.

Love—true love—is eternal. When souls are bound together, there is no separation.

Our dear ones who have stepped into the other room, just out of our sight for a little while, are still so near that we can almost hear their sweet voices through the partition walls, can almost touch their hands through the doorway.

They are interested still in all that interests us. The anniversaries that we were wont to keep so happily together,—shall we not keep them still, they in the other room and we in this? Yes, and happily still! for soon the door will open for us.

Golden weddings, and all other golden events, are possible still, though our loved ones walk the golden streets. May it not be that they are even the more possible and likely? Earth and heaven are very close together, after all!

"I Won't."

A California girl was being married, but evidently had her doubts. She broke into the ceremony with the cry, "I won't do it, that's all; I simply can't." And she didn't.

She was a trifle late in making up her mind, but she did well to make it up at last.

Many a girl gets insensibly involved in a love affair and is whirled on to a marriage before she realizes what she is about.

Flirting may have done it. Match-making friends or relatives may have done it. Sheer recklessness may have done it. The first thing she knows she

is before the marriage altar. She has not moral courage to back out. She gasps, and the thing is done.

Boys! girls! don't play with fire. Learn to say "I won't," before the saying will cover you with confusion, fill you with lasting shame, and leave a scar upon your conscience for life.

Self-mending Tires.

An Australian has invented a substance that he calls "miraculum." His modesty was evidently on a vacation when he named the compound, and yet it certainly possesses wonderfully useful qualities. It is to be applied to pneumatic tires to remedy punctures, and this is the way it works:

It is a semi-liquid, looking like cream, and about as thick. It is pumped through the valve into the inner tube of the tire, and the revolution of the wheel throws it in a coat over the inner surface. When the tire is punctured it oozes out of the opening, solidifies as soon as it reaches the air, and behold! there is no opening. It has been tested, and is found to do what is claimed for it.

Now I want some miraculum in all the wheels of my life chariot! I want a good supply of it.

How constantly those tires get punctured! Unkind words, malicious sneers, hateful slanders, bitter ridicule, foolish misunderstandings, angry recriminations—all these are strewn along my road, and their edges are sharper than ever was broken glass. Bang! go the tires nearly every time I ride out.

O yes, I patch them up and roll along after a fashion. My tires are covered with sticking-plaster of every hue. They look like veterans of a thousand battles.

But what I want is no exterior application, but an inner remedy like miraculum. I know the name of what I want. It is a shorter name, but it means far more. It is "love." Love!

Ah, love! No life chariot will be troubled with punctured tires when love is used within. It heals every thrust, however cruel, and cures every wound, often before it is known to be a wound.

For love suffereth long and is kind. Love thinketh no evil. Love is the miraculum of the soul.

Keep Sweet.

They have discovered in England that if they soak wood in a solution of beet-sugar, and then dry it in an oven, the wood becomes

Tougher,
More durable,
Heavier,
Stronger,
More ornamental when planed and polished.

Soft woods are thus greatly improved.

Unseasoned timber, after treatment, can be used at once and will not warp or shrink.

The treatment fills the pores of the wood and renders it more sanitary.

Wood thus treated resists dry rot.

Poison may be added to the sugar solution and the wood made proof against destructive insects.

There! Quite an idea, isn't it?

And the moral—for a man—is:

KEEP SWEET!

Boil your soul in sugar.

Soak your life in loving kindness.

Let it enter every pore.

The process will make you also

Stronger,
More durable,
More beautiful,
More constant,
More healthful,

And proof against those little gnawing frets and worries that are worse than white ants to eat out character.

Try it, and see.

The Art of Lubrication.

When a man buys an automobile, he figures up the probable cost of the gasoline, but he does not figure up the probable cost of the oil and grease. Yet the lubrication of the great machine is of as much importance as is the power, and the car would not go very long without either. The motion of the parts of the engine is very rapid, the surfaces of the driving mechanism that play upon one another are numerous, the heat evolved is very great, and without oil and grease in abundance not only would the automobile begin to squeak and grind insufferably, but the parts very soon would wear out, if they did not first fuse together. So oil and grease, expensive oil and grease, must be lavished upon the machine, and the cost is promptly discovered to be no inconsiderable element in the cost of the upkeep of an automobile. This expense is next, indeed, to that of gas and tires.

I was dismayed when first I began to "oil up." I had no idea what a long and complicated process it would prove to be. I counted eighty different places in the machine which had to be oiled or greased, and since then I have discovered several more. I am not at all sure that I have found them all yet. A friend of mine did not learn about one rather important oil-hole till he had run his car a year, and all the time that place was a danger spot.

There are grease cups all over the car—four or more to a spring, some on the wheels, and others stuck in all over the driving mechanism. To reach them you bend and twist, and get down underneath, and stretch up groping hands into dark regions, whence they emerge dripping with oily blackness. These grease cups must be turned down frequently in order to drive the grease into the machinery. They must be unscrewed and filled up

frequently. Often they are lost and must be replaced.

Then the engine must have its tank kept full of light oil. A splashers works up and down in this tank, lifting the oil and forcing it into different parts of the engine. It is also forced into a tube which runs to a glass box on the dashboard, down which it visibly drips. The driver must watch this box and see if the drip continues. If it stops, the oil may be exhausted or the tube choked up. Immediate investigation is necessary, or the machinery may be ruined.

Still further, a very heavy oil is needed for the transmission, the speed gears, and for the differential, which transmits the power immediately to the rear wheels, to say nothing of the packing for the universal joints in between. Then, neat's-foot oil must be applied occasionally to the leather surface of the clutch, and vaseline to the armature of the little dynamo, and light oil to other parts of the starter and the spark apparatus, as well as on all the numerous moving joints and shafts. Grease, heavy oil, light oil, neat's-foot oil, and vaseline—five kinds of lubricants in use in my machine in something like ninety different places. Does anyone doubt me when I say that the oiling and greasing of my car, which should be done at least once a week, means at least two solid hours of hard and rapid work? No one owns a car long before he comes to have a much higher respect for the art of lubrication.

For lubrication is an art. It is an art in the automobile, and a very much greater art in life. It is not easy to keep things running smoothly in even the simplest mode of existence; and the more possessions you have to work with, the harder it is. Many of the most brilliant men and women fail right here. They would be all right if all they had to do was to forge ahead with the power of their gasoline

and the plunge of their engines, twenty, thirty, fifty miles an hour! They are all wrong when it comes to fussing with grease cups and oil cans. They are great in personal achievement; they are perfect bunglers in the little amenities, the small kindnesses and courtesies which make the great personal achievements possible, or utilize them to the full when they are accomplished.

Without lubrication, business offices go awry, and the greatest commercial institutions tumble into bankruptcy. Without lubrication, schools and colleges become hotbeds of dissatisfaction. Without lubrication, governments and political parties lose their prestige, because they lose their working efficiency. Without lubrication, even Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies and churches fail of their great work for the Master.

Throughout both Old and New Testaments, the Bible significantly refers to "the oil of the Spirit" to suggest the efficacious working of God's grace in the world. It interposes between clashing temperaments, it removes the friction of opposing plans and differing methods, it enables men of all sorts to work together for a common end, and to produce grand results which they alone could not produce. This is the world's one harmony.

Have we received this "oil of the Spirit" as the element of love in our lives?

MANNERS.

Good Manners.

Lord Rosebery, in an address to English schoolboys, wise and earnest as his addresses always are, asserted that "there has been a decay of manners in England, Scotland, and all over the world." I fear he is right.

The speaker went on to say: "Good appearance and good manners have an enormous commercial value in life.

Good looks are not at our command, they are a gift of the gods; but a good, straightforward, manly appearance, an appearance without self-consciousness,—which is perhaps the most disagreeable feature of all in appearance,—is within the command of every boy. Manners are even more important than appearance."

Not only for their commercial value did Lord Rosebery recommend good manners, but for their indication of character. "If we see the king going through the streets," he said, "we take off our hats to him, as a mark of respect to him in the first place, but in the second place as a mark of respect to ourselves." Thus also when young folks cease to pay respect to their elders, and when adults cease to render the homage of outward reverence to purity, dignity, wisdom, and worth, they testify only to a lack of nobility in themselves.

If manners are lost, it may be that men deserving of respect have ceased to exist—which is absurd; or it may be that common souls have lost the power to value them, which is sadly possible. Your manners are your recommendation or your condemnation. Which shall it be?

MARRIAGE.

A Check on Marriage.

Something new happened in New York. This is not an unusual occurrence, however.

The particular new thing that interested me was an order issued by Judge Foster of the Court of General Sessions in the case of a young man twenty years old who had been arrested several times for stealing. For the last offense, committed three years before, the judge had suspended sentence, but the criminal's parole had been broken, and the judge was about to pronounce sentence when a young girl interceded for the prisoner,

She declared that she was engaged to be married to him.

That put a different aspect upon the case, and the judge at once suspended sentence again on the grand larceny charge, adding the quite novel order: "This is on condition that you do *not* marry. If I hear of your marrying without first obtaining my consent, I will send you to jail for a long term. I have no intention of permitting a marriage which will result in a race of criminals."

Now, why is not that sensible? And why does it not furnish a wise hint for other judges in whose courts unmarried men are convicted of crime? If it seems best to put them on parole, let the judge protect the community and preserve the future by making the condition of no marriage before a decided and manifest reformation. Judge Foster may be the discoverer of a powerful new method for the reclamation of wrongdoers.

MEDDLESOMENESS.

Keep Off the Wire.

There is a big fire down town, and instantly the telephone exchange is swamped with inquiries, most of them merely aimless and curious. Just at that time the firemen, police, ambulance men, and possibly the soldiers, need an unobstructed telephone service.

Perhaps there is a terrible explosion. Perhaps there is a riot. Perhaps there is an earthquake or a tornado. Keep off the wire, unless you have urgent and necessary business with it. Save the wire for the authorities, for the instrumentalities of order and rescue.

Yes, and when someone is very sick, do not annoy and distract the doctor and nurse with your chatter. Keep off the wire.

And when there is a quarrel between two families, do not increase the trouble with gossip. Keep off the wire.

And when the city or State or nation is meeting a severe emergency, do not sit down and inflict a letter upon the mayor or governor or President. Keep off the wire.

You may be a perfect Solomon, but even Solomon sometimes best showed his wisdom by keeping still.

Only a Rat.

It was on the Great Northern and City Railway, running out of London. Many thousands of passengers are carried by this line into the world's metropolis. It is a new line, but it worked smoothly, without a hitch, until, one day, it was tied up for thirty minutes.

Everything came to a standstill. Passengers fumed. Conductors wondered and fretted. They could get no signal to go ahead and had to hold their trains stationary. There was lively telegraphing and telephoning, but all to no purpose.

At last the trouble was located, and what do you think it was? At Moor-gate Street Station a rat had gnawed the insulating layer off the signal cable! Probably the inquisitive rodent got a severe shock, as inquisitive folk are likely to. At any rate, the place was patched up, the leak in the subtle electricity was stopped, the signals began to work, the trains began to move, brows smoothed out, and the trouble was over.

But it had cost thirty minutes, multiplied by no one knows how many people. And all because of a rat's teeth.

Moral: Don't meddle.

Moral No. 2: Mischief runs far from the starting-point.

More Moral: Watch the little things.

Moral to End With: When your part of the world goes wrong, don't jump to the conclusion that the universe is out of joint; it's probably only a rat,

MEEKNESS.**The Stingless Bee.**

I saw it in a newspaper, and I always take with a grain of salt what I see in a newspaper; but this piece of information seemed plausible.

The writer was discussing the stingless bee, which has been produced, it appears, much to the delight of bee-raisers and the small boys of the vicinity.

But this stingless bee, mild and model in character that it is from an ethical viewpoint, is not at all a success when regarded in a commercial light.

The trouble is with its honey. It is too tame. It lacks the tang that the well-armed bee's honey possesses. Just why there should be this relation between tameness of disposition and tameness of product has not been discovered, but it seems certainly to exist.

This bit of natural history serves as an illustration, if not an explanation, of a phenomenon often observed among human bees. Why should mildness of manner so often be associated with a flavorless output in life? Why should the men and women of forcible characters, those that are getting things accomplished in the world, so often carry stings and stick them into the luckless individuals around them? Is it not possible for a person to be at the same time masterful and meek?

If you think it is, prove it in your life, and all the world will exalt your fame.

MEMORY.**A Merry Memory.**

An Ohio man had about the right idea. Ohio men are likely to have about the right ideas. I am an Ohio man myself—by adoption.

This particular Buckeye was Emil Ambros,—a name indicating that he

also was an Ohio man only by adoption.

In his will he left a fund to be used in a queer way. Every year this fund was to provide a banquet for his friends and their children. They were to "eat, drink, and be merry" in memory of him, and as if he were making merry with them.

This banquet has recently been held in Columbus. Ambros has been dead seven years.

Brethren, that is the sort of memory to leave behind one. Tears—of course; who would want to go away, though only for a few years, and leave no tears behind him? Those tears will wash away the thought of his faults and sins, his crankiness and selfishness and crossness and fretfulness, as nothing else could.

But through the tears let the smiles break! May hearts glow warm at the thought of me after I am gone! I'd rather have that than be buried in Westminster. That is the climax of worthy fame.

The memory of a good man should be a perpetual feast.

MENTAL BREADTH.**"Narrow-gauge" Collapse.**

Many of my readers remember with what hopes the narrow-gauge railroads were built. They would be much less expensive than the standard gauge. Less land would be required, the ties would be shorter and lighter, cars would be smaller and lighter, engines would not be so heavy and would consume less coal, freight charges would therefore be less, fares would be less, and dividends would be greater. These arguments, and others like them, led to the building in all the world of nearly 165,000 miles of narrow-gauge railroads.

And now almost all of this enormous amount of work must be done over,

and most of the narrow-gauge roads must be transformed, at vast cost, into standard gauge. Many of them have already been so converted. The cost in Japan alone of changing 5000 miles of narrow gauge into standard gauge is estimated at \$150,000,000.

For all the arguments in favor of narrow-gauge roads have been proved fallacious. They wear out rapidly, travel upon them is a torture to the flesh, freights are disappointingly high, and returns to investors are disappointingly low. In Argentina, for example, the net earnings of the narrow-gauge roads are only about half as much upon the capital invested as the earnings of the far more heavily capitalized standard-gauge roads.

So we have come to speak of "narrow-gauge" men; men, that is, whose lives are not built upon broad and substantial lines. A crank is a narrow-gauge man; and one-ideaed men, men of small outlook and feeble imagination, of little culture, of restricted sympathies—all these are narrow-gauge men.

And they are all failures. They do not pay. They are not expensive luxuries, for they are anything but luxuries, though they are indeed expensive. And unfortunately it is not so easy to convert them into broad gauge as it is to convert the railroad.

But the broad-gauge men—how we all delight in them! They are men of liberal minds, of wide experience, the co-operative instinct. They do not form little cliques and parties by themselves on the "holier than thou" principle. They work with others and get work out of others. They take broad views. They understand many things. They believe in the world and the people in it. They are countrywide and cosmopolitan. They carry heavy substantial rolling-stock that lasts for many years. They pay back dividends in the confidence and esteem of the people.

It is easier—at the start—to be narrow gauge than broad gauge; but it is harder in the end.

METHODS

They Cost, but They Pay.

The California State Automobile Association has been looking into the actual value of good roads. It got a university professor and the State highway engineer to measure the pull required to move, on different kinds of roads, a standard farm wagon with a load of 6,000 pounds. Sometimes horses did the pulling, sometimes an automobile truck.

On unsurfaced concrete roads the needed pull was only from 27 to 30 pounds per ton of load; on surfaced concrete, 50 pounds; on macadam, 65 pounds; on good gravel roads, from 65 to 82 pounds; on earth roads with an inch and a half of loose dust, 92 pounds; on a muddy earth road, 218 pounds; and on loose gravel, 263 pounds. Thus the farmers who must do their hauling over the poorest type of roads have to use and pay for about ten times as much energy as the farmers who have access to roads of the best type. The same is true of all users of horses and carriages and of automobiles. The figures ought to convince all tax-payers that it pays to build and maintain good roads, in spite of their admittedly high cost.

Now a method is a road. "Method" comes from the Greek word which means road. A method is the highway over which our activity passes.

We are likely to think that any method is good enough, provided it "gets there," provided it reaches the desired terminus. But there are methods and methods, just as there are roads and roads; and it is far from immaterial to a worker whether he chooses a method that means an expenditure of 27 pounds of energy or an expenditure of 270 pounds.

There is a short way to do everything, and a long way; there is an easy way and a hard way; there is a way that brings permanent results, and a way that gives only temporary results; in everything there is a concrete method and a loose-gravel method, and you can take your choice. If you choose the wrong method, do not complain of big expenses and a small account in the bank of life.

MIND CLOGS.

Wipe Your Pen.

I know I ought to wipe my fountain pen when I am through using it. I know that the best of ink must leave sediment when it evaporates; wouldn't *be* ink if it didn't. I know that the best of pens cannot prevent the ink from evaporating at the tip of it. I know that nothing will more speedily put a fountain pen out of commission than the accumulation of sediment around its business end.

I know all this, know it well, could pass an examination in it; and yet there isn't a penwiper on my desk, and hasn't been for years. Once in a long while, when I happen to think of it, I fish a bit of paper out of my scrap-basket, and carelessly wipe my pen so that I can see little bits of the gold under the layer of black; but usually I don't bother with anything of the kind. Usually, therefore, the tip of my fountain pen is under a cloud. Usually, therefore, it is clogged up and will not write well, though, luckless instrument! it stumbles along and does the best that it can.

I shouldn't mind it so much, however; still less should I bother you with telling about it, were it not that my sediment-clogged, ink-blackened pen is a very good symbol of another sediment-clogged instrument of my living; namely, my mind.

I know I ought to wipe *that* off, also. I know how impossible it is to keep

sediment from depositing itself there, and blackness from spreading over its gold. Thus a layer of worldliness settles down over my bright ideals, and the iron mud of indifference fills up the channels of expression and influence. I started out with shining hopes, but they are now all dull and black. My life has fallen into the dumps and the doldrums.

This must not continue! Fetch me a bit of clean cloth, Miss Vigorina! And a basin of pure water, while you are about it! Off with the sediment! Rub and brush and pick it all out! I'm in for a bright, fresh start, my fountain pen and I.

MISFORTUNE.

Sugar and Stones.

We were on our way to the Geneva Christian Endeavor Convention. On our boat was a large-hearted Endeavorer, Rev. F. M. Cooper, of Mississippi. He was standing one day on the promenade deck, with a box of candy in his hand, and below him was the swarming mass of humanity in the steerage.

A sudden impulse seized him, and he flipped a piece of candy down among the dirty, tousled, Italian children. The candy hit a little fellow on the hand, and he began to bawl lustily, not at all understanding the nature of the missile. But his mother understood, put it in his mouth, and at once his tears were replaced by a grin of satisfaction.

Mr. Cooper had his cue, and began to bombard the steerage with candy. The children crowded to catch it, and it was a merry scene. After every flip and resultant scramble the fortunate victor looked up and cried in his musical language a pleasant "Thank you." There was no more crying if a hand or an arm got hit by the descending sweetness,

A simple little story; but hasn't it a good lesson for us? For often and often, when some hard fortune falls upon us, and strikes us smartly upon some exposed portion of our lives, we begin, without investigation, to bemoan our lot, and very likely, in our hearts if not with our tongues, to blame the all-loving Author of our lot. But hold! Examine the missile. It is hard; yes, but is it not also sweet? It seems a stone: is it not sugar? Oh, "taste and see that the Lord is good!"

A Zeppelin as a City-improver.

In one of the Zeppelin raids on Paris a bomb, dropped from a big airship, broke through the surface of a street and fell into the tunnel of the Metropolitan Underground Railway. It left a great hole in the roof, which was hard to mend, though the rest of the damage was soon repaired. On second thought the authorities decided not to fill the hole at all, but to use it as a needed ventilator. So the Germans have done Paris at least that much good.

This incident is only one of many illustrations that might be given, showing how the devils of war work out some good—vast evils, to be sure, and comparatively little good, but still some good.

In our lives, however, we may carry the principle much farther than it is ever carried by that terrible muddle, war. In our lives, wherever a Zeppelin of misfortune sends its destructive bomb, tearing great gashes in our plans and in our happiness, we can utilize the gap it makes, and let in through it the very air of heaven! We can make of it a ventilating-shaft that will free our souls of the miasmas of sin and selfishness and doubt and morbidness, and freshen our spirits with the free winds and the cheery sunlight. We can do this easily, if we will, for the gap is there, and all these blessings lie just beyond.

We have only to leave the hole open. But many proceed to plug it up. Into it go groans and sighs and complaints of all kinds. Into it go doubts, and moroseness, and cynicism, and skepticism. Into it go the brick and mortar of the devil himself, who is a master hand at the perpetuation of the evil he himself has done. And our lives are sealed up, with all the bad air left inside.

We could do without war Zeppelins. They are horrible things. We could manage to ventilate without them. But, having to endure them for the present, let us get all the good out of them we can.

MISSIONS.

Discarded!

I think the best advertisement I ever saw was one I came across once on a Boston street. It was the show window of a typewriter company. We'll call it the Ritefast machine, because that isn't its name.

The show window, which is large and deep, was occupied by a great heap of old typewriters, all jumbled in together. Some were bottom up, some on their sides, they had been tumbled in at all angles. It looked like a pile of shipwrecked typewriters thrown up on the beach from the stormy sea of commerce; and that is precisely what it was intended to represent.

A large placard informed the gaping public that every typewriter in the window had been lately discarded in favor of the Ritefast. There were all makes of typewriters, and every operator would be sure to find his favorite machine in the lot,—every operator, that is, except the fortunate ones that owned Ritefasts.

Sarcastic signs rose here and there, fastened to the machines: "Shipwrecked!" "Help! Help!" "On my last

legs!" "Pity the Blind!" (The Ritefast does visible writing.) No pains were spared to convey the impression graphically that the Ritefast alone was the proper machine, and that all the rest were back numbers.

As I walked away I couldn't help wishing I could prepare a similar show window for Christianity. With what a deplorable mess of discarded religions, theories, philosophies, dogmas, superstitions, follies, and barbarities could such a window be filled! What a pile of nonsense men are discarding, daily and hourly, for the pure and sound doctrines of Jesus Christ! And they do not go back again. Men are turning from Roman and Greek Catholicism, from Mohammedanism, from Buddhism, from Hinduism, from Confucianism, from the dark superstitions of Africa and the Islands, from witchcraft, fetichism, voodooism,—they are discarding these all over the world, and by the thousand, yea, by the million, are accepting the mighty, the loving Saviour.

Ah, what a show window that would be, and how overwhelmingly convincing would be its evidence!

Come to think of it, just such a show window exists—many show windows of the sort.

Do you want to look into one of them? Then read any comprehensive history of missions.

Watch Your Feet.

Physiologists say that the first part of the body to go to sleep is the feet and legs. That is why it is so necessary to keep the feet warm if one would sleep well. That is why, if you would go to sleep, you must keep your feet still and not "thrash" around uneasily.

But I am more interested in an evident application of the fact to the domain of religious work. Here also the feet are the first to go to sleep. Here also if your feet fall asleep the

rest of you is likely soon to follow your feet into the land of Nod.

The feet of your soul—you know well what they are. They are your outreaching missionary activities. They are your kindly ministries to those that need you. They are your gifts. They are your paryers for others. They are your interest in the ends of the earth. They are your hopes for the Kingdom of God. They are whatever in you is unselfish and philanthropic and self sacrificing.

Your head may be wide-awake. You may have the clearest views of theology and church government and ethics. And your hands may be wide-awake. You may be prominent in all the social gatherings of your community. But if the feet of your soul have gone to sleep, you will soon be tucked into the dormitory of the church, and only the very liveliest kind of revival will wake you up.

"How You Say That?"

My little girl went to the Chinese laundry for a bundle. She found Sam Lung bending over a long list of English words, each followed by a Chinese hieroglyphic.

"How you say that?" he asked, pointing to "neighbor." "You say ne-e-ebl?"

My little girl looked at it. "No, nābur," she said.

"Oh, nabl, nabl."

"No, nābur," said my little girl.

"Yes, yes, me say him. Nabl! Nabl! How that?"

"That's almost it. Nābur."

"Nabl! Nabl! Tankee, tankee much!" and Sam Lung was radiant.

He was trying to learn English in that way, and a slow and hard way it is, begging a word from every customer; but Sam Lung is ambitious, and industrious. He puts to shame many an American.

These aliens are eager to learn our

language. We can teach it to them out of the New Testament, and we are dull indeed if in the process we cannot also teach them something of the language of heaven.

The Nation's Greatest Work.

What is the greatest thing the United States has done during recent years? Not the digging of the Panama Canal, magnificent as that work was. Not the establishment of the parcel post and of postal savings-banks, important as those undertakings are. Not the progress of education in the Philippines, great as that progress has been. No; measured in permanent and beneficent results, nothing that our Government has recently accomplished equals the work of the nation's reclamation department. It was established in 1902, and already it has added to the fertile regions of the country no less than three million acres that formerly were desert.

Think of the happy families that will be supported upon these three million acres! Think of the hungry that will be fed by their rich products!

And all this is only a beginning, for we have one hundred million acres that may thus be reclaimed, an area fifty times as great as the tillable area of Massachusetts.

This is noble work. It not only points a way for the most profitable Government enterprises, but it should serve as a stimulant to similar spiritual undertakings.

For what are missions and what is the church but the reclamation department of society? Millions upon millions of lives all over the world, capable of bearing rich fruit for time and eternity, yet going to waste and worse than waste, breeding-places of miasma and of all disease!

Is there, can there be, a nobler and more profitable work than to reclaim these lives? The recovery of farm

lands is good for time, but the recovery of souls is good for the endless years.

MODESTY.

Too Much Brenner.

No one blames Mr. Victor D. Brenner for wanting to get the credit for the design of the Lincoln cents. It is a noble design and does credit to him. Former designers of our coins had immortalized themselves by placing their initials somewhere upon their work—though only the initial in each case of the last name; why should not Mr. Brenner do the same?

But the trouble was that he made too much of his privilege. He did not use merely a "B," but he put it "V. D. B." And he did not hide the initials away in some inconspicuous place and make them so small that they could be seen only with a magnifying glass, but he put them right where one could not help seeing them and he made them almost as big as "In God we trust." It was a plain case of too much Brenner.

People objected to it at once. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MacVeagh, was beset with criticisms. He saw the point at once and said that the change should be made. New dies were prepared and new cents were issued bearing only "B," very small, and neatly tucked away out of sight. It is there, but you have to look for it. As a result of this decision, the "V. D. B." Lincoln pennies have become very much sought after for collections.

The whole is a neat little sermon on the text, "Keep in the background of your work." People, my brethren, are quite willing to give you the credit for the fine things you do, but they do not want to be reminded of you all the time. The singer's name may be on the programme, but he must not sing his own praises. The architect's name may be in the corner-stone, but

the whole vast cathedral is on top of it holding it down. The world does not require that work shall be anonymous, but it is well pleased when it is modest.

The Catbird.

The birds held a conference to select one among their number as the sweetest singer. The owl was made judge, because he looked so wise and was a good listener. He heard the song-sparrow. "Your song is very sweet," he said, "but its range is too limited." He said the same to the bluebird, to the Maryland yellowthroat, and the oven-bird. "Your song is too harsh," was the verdict for the towhee bunting. "Your song is too jerky," he said to the robin; "and yours too shrill," he objected to the oriole. At last the catbird came forward with a confident air, and poured forth a melody which was a medley of the songs of all the other birds. "Very clever," said the owl, "but those are not your own songs. Your own song is a mew, and the cat-squeak runs through all your brilliant imitations." The conference was about to break up without result when the owl proposed an adjournment to the depths of the woods. There they heard the hermit-thrush, and the entire assembly, owl and all, declared with one voice, "That is the sweetest singer." So the bird that took the palm was not even a candidate.

The catbird added the hermit-thrush's song to his repertoire, but he fooled no one.

MONEY.

The Locked Ledger.

I saw it in a stationer's store window, and truly it was a forbidding volume. It was massive, thick and heavy, with stout leaves and ponderous leather covers. And securely set

in the edges of those covers were heavy brass hinges, which came together in a big lock. A key lay on the ledger. When the great book was closed and the key had done its work, not the most dastardly embezzler could tamper with its records, nor could the most pertinacious Paul Pry get a glimpse of its contents.

It seemed well fitted to chronicle the trade secrets of a Morgan or a Rockefeller, figures big with fate, luminous with happy or baleful meaning. "The man who comes to own that," thought I, "will wisely keep his own counsel."

And then I thought, "Is that *my* kind of ledger? In this great matter of money, which at bottom is a matter of life, would I be ready to show my expense book to the wisest and holiest of men, and not blush for any item in it? And if so, would I dare go on and lay its every page before God?"

If I would not, though my only account book is a pocket memorandum and my only safe a pasteboard box, yet I am keeping a locked ledger.

But if I *would*, then my business is safe, for I have taken as my partner the Treasurer of the universe!

For One Hundred Dollars.

What value do you place upon your life? A New York man valued his life at \$100.

He was the senior member of a firm that was running a dye-shop. An explosion of some dye-stuff set the place on fire, and the junior member dragged this man away after he had narrowly missed death in the explosion. But he happened to remember that he had left \$100 in his coat in the shop. The junior partner tried to hold him, but in vain. Back he rushed into the midst of the flames for his \$100, and there, half an hour later, the firemen found him, his body burned to a crisp.

You would never be so foolish? Ah, do not be so sure of that!

For there is more than one way of throwing away one's life for one hundred dollars. You may throw it away in overwork, in the dull, heavy grind that crushes the true life out of the soul. You may throw it away in mad ambition. You may throw it away in empty pleasures. You may throw it away in vice. In these ways millions of men are actually exchanging their lives for money, and for the things for which money stands in the great, gaudy catalogue of worldliness.

And some of these ways are worse than fire, for that at least is a clean element of destruction.

On the Mantelpiece.

George Macdonald, I have heard, had a wise arrangement in his household. He always kept, on a convenient mantelpiece, a supply of money. The supply was renewed as it grew less, and it was never counted. All members of the family went to that mantelpiece and helped themselves. No questions were ever asked. It was the family treasury, and every member of the family—father, mother, and even each little child—was a treasurer.

I like that. It implies mutual trust. It implies trustworthiness. It implies a regard of each for the good of all. It is co-operation and brotherly love reduced to terms of every day. Why, it is practical Christianity, that Macdonald mantelpiece.

I am not sure that it would work well at once in every household. Some wives and some children get money grudgingly doled out to them, and see so little of it that they never learn how to use it. Not sharing responsibility for it, they feel nothing of that responsibility. In such pitiful homes a money education would be needed at the start.

But, bless you, my brothers, lords

of the family purse, it is the only way to live!

MONOTONY.

Boston's Crooked Streets.

A Harvard professor, being intensely loyal to Boston, as all good Harvard professors are, has been talking in favor of Boston's calf-path thoroughfares.

Some of the reasons for giving the preference to crooked streets are as follows:

If the streets are straight, the dust can sweep along them in great clouds; if the streets curve, the dust will not go far.

If the streets are straight and equally distant from one another, the lots are of the same size, and the poor man must have as expensive a lot for his two-story house as the rich man for his six-story house.

Straight streets weary the eye with their long, monotonous reaches. Curved streets are continually affording a pleasant and restful variety.

These are the reasons the professor gave for preferring Boston streets to those of Chicago, for instance, or almost any other Western and newly built city. You can doubtless give many more reasons, if you are a Bostonian; and you will probably get back at him with a dozen counter arguments if you are a Chicagoan.

But, however that may be—and it is, after all, a minor concern—I am interested in the application of this matter to life.

I confess that I do not care for a life that is laid out in parallel lines, with neat little blocks of rectangular duties and pleasures, with nothing unexpected or fresh or original, with no variety and—whim, shall we call it?—to break up the dull monotony.

When I see such a man, so trim and trig, I have a naughty impulse to hit him somewhere and double him up,

thus inducing one curve, at least, among his straight lines.

Of course you will all understand that I would not have in the world a particle less goodness—we need all there is, and far more; but goodness is not half good unless it is also attractive. They are three—the good, the true, and the beautiful; and not the least of these is the last.

Every Trip Different.

If I can get a point or two while shooting up to the seventh floor, it is so much clear gain.

The other day I had a profitable half-minute conversation with one of our elevator men, as he and I ascended in an empty car.

"You must find this a monotonous occupation," I observed, "just traveling up and down all day."

I applied a mental lash to my wretched little tongue as soon as I had said it, because it is against my principles to make such gloomy remarks, planting the seeds of discontent. I was ashamed of myself.

No harm was done, however, for the elevator man made a cheery reply, that has stuck in my memory ever since.

"Not at all monotonous," said he; "not at all! No two trips are alike. The company is always different, and then, almost every trip someone in the car has something pleasant to say to a fellow. Why, it is really interesting. Seventh!" And out I stepped, with a fresh thought in my head; several thoughts, indeed.

One was admiration for that buoyant contentment. An elevator man does not see the best side of human nature. People are sometimes decidedly cross because the elevator does not come as quickly as they think it should. People often crowd in an unmannerly way. People are disgusted if they find a full car, or if the

car does not wait for their leisurely progress across the hall, or if the elevator man does not stop at the floor where they want to get off—a floor they forgot to name, but all elevator men should be mind-readers. No; elevators are not the most comfortable spots in the world. Small wonder that many elevator men are crabbed; but here was one of them that actually enjoyed life.

He was making the best of it. Instead of considering the monotony of it,—the same shaft, the same floors, the everlasting up and down,—he thought of the variety of it, the ever-changing human elements. And instead of remembering the cross words, he remembered the pleasant ones. Happy and sensible fellow.

And then I fell to reviewing my own elevator utterances. "Almost every trip someone in the car has something pleasant to say to a fellow." Was I often that "someone"? Had my elevator remarks been elevating? been worth remembering? Had I often, indeed, gone farther than a curt nod?

Ah, my brothers, this is a mixed-up world, and you are very much mixed up with it. Will you or nill you, you are in touch with your brothers everywhere. Christ—why, put a finger on the hem of His garment, and life and health flowed from Him. Alas, alas, how much of Christ I have yet to learn!

"Tired of Everything."

An upright and prosperous merchant disappeared from an Indiana town. His business affairs were in good shape. He had a pleasant family. He was leading a moral life. He was "well off," so far as money goes. But he disappeared mysteriously, and only after five years returned to his home and friends.

And the reason he gave for the queer

performance? Just this, that he had "grown tired of everything"!

That man had lost his interest in life. His work had become humdrum. His family life had grown monotonous. He wanted a change. Anything. He grew desperate. He made the plunge, and was off.

You have been very fortunate if you have never been tempted as he was tempted. Fortunate, and unselfish.

For that is the secret of it,—selfishness. No one can live for himself altogether or mainly, without becoming a victim to ennui.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" soon becomes his song. And all *is* vanity, emptiness, to him; because his all is his poor, miserable, empty soul.

But Paul never said that. No, though his bank account was expressed by thirteen ciphers and no unit. No, though his enemies were everywhere, and stonings, revilings, imprisonments, were his lot. Paul never could say that. Life was always fresh to Paul, interesting and joyous. That was because Paul's life was Christlike, it was given for others.

Are *you* growing "tired of everything"?

The fault is not in "everything." It is in *you*.

Monotonous Minds.

Professor Münsterberg, the psychologist, once declared it a mistake to say, as is so often said, that the monotonous work necessitated by our modern machinery is more wearisome because it is monotonous. It often happens that the most humdrum work in a factory is the work most enjoyed by the operatives. The truth is that certain minds prefer to work in a groove, and the more monotonous their tasks the better pleased they are, and the better results they achieve.

On the contrary, minds of another class prefer change. Monotony is terribly wearisome to them. They like to shift from task to task and even from occupation to occupation. They move from house to house and from town to town. They readily grow tired of their friends, and adopt a new set.

Evidently it is very important, in dealing with men, to know which kind of minds we are handling. Monotonous minds should be kept at steady jobs, erratic minds should be shifted from one employment to another. Thus we keep them happiest and most productive.

But in dealing with ourselves, we need to apply these truths most carefully. While it is necessary for us to discover the bent of our dispositions, we must look out or we shall confound slothfulness with the first sort of mind described, and frivolity with the second sort of mind. We think we work best at steady jobs? Perhaps; but let us be sure that we are not merely lazy and unenterprising. We get tired easily of one task? Let us make certain that it is not because of sheer light-headedness, a mind like a weathervane, turned by the least breath of wind and incapable of a fixed purpose.

And let us not forget, either, that to a large extent we can change our dispositions. We can leap out of our dearly loved ruts and learn the joys of discovery and adventure. We can curb our impatience and restlessness and learn the delights of consistent, iron-willed, plodding and profitable endeavor.

In short, the wise man will know himself, discovering at what labor he can accomplish the most, and by what methods he can win the largest success; but he will not be the slave of method, place, or circumstance. If he cannot get the task he likes, he will like the task he gets.

The Need of Color.

We have all had a headache after watching moving pictures. If we ever thought about it, we have said that the flicker of the pictures, as one after another is thrown upon the screen, hundreds to the minute, wearies our eyes and gives us the headache. Now comes along an optician and asserts that the reason for the headache is not the flicker, but the fact that the pictures are not colored.

All our lives, he reminds us, we are surrounded by color; bathe in it, as it were. The colors of this beautiful world are soft, harmonious, soothing. They break up the glare of the sunlight and modify its effects, which otherwise might be as harmful as those of a great stretch of snow which so often produces "snow-blindness" among Arctic travelers.

But these moving pictures are barren of color—simply unrelieved light and shade, flashing out in a black hall. Our nerves are not used to such treatment, and they rebel. The flicker may have something to do with it—our optician says not; but the absence of color has much more to do with it. The cure lies in the coloring of the films as near as possible to the colors of nature.

Now I understand better than I did before the pity of what we call "colorless lives," lives of dull, dreary, deadly routine and monotony. They are defrauded of one of the birthrights of every child of God. The cold, bare facts of life are pressed upon their shrinking nerves, unrelieved by variety and softness and beauty and grace. Alas, for the lives in which there is no laughter, no loveliness, no touch of joy! Just a pot of roses in a window would help wonderfully, just a merry game in the evening, just the chatter of a child.

One of the chief purposes of religion should be to introduce these bits of

color into colorless lives. Are we not coming to understand this more and more?

MOTHERHOOD.

Bogus Mothers.

The better a thing is, the more certain it is to be counterfeited; and so we might be sure that there would be counterfeit mothers. Counterfeit money is often told by the absence of the tiny red and blue threads that run through the genuine paper, and bogus mothers are told by the absence of the red thread of sacrifice and the blue thread of love. Photography may perfectly copy the real money; but the expert can tell a counterfeit with his eyes shut, by the feel of it. Thus also true motherhood is a matter of feeling. Bogus money may circulate for some time without discovery, but it meets its Waterloo when it is presented at a bank. Bogus motherhood has the same experience, and its Waterloo is—the child.

A School for Motherhood.

A woman in Detroit, Mrs. Lizzie Merrill Palmer, has bequeathed \$800,000 to establish a school for motherhood. A noble philanthropy! A glorious idea!

This school will be an art school, for motherhood is the highest of the arts.

It will be a medical school, for motherhood is the fountain of health.

It will be a theological seminary, for the home is the basis of the church.

It will be a university, for motherhood is the universal wisdom, the fundamental science.

But after the school is established, the problem will be to get the students. Nothing else so great as motherhood is entered upon with so little preparation. In most of our homes it is insanely held to be a matter which will take care of itself.

MOVIES.

Movie Brain Food.

A Boston girl was found tied to a tree. When discovered, she told a moving tale about having been chloroformed, bound, and gagged by two men, thrown into an automobile, ill-treated in divers ways, and finally tied to a tree. She stuck to her story for several hours, making it bigger each time she repeated it, but finally broke down and confessed that the whole was false. She had gone to a "movie" the night before, had seen a play bringing in the events she described, got a friend to tie her to the tree, and then tried to palm herself off as the "movie" heroine.

This is only a sample of the stuff the moving-picture shows are pouring into the brains of the boys and girls. Children make up the vast majority of "movie" crowds, and, though of course there are worth-while "movies," the great majority of them are trashy or worse than trashy.

Bad books, frippery and sensational stories, constitute a fearful evil, but they are as nothing to this later evil that has developed so rapidly. Comparatively few children care to take the trouble to read, but all children enjoy looking at pictures. Reading is usually a solitary employment, but the movies are delightfully social. Moreover, there is nothing novel about reading, in spite of the term, "dime novels"; but the movie makes use of one of the most fascinating of recent scientific and mechanical inventions, and produces with ease the most astounding phenomena. Besides, it has the "pep," the "go," the "zip," which means so much to young folks.

The remedy for movie abuses is in the hands of the parents. Absolutely immoral films can and doubtless will be suppressed; but trashy ones, merely sensational ones, can hardly be touched by the law. They can be

driven out only by the care of wise parents, who learn what the movie theater is exhibiting, and keep their children away if it is not worth while.

MUSIC.

Music by Machinery.

Dr. Cahill, a wizard of Holyoke, Mass., has perfected his telharmonium. By means of electric vibrations of differing frequency and power he has become able to build up all kinds of musical sounds, from the clear tones of a flute to the blare of a cornet or the rumble of a drum or the exquisitely intricate tones of a violin. More than that, his machine evolves all sorts of new and fascinating tones, whose like has not yet sounded forth from human instruments. Still further, because the means of operation is electricity, the lovely results may be sent anywhere, and the telharmonium can give a concert a thousand miles from where it is.

You see at once what is coming. There is to be in your parlor a little hole in the wall covered by a plate. You will attach a paper cone, turn a key or push a button, and at once the whole house will be filled with the most entrancing melody. All instruments will combine in the superb symphony, and new, strange instruments will seem to enter continually, keeping the ear alert with fresh surprises. Good-bye, then, to phonograph cylinders and gramophone plates. We shall get our music "right off the bat," as the boys say, without any clumsy intermediary. It will be a little foretaste of the music of the spheres.

But someone has to play, even in the case of the telharmonium. Let not Paderewski abandon his art, and take to sawing wood. You may call this music by machinery, but the machine must have an operator, and the operator must have a soul for music. Nothing comes from nothing,

even in these days of the Patent Office. You must put music in before you can get music out. In all cases, you must put the thing in before you can get the thing out. And always the main difficulty is to put the thing in.

Ah, no! The Paderewskis will never be out of a job.

NAMES.

Hogan or Homans?

Considerable amusement was aroused at one time by the attempt of some members of the Hogan family to get their name legally changed to Homans. Hogan is so plainly an Irish name that they thought it injured their business and social relations. Doubtless they were wrong in so thinking, but anyway they thought so, and desired a name to which no foe of the Irish could take exception.

But when the Homans family heard of the plan they rose up in arms and got out an injunction on the proceeding. They held that their family name was their own property, and that no outsider had a right to it. They maintained that if the Hogans should force their way into the charmed circle they would work them irreparable injury. The court sustained them, and the Hogans had to remain Hogans. The Homanses were preserved from defilement.

[*Later.* The Hogans have succeeded in their effort, and are now legally transformed into *Homonds!*]

The episode is funny enough, but it has its serious side. Some of the rest of us may not like our family or personal names. They may be names bearing some historical stigma. They may be bombastic, fanciful, or ridiculous names. They may be very commonplace names. We have many reasons for objecting to them.

But they are our names, and the manly thing is to make the most of them. To render an unfortunate name

famous and beloved is a double triumph. Why not take our names as a challenge from fate and make up our minds to come out on top?

And then, there is our new name, the beautiful new name that is to be given us in heaven. It will be written on our foreheads, remember, where all can see it. We shall wear it as a crown of beauty; and we shall be, oh, so proud of it!

That new name will express our character, all the strength and loveliness we have built up into it during these days on earth. May not some of the luster of that new name spring from this very mastery of our luckless names on earth?

NATURE.

The Best Bank.

"I know a bank" that never fails. Investments there bring forty per cent, sixty per cent, a hundred per cent. It deals in stock that always pays dividends, in bonds that grow constantly more valuable. Its gold is of the purest, its silver unalloyed. This bank is so solid that the bankruptcy of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and all the Rothschilds would not affect it. "I know a bank" that is never the same, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, and yet it is always sound as Gibraltar. There are frequent runs on this bank, but no one doubts its perfect solvency. The bank examiner is always delighted. Its resources appear inexhaustible. It is backed by absolutely immeasurable assets. "I know a bank" which is as gracious to the poorest as to the richest, and which welcomes the child as gladly as the prosperous adult. "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows."

Chickens in Your Dooryard.

A certain lady of original ideas has established a brood of young chickens

in her dooryard. She has sacrificed to gravel a circle of the grass, surrounded the chickens with wire netting, added a wooden box on its side, and there they are, a constant pleasure to all the members of the household, from grandfather to grandchild. Every chicken has its name, the characteristics of each are known, and one of the delights of the day is to throw in lettuce leaves and watch the scramble. The life histories of "Napoleon," "Teddy," "Mary Lyon," and the rest are added to the history of that family.

That is the way to become a part of God's wonderful creation: bring it near, bit by bit. Some of it, like mountains and sunsets, must be observed with awe from a distance, but much of it may be brought into our dooryards and so into our lives. Thus the pot of heliotrope on the bookkeeper's desk, the tomato growing on the kitchen table, the family of snails under observation in the library, even (why not?) the lordly shaft of Indian corn in a corner of the parlor! Do not hold the natural world off out of sight, down back of the barn. Bring God's wonders up into your dooryards.

NEIGHBORS.

Nigh Boors.

Shrewd Horace Walpole once wrote, "The worst place in the world to find solitude is the country; questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbors."

"And who is my neighbor?" the lawyer asked Jesus. "He that showed mercy," was the lawyer's own answer, following the parable of the good Samaritan.

Walpole's "unpleasant Christian neighbors" were not neighbors at all in Christ's meaning of the term. They were neighbors in the root meaning of the word, nigh boors. They were merciless in their curiosity, their meddlesomeness, their officiousness, their

criticisms. They were not neighbors in gracious tact, manly independence, and beautiful regard for the fitness of things. They were boors; and because they were nigh boors, they rankled.

I think we need not go to England, nor back two centuries, to find specimens of the kind of neighbor that Walpole had in mind.

Neighbors' Hens.

I have received an appealing letter. It comes from a New England town, and it puts the following question:

"X and Y live opposite each other in a village. X keeps hens. What does his duty as a Christian citizen require him to do to prevent his hens from leaving his premises? On the other hand, what does the law of Christian courtesy and forbearance require on Y's part if X's hens *do* get into his garden after he has expressed to X a wish to have them kept out?"

There you have it! That, in embryo, is the social problem of the ages! It is the problem of "live and let live." Essentially the problem is, "If one man's good is another man's ill, what is the second man to do about it?"

Instead of hens put dollars. A has a lot of them. B has none. A's dollars are aggressive. They have beaks and mouths and claws. Also, they have wings; and they do *not* fly away. They fly over the fence, rather, and eat up B's possessions and mar Mr. B's peace of mind. And what is B to do about it?

It is a great art, this art of living together. Neighborliness is simply Christianity in action. Christ's question, "Who is my neighbor?" goes to the root of the matter. If you are a thoroughly good neighbor, you are all right for time and eternity.

And the law of neighborliness is simply this: "Love God with all your heart, and love your neighbor as your-

self." If you would wish your neighbor, in case he kept chickens, to build a fence around them with netting that they could not fly over, then build that fence for your own chickens, and do it to-morrow. If, when you have done your best to keep your chickens in and they nevertheless get away from you and into your neighbor's flower-beds, you would like to have him turn the affair off lightly and say that the pansies had done their best blossoming anyway,—why, treat it the same way if your neighbor's hens make uninvited calls upon you against his will and in spite of his efforts. But if your neighbor is one of those mean, cross-grained, crabbed, selfish old curmudgeons that are too stingy to pay for a chicken fence and too ugly to care whether your garden is spoiled or not, get your evidence and witnesses and a lawyer and make him pay the damages done by his hens! That is for the good of the community and of Mr. Neighbor also, and you can sing while you are doing it any hymn in the hymn-book.

And if it is dollars instead of chickens, the rule holds good!

NEW NAME.

Their New Names.

All Americans should know about the exceedingly fascinating work that the famous Sioux Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who married the poet, Elaine Goodale, has done for his brothers of the Sioux Nation. I have heard him describe, in his quaint way, the many perplexities that arise from the long individual names of the Indians, that do not at all indicate family relationships, and are almost impossible for most folks to remember. In proportion as the Indians become civilized, and own and sell property, transferring titles, this defect in their system or no-system of nomenclature becomes a serious matter. Therefore

an important step in the civilization of the Indian is his adoption of the civilized name. Dr. Eastman's fine face glows with enthusiasm as he unfolds the far-reaching results of his work.

For he was commissioned by the Government to rename all the Sioux Indians,—a tremendous and a delicate task that no one else could accomplish half so well. Dr. Eastman is no iconoclast. He has a love for the beautiful Indian names, and has retained them so far as he can. But what is one to do with an Indian who is called Tatcyohnakewastewin, which signifies She-Who-Has-a-Beautiful-House? Dr. Eastman renamed her Goodhouse. No particularly beautiful sentiment attaches to Bob-tailed Coyote, and everyone is willing to have it changed to Mr. Robert T. Wolf. But such a name as Matoska (White Bear) is retained, as it is pleasing and manageable. In this way, with sympathy, poetic insight, and ready wit, Dr. Eastman has persuaded the Sioux to adopt improved names.

Is not the whole operation a beautiful illustration of the new name which each of us is to receive in heaven, fresh from the mind of our Father? It will signify the final abandonment of our old sinful nature. It will mean our adoption into the kingdom of heaven. It will retain all the best of the old, and it will seal us to the glorious and permanent *new*.

NEWSPAPERS.

The Efficient Idol.

Once upon a time there was a Popular Idol. It could wink its eyes wisely and open its mouth and Actual Oracles sounded forth.

It drew great crowds, and no wonder. People asked it questions, and they governed their lives by its answers. They gave much gold to gild the idol, and jewels to adorn it. They sang its

praises in loud pæans, and they bowed before it.

After many years a Daring Spirit drew the people's attention to the fact that what the idol said was not So, that its predictions did not come true and its advice resulted in misfortune. He tapped on the idol and it was hollow. He showed the wires which worked the eyes and mouth and the tube which connected the mouth with the Man Behind.

"But the only trouble," said the people, "is that we have not given enough." So they lavished upon the idol still more gold and jewels.

And to this day, before vast throngs, it is winking its eyes and opening its mouth and uttering Actual Oracles. For the Idol is the Newspaper.

Anything for Smartness.

The police of a great city, confronted with the problem of swarming automobiles, trucks, carriages, and pedestrians, did the best they could.

Some of them swung their arms vigorously, like windmills. Some of them jerked their thumbs. Some of them faced stolidly one point of the compass. Some of them gyrated like weather-vanes. Some of them maintained a stern silence. Some of them shouted and scolded. Some of them stood in the center of the crossing. Some of them stood at one side.

Drivers and pedestrians, confused by these ever-varying signals, different at each corner, and differing also from day to day, gave it up and merely used their own wits, crossing when and where they saw a chance. The result was collisions and knock-downs and fright and fret and fume and an endless snarl. The newspapers protested daily, and the funny men waxed facetious over the situation.

Then the police commissioner drew up a set of rules, getting the best advice obtainable,

He regulated the position of the policeman at the crossing, his attitude, his every gesture, for each emergency. He drilled the policemen in the required motions. He published the rules in the newspapers. They went smoothly and unmistakably into operation.

But lo! editors, cartoonists, and paragraphers saw their chance. Pictures of police contortions and pedestrian perplexities and the confusion of drivers appeared on the front pages. The funny men grew vastly humorous over the police calisthenics and wig-wagging. The public soon put on a broad grin. The police felt sheepish. The good new rules were discredited, and all that the newspapers might appear smart.

The only leadership some "leaders of thought" care for is to lead money toward their bank accounts.

NEW YEAR.

Time's Laundry.

There is nothing so new as time!

Every fresh day is absolutely unique. It comes unexampled, unspoiled, original, out of the treasure-house of Time. He brings from that storeroom, not "things new and old," like the householder of the Bible, but only things brand-new.

No two days begin alike. The sun never rises twice in the same way. There are always variations in the weather. You never feel the same two days in succession. The greetings of friends are different. Your tasks, however monotonous, always come upon you from a slightly different angle. There are incessant little changes all through the most hum-drum series of days.

Homer, in his great poems, lingers lovingly over a laundry scene, and exults in "garments for a change." He must have appreciated the kindness done men and women by Father

Time in washing out our lives for us every night, washing and ironing them, and laying them by our bedsides clean and white and shining for us to array ourselves exultantly every morning.

There are souls so mean and degraded that in spite of this gracious attention they hunt around in the closet, fish out some soiled linen, and deliberately put it on, casting only a sour glance at the fresh clothes waiting for them by the bedside. Heaven forbid that such a soul be mine on any day of the year.

My Selection.

I went to the Florist that grows new years and told him I wanted a good one, the very best he had. "With pleasure," he said, and started to get it. "But I want to go too," I called after him. "I want to pick it out myself."

"Against the rules," answered the Florist, "but you may look in through this glass door." I did, and pointed out the new year that grew the tallest and had the loveliest blossoms. But something must have been the matter with the glass in that door, for when the Florist snipped off the new year and brought it out it was stumpy, and withered, and colorless. "I intended," said the Florist, "to give you a perfect beauty, if you had only let me pick it out."

NON-ESSENTIALS.

The Wrong Emphasis.

He was a zealous brakeman with a very loud voice. I should have noticed his voice anyway, but I had a headache, and at his first utterance his voice became my most absorbing interest. It had a peculiar rasping quality, and it went through my tortured ears like a saw—a very rusty but vicious saw. You see I could not help noticing what that brakeman was shouting.

And it was this:

"Th' nex' STA—TION Cot'g F'm."

That performance led me to observe with care his following effort, to wit:

"Th' nex' STA—TION Al'st'n."

No one could be in doubt that a station was coming, but what that station might be no one could form the least idea.

So it went on down the line:

"Th' nex' STA—TION Br'tn."

"Th' nex' STA—TION Fn'l."

"Th' nex' STA—TION N'tn."

If I had not been compelled to pay my entire attention to my splitting head, I really think I should have taken that brakeman aside and spoken to him, as man to man: "My dear fellow, we know that we are traveling amid stations. Spare us further iteration of that fact. I myself happen to know perfectly well what these stations are. It is barely possible, however, that there is in this car some stranger—some lone, forlorn stranger—who has not the geographical knowledge into which I have grown through the past eighteen years. It is on behalf of that supposable stranger that I make my appeal. Could you not—will you not—shift the emphasis? We all know by this time that you can shout the word 'station,' that you are a master hand—or rather a master voice—at it. Your elocution is perfect, in that one word. Now, will you not kindly give that stranger, who may perhaps be unsuspectingly near his destination, a sample of your ability in the pronunciation of proper names? I venture thus to address you, honored sir, *pro bono publico*."

I did not say anything of the sort, which was quite as well, judging from the amount of change produced by certain other railroad expostulations of mine. That silence gave me time for a little further thought in the matter. "Why," said I to myself, "is not this brakeman a very fair sample of all of us, continually repeating

the non-essentials, the meaningless trifles of life, the things everybody knows, and leaving the great words, the worth-while words, the words people are waiting for and longing to hear—leaving them unuttered? The words of love. The words of loyalty. The words of confession. The words of promise. The words of cheer. Quite as well, after all, not to pose before this zealous but unphilosophical brakeman as a superior critic. 'We're all pore critturs.' "

NOTORIETY.

Setting the River on Fire.

"He'll never set the river on fire" is a popular saying, implying that the person to whom reference is made will never make much of a success in the world.

I do not know the origin of the saying, but an incident that occurred in Gloversville, N. Y., shows that there is a kind of setting the river on fire that is not to be imitated by ne'er-do-wells or anyone else.

A certain Gloversville man was walking over a bridge that crossed Caya-dutta Creek in the north end of Gloversville. He lighted his pipe and threw the match into the water. That ordinarily safe place proved to be anything but safe, for the water was covered with a film of naphtha. For a long way the creek became a river of fire. Five buildings were set on fire and four of them were burned to the ground. Large piles of lumber were also destroyed. The electric light and power wires were burned, and the city was left in darkness while traffic was interrupted. All that from a heedlessly thrown match that literally set the river on fire.

That is the only way some people know how to set rivers on fire, and they think they are doing a great thing when they do it. They go about watching for opportunities to make

a big sensation. Their matches are always ready for a possible blaze. If characters burn up in the resulting conflagration, if happiness is destroyed, if lives are ruined, what care they? Have they not set the river on fire?

Ah, there are many kinds of successes, some honorable and some dastardly, but of all successes that is the most contemptible which feeds personal vanity at the expense of the misery and loss of others.

NOVELTY.

"Just Out To-day."

I confess that I am very tired of this newsboy cry, "*Scribblers' Magazine*, just out to-day!" "*Budge, Pluck*, and *Strife*, just out to-day!" "A new novel by Thomas Hardy Davis, just out to-day!"

The implication is that to-morrow these products of the press will not be as good as they are to-day. That they are like pancakes,—never so delectable as in the first five minutes after they are fried. Many of these periodicals and stories are ephemeral enough, to be sure; but why rub it in?

Of course you cannot fairly expect much literary discrimination or philosophical thought from newsboys; but are we ourselves quite as free as we should be from the same error? Are not we continually basing our lives upon the assumption that the most novel is the most valuable? "Just out to-day!"—is not that cry the open sesame to our hearts when it is applied to a method of work, an organization, or a theory?

"Here's your Scheme for a Young People's Society! Just out to-day!"

"Here's your Latest Political Panacea! Just out to-day!"

"Here's your Newest Theory about the Bible! Just out to-day!"

"Here's the Very Freshest Presidential Candidate! Just out to-day!"

Thus, up and down the Street of Thought, the newsboys rush, their arms getting lighter at every rod, until they have found an eager sale for all their wares. And to-morrow an entirely new armful, "Just out to-day!"

Some of the new things are good, of course, and we must live in the present as well as in the wisest of the past; but the present is only a day, and the past is—ah, how many days, and how many men!

New Houses and New Methods.

As soon as a house is built the owner wishes to put tenants into it. Every day it lies idle is so much less money in his pocket. The real-estate agent also is eager for his profit, and wants quick returns from his advertisements. Tenants, moreover, are pleased with the prospect of a new house, and the newer the better.

But *is* the newer the better?

Not at all, for the main reason that new houses are quite certain to be damp. The plaster has not had time to dry. Damp houses favor the outburst of consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, heart-disease, diphtheria. They harm adults, and even more do they harm the delicate constitutions of children. In England the municipalities are taking up the matter and are requiring proof that the building is safe for living in before it is allowed to be occupied, no matter how new it may be.

Here is a hint for those that are eager for new methods in church work, in school work, in the young people's society, in the Sunday school, in the home, in the political life, and in business life.

Let the plaster dry on the novel ideas. Let them be "tried out." Give time a chance to squeeze the water out of them. When you move into them too hastily you are liable to many ills. Not a few ministers

of the gospel have ruined their usefulness by their haste to take up new methods. So have many public-school teachers and other workers.

I believe in novelty. It is the spice of life, but it is not the bread of life. A novelty just for its own sake is folly. A tested house, a house that has been lived in a while and has proved itself "livable," is worth a dozen of your wet-plastered shacks with the carpenter's shavings still lying around. Do not be old fogies, but be sensible; for good sense is good health, of soul and mind as well as body.

The Use of Dummies.

In the town where I live the street railway has been testing fenders.

One after the other, the various candidates from the Patent Office have been adjusted to the car, and have been put into practical operation.

This is what seemed to take place.

The car would rush down the track toward a man lying sprawled out across the iron rails. It would not lessen its speed a whit, but would dash upon him, pick him up with the fender, go on a little further, and then stop. And the crowd looking on would only laugh.

For the man was not a real man, but only an image stuffed with sand.

If it had been a real man, what a series of tragedies would have taken place! His hands and arms would have been torn off. His legs would have been cut off. His chest would have been driven in. His head would have received innumerable blows. His entire body would have been macerated. Finally, to crown all, he would have been neatly decapitated. For all that happened to the sand man.

Not a fender worked. Not a fender but would have been a more deadly foe to human life than the car itself.

The incident furnishes a suggestive

parable. In all matters of importance, before you commit yourself to any course or method, make a preliminary trial of it where it does not count. As the boys say, "Try it on the dog." Better, try it on the sand man.

Some are always ready for any new thing. It may be a new furnace, or a new style of garment, or a new minister, or a new kind of committee, or a new method of church work, or a new sort of society, or a new theory in politics, or a new magazine damp from the press. Presto! off goes their allegiance to the old, whether it be furnace or minister or method, and they have no voice or time or money for anything but the novel favorite.

Don't do that. Try it on the sand man first. You may discover that it has more hitches than sides, and more possibilities of failure than patents. Before you are through with your little experimentation, the sand man may leak from a dozen mortal wounds. And you may be ever so glad that he is not real flesh and blood.

OBEEDIENCE.

The Pen-holder.

Some day—it is just barely possible—some group of persons, mindful of my eminent services to society, will combine to give me a new fountain pen. I have heard of such presents. Others have received them, men no more deserving than I am; and why should not my turn come around?

Now we are forbidden by a courteous proverb to look a gift horse in the mouth. Lest I should be tempted to so boorish an act, let me record my preference for gift horses. In short, I hope no one will ever give me a "gold-mounted fountain pen."

I often hear of such inflictions, bestowed solemnly upon supposedly deserving recipients, and I am always

sorry for them. The more gold-mounted the pen, the higher rises my tide of sympathy.

The smoothness of an ordinary rubber fountain pen is very grateful to the hand. Besides, hard rubber though it is, fancy at least imparts to it something of the pliancy that all descendants of gutta percha should possess. The pen yields itself gently to my caressing pressure, and a day's writing does not tire my fingers.

But "gold-mounted!" The fates forefend! My shrinking flesh can even now feel the angular carvings, the rasping projections of upstart metal, the hard and unyielding yellow nuisance! My fingers can even now feel the needlessly intruding weight of that costly addition. How could a thought ever progress, compelled to push before it such a gilded burden? Was a great poem ever written with such a fountain pen? or a smoothly flowing essay? Verily, no!

For it is a general rule, I suppose, in all work, that simple tools are the best. The less there is of the tool, the better, provided there is enough of it to do its work well. Inlays of ivory would spoil the violin. An artist wants no flashing gems on his palette to withdraw his mind from his picture. When an athlete is about to run a race he takes off his necktie. The goal, the goal's the thing; and the means, the tools, the accouterments, are to be forgotten.

So it is, so it must be, with us, when we yield ourselves as obedient pens into the hand of the Great Author. He does not want us gold-mounted. He does not care for our adornment in any way, by genius, power, or skill. He cares for but one thing,—plain obedience; just that we are pliant to His hand, and allow ourselves to be moved where He wants to move us, and write His thoughts upon the outspread, white, blue-lined sheets of time. And we can all do that.

The Great Level.

Henry Drummond had an enviable way of putting the truth pungently. Most men would better quote Drummond than write their own literature. For example:

"The maximum achievement of any man's life, after it is all over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can do any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives, and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much."

This is the fundamental level of the kingdom of God—rather, the democracy of God. It is a high level, and we all can reach it. If we reach it, the most ambitious of us ought to be supremely satisfied.

We talk about striking "a dead level." This is a live level.

We talk about doing "our level best." This is our level best.

We talk about being "level-headed." This is being level-headed.

To many the thought that this high level of character and attainment is within the reach of all serves to cheapen it. Lincoln will be there; Phillips Brooks and Moody and Florence Nightingale and Frances Willard will be there. But so also may the bootblack be there, and the grocer.

This thought condemns the thinker. It shows at once the low level on which he lives, and the essential crudity of his mind.

If you do not look up to anyone who does the will of God,—anyone, however lowly his lot; look up to him with delight and admiration,—then no one should look up to you, but all men and angels should look down upon you with sorrow and disgust.

A Soldier—Sent.

Large numbers of Americans, while not assuming to pass upon the disagreement between Major-General Leon-

ard Wood and President Wilson's Administration, have yet sympathized with the gallant soldier as he has been moved from post to post, always to one a little inferior in dignity and opportunity than the one he has been obliged to leave. General Wood's conduct during those trying experiences has been admirable; he has remained cheerful and serene, and has refused to criticise President Wilson. Demoted from the Department of the East, then demoted from the Department of the Southeast and placed in charge of a small training camp for draft troops in Kansas, his only public comment, made to an interviewer, has been, "I am a soldier, and go where I am sent."

Now that is fine, both in spirit and in expression. The disastrous mutinies and wholesale disobedience in Russia illustrate the opposite spirit and the ruin it inevitably brings. In business the strict carrying out of orders is the pathway of advancement. The obedient pupil is the one that masters the subject. Everywhere respect for lawful authority is a potent secret of progress. Everywhere obedience is one of the best evidences of a fine character, a character held in steady control, powers under the strict discipline of their owner.

Nor is it otherwise in the spiritual life. Every Christian is a soldier on duty. It is the business of every Christian to go where he is sent by his Commander. The order may appear to be demotion; he may be sent from wealth to poverty, from health to sickness, from fame to obscurity, from ease to hardship; but he is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and he goes where he is sent. Moreover, he goes cheerfully, without faultfinding, and promptly.

Going where we are sent ought to be the happiest thing in the world, for Jesus Christ, our Captain, always goes with us.

OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

"Keep A-moving."

"Please keep a-moving on, gentlemen!" That is the way the Boston policemen talk in a crowd, where it is necessary to maintain at least a narrow lane of sidewalk for pedestrians. Sometimes, when the crowd becomes severely packed, the policemen have no time for manners. "Move ON, there!" is the mandate then. And the crowd moves on.

Would that we might have policemen detailed upon a similar service on the highways of the soul! Would that by some authoritative power the obstructionists of the church and of society might be commanded out of the way! Would that the streets of the Kingdom of God might be kept unimpeded for the onward march of Progress!

You know the different sorts of obstructionists. Here comes a Grand Good Thing. Perhaps it is a useful organization. Perhaps it is a helpful method. Perhaps it is a new thought of God or of man or of society. Here it comes, the light sparkling around it, men following it eagerly, hurrahs rising in its wake.

But watch the obstructionists standing stolidly in its way. "We were here first," says one of them, planting his back firmly against a post. "No one invited it here," says another, scowling. "Mere temporary froth and foam," asserts a third. "The old ways are good enough for me," a fourth declares. "Let it wait awhile," says still another; "let it come back next month, or a year from now, and we'll give way to it, maybe."

So in they crowd, and a lot of others like them, and when the Grand Good Thing reaches that point in its royal march it finds the road completely blocked, and it must get through, if at all, by fighting every inch of the way.

For, as yet, we have no policemen on the streets of the soul.

Ah, brother, if you can't help the Grand Good Things along, do at least get out of their way! Do at least give others a chance to help them and get help from them. You may be sure that the thing is a predestined failure. Well, let it fail, then, without any downward push from you. Predestined failures will fail anyway, you know, without your taking trouble about them. And it is barely possible that you are mistaken in your diagnosis. Keep your doubts to yourself; the rest of us have enough of our own.

Gangway! Your room is better than your company! As soon as your company can be constructive, hopeful, cheering, we want it; oh, how we shall want it! Then you will move right on with the hurraing crowd, and will even give it a few gentle pushes toward the goal. But if you can't move that way, then move *out* of the way. Anyway, please keep a-moving on!

OLD WAYS.

The Old Trails.

There is on foot in northern Michigan a movement for the marking of the old Indian trails. These forest paths are delightful memorials of the red man. As we wander along their shrewdly managed curves, that conduct us past many obstacles still existing as well as by the sites of many others that have been removed by time or man, we seem almost to have an Indian warrior for a companion, and the primitive times come back upon our imagination. These trails are fast obliterated by the erasure of modern progress, and if they are not preserved now they will soon disappear forever.

But the Indian trail is not the only path we should seek to perpetuate. There are many ancient ways, consecrated by the feet of olden saints and heroes, which all wise men will cherish.

They are quaint customs, ancient dishes and furniture, old-fashioned manners and turns of speech, family names and stanch family characteristics, the doctrines and faiths that have stood the test of time, the olden virtues, honor, and self-respect.

Sometimes we grow impatient of these old ways, and set out to blazon new paths. Sometimes we survey splendid highways right across the ancient trails, highways smooth and beautiful, crowded with swift and handsome automobiles. This may be very good and quite inevitable, but it need not mean the loss of a single old trail. They can all be marked, and they will be prized and kept clear by the thoughtful pedestrian. For every path that has well served mankind is henceforth sacred, shadowed by holy memories, and consecrated to a use that is no less definite and vital because it is ideal.

OPPORTUNITY.

Two Interruptions.

Edwyn Longhair was a poet. At least, he had published several volumes in which the lines of type were ragged.

One day, just as Edwyn was feeling around for an idea, Barton Boresome called upon him. The next day Edwyn described the event to his wide-awake friend, Billy Brighteyes, who also was a poet.

"He stayed a full hour, Billy," Edwyn raged, "and after he went I was so upset I couldn't write a line, not a line. Boresome spoiled the whole day for me. Such fellows ought to be shut up under lock and key."

"Why," said Billy, "Boresome called on me, too, and he stayed an hour and a half."

"And spoiled another day? What a beast!"

"No, I didn't let him spoil my day. While he was droning away I con-

ceived the idea of a comic poem that hit off the occasion to a T. I wrote it out as soon as he left, took it around to the editor of *The Bumble Bee*, and sold it on the spot. That call of Boresome's brought me ten dollars."

OPTIMISM.

"Hurrah for Ohio!"

There lives in our town a thorough-going Republican. When he rises in the morning he hopes it'll be a good day for his party. When he goes to bed at night he hopes some votes have been made the past day. When he meets a friend on the street, it is: "Hullo! Well, we laid 'em out in the fourth ward, *didn't we?*"

He is a wealthy man, and isn't in politics for anything but the pure love of the game. He has been mayor of the city and State legislator, and he is now an old man, but he hasn't graduated from the ranks. He is with the rest of "the boys," every time—first at the polls and last to go home, at every caucus and primary, his jolly face looming up at every convention, his approving ears drinking in every word of the orators. He counts time from the elections; and if the Republicans come out on top, he is supremely happy for all the weeks till another election puts him again on his mettle.

Well, there came an election with bad news from New York City, how Tammany had swept everything, and the Republicans had not even a rag left to wave. I was in the car the morning after election, and I saw our Republican coming down the aisle. I trembled for him. How would he stand the defeat?—and at his age, too.

I needn't have worried. As he drew nearer, I perceived that his face was one expansive and exuberant smile, and that he was exclaiming right and left to his many acquaintances:

"Glorious news from Ohio! Heard about Ohio? Splendid, isn't it? Hurrah for Ohio!"

Sure enough. There it was, and on the first page, too, if only I had turned my eyes away from New York. The Buckeye State had certainly done well by the Republican party.

Now that is the spirit I like. It's worth a million of your cold, calculating, balancing, judicial intellects. I'm not defending blind partisanship, that thinks its own party perfect and the other party Satanic; *of course* I'm not. But I do like to see men believe in something, through and through.

And stick to that belief.]

And proclaim it in all ears.

And refuse to see the set-backs.

And make the most of the victories.

And hope all things for it.

It is by such men, zealous superbly for the Kingdom of God, that this grand old earth is to win its regeneration.

ORIGINALITY.

Of Their Own Making.

I was pleased with a report of the graduation exercises at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes in New York City. Every pupil that graduated wore clothes that he or she had made with his or her own hands. That exception was a boy, who, however, had done outside work on Saturdays and thus earned the money to buy his own suit.

This, I think, is a good example for all graduates, and furnishes an admirable suggestion for all students that are preparing to graduate.

Not, of course, that everyone must literally make his own suit of clothes for commencement day, though that would not be amiss, especially for the girls. But no one is ready to leave school till he can do things and make things.

The world asks of the young can-

didates for positions: "What can you do? What can you make? What is the use of you?" and it will have an answer before it renders up its money or its fame. Young men and young women cannot safely step forth from their schooldays except in some suit of clothes that they themselves have fashioned—that is, some useful work that they have proved their ability to do.

Such proof is far more important than the most brilliant commencement parts without it. A Latin poem, a fine oration, honors in mathematics—all these are nothing unless there goes with them a power to use them for the good of mankind.

Cut and baste and stitch this suit of clothes, therefore, O student, and do not let the garments fall from your patient hands till they fit you to a charm. For it is very likely that this suit of clothes is the only one you will get to wear all through your life!

He Did It Differently.

In the wall that bounds the playground of the Rugby School in England, they have placed a tablet which reads as follows:

"This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game, A. D., 1823."

That is, Webb Ellis, refusing to give the orthodox kick nearly a century ago, and instead running off with the ball in his arms, struck out in a new direction, set the (foot) ball rolling, and became an immortal.

Well, immortality is gained in no other way. It is won by being original.

The world is waiting, the Kingdom of Heaven is waiting, for ardent, independent souls that will be themselves and not ape others.

Men had been bowing before the Pope, buying of him the pardon of their sins and the release of their loved ones from Purgatory. Luther "took the ball in his arms and ran with it."

Men had been selling their brothers and sisters into slavery, whipping them, torturing them, hunting the fugitives with bloodhounds. Garrison "took the ball in his arms and ran with it."

Men had centered the heavens upon this earth and narrowed their thoughts to a petty universe. Galileo "took the ball in his arms and ran with it."

Men had shrunk back from the waste of waters, and abased their manhood before the unknown monsters of the deep. Columbus "took the ball in his arms and ran with it."

Read the history of nations and of men, of art and science and religion, and everywhere you will find that the world has progressed by the method of Webb Ellis.

Nor is it in the large matters alone, but also in affairs that some might consider insignificant. For when a young man dares to break away from a godless set and take a stand for Christ, he thereby takes rank with Webb Ellis and Columbus and Luther. And when a young woman dares to disregard the sneers of fashion and minister to the outcast, she steps at once to the side of Florence Nightingale and Frances Willard and Joan of Arc and Grace Darling.

Seek the better! Seek the best! Be bold, in that search, to leave the outworn past behind you!

With a "fine disregard" for what has been, in your own life or the lives of others, dare to be a pioneer in the Kingdom of Heaven!

The Shears and the Typewriter.

The shears and the typewriter were pleading with the editor, each desiring to be his implement. Said the shears, "You can make a better paper from

clippings than from original matter." Said the typewriter, "Original matter has more force and pertinency than the best clippings." "Don't be conceited," said the shears; "everybody is wiser than anybody." "Don't be lazy," said the typewriter; "put yourself into your task." "I," declared the shears, "gather the whole world for your paper." "I," answered the typewriter, "send your thoughts into the whole world." "I am humble," the shears asserted. "I am energetic," insisted the typewriter. "Your readers," urged the shears, "would get woefully tired of your productions." The typewriter replied, "They would get still more tired of a scrap-book miscellany." "I," asserted the shears, "would make your paper a bouquet." "Better call it hash," the typewriter rejoined. "You'd wear yourself out over the typewriter," the shears warned him. "You'd stagnate with the shears," the typewriter answered. Finally, after an hour of this debate, the editor reached for the shears with his left hand and began to use the typewriter with his right hand, being ambidextrous, and having two sides to his brain. Thus he edited a paper that won the favor of many subscribers.

Your Own Thoughts.

Most men are copies of other men. No one man, of course, is a copy of any other one man, but each man is a copy of hundreds of other men, taking a bit from each.

A few men are commentaries on other men. They repeat the words of others, adding their own thoughts that have been aroused by the others. A large proportion of books are in this class—merely commentaries. So are most editorials and other articles in the periodicals. So, if you analyze them, are most poems.

But the men to whom the world

loves to listen think their own thoughts and say their own say. They read books, of course, but the books they write are not copies of other books or comments upon other books; they are their own books, their very own. They listen to other men, of course, and are stimulated by them, but not to the loss of their originality.

It is the easiest thing in the world to think you are original when you are not. It is easy to mistake smartness for originality, or combativeness, or pomposity. It is easy to fool the thoughtless into believing that you are original. But all of this fails to count an atom if you are not original; and the test of originality is accomplishment.

No echo ever moved men. No mere discussion of the sayings of others ever moved men. Men are moved by the words that spring from the soul of the speaker, and not by the warmed-over thoughts, the second-hand thoughts, that he may retail, however skillfully. If men are not moved by you to think their own thoughts and do their own deeds, you are not an original thinker.

You may be very useful and entirely happy. The pipe that carries the spring water from the hillside to the farm is of great service; but it is not the spring, and would be useless without the spring.

"But," you will say, "only a few can be springs. Only a few can be original."

That is not true. Everyone can think his own thoughts and speak his own words. There must be much copying. Wise and strong and beautiful lives are to be copied. There must be much commenting. We grow by discussion. But we need not end—any of us—short of the supreme glory of original thought.

Our original thought may concern only a cabbage patch or a kitchen table, but if it is original thought and

we express it in an original way it will have an effect in other lives such as no amount of reflected Emerson or Carlyle could ever have. You may know some such original thinker in a humble sphere. If you do, you need no other proof of my words.

Be yourself. Use all other men to make yourself a bigger self, but be yourself. Use all other expression to show you how to express yourself, but express yourself. You have a brain in your head and not a mirror. Use it, not as a mirror, but as a brain.

Fit Phrases.

A friend of mine once remarked, in the presence of his daughter, that his wife "gave him the mitten" the first time he "popped the question."

"How did she do it, papa?" eagerly inquired the young girl. "What did she say?"

Her father turned the question aside, but the girl persisted. At last, remembering that his daughter, though young, had many admirers, he answered her: "Well, never mind what your mother said; but if anyone asks *you* to marry him, just tell him you are too young to think about such matters." Thereupon the girl went away perfectly satisfied.

It is amazing, and rather pathetic, to see how helpless average persons are in the need of a fit phrase. They will go groping after it in books of quotations. They will study the letters of others, and their speeches. They will torment their friends with the question, "Now just what shall I say? Just what would you say if you were in my place?" It is the "just what" that they want; not the mere idea, but the actual words. So rare is originality.

For illustration, take the modern sentence, "I'm on the water wagon now." It has undoubtedly aided the temperance cause immensely by its

popularity. Young men can say it—and *do* say it by the thousand in all ranks of society—without arousing antagonism. There is no air of superiority about it. It has a light and lively swing, as if it were a joke. It sounds like a temporary matter, a sort of recovery from a spree; and yet the deepest earnest is usually behind it.

Evangelists have learned to make good use of this principle in their great work. They tell converts what to say next. They tell Christian workers what to say in dealing with inquirers. For instance, "I am going to join the church next communion; don't you want to join with me?" A simple question, entirely free from the "holier-than-thou" attitude; indeed, not touching the main question at all; but folks will ask that question when they would not say, "Are you a Christian?" and the first question leads in time to the second. The convert, the average convert, would not think of asking that question if the evangelist did not give him the exact wording of it.

In short, if you want people to say anything, tell them what to say. They will not say it unless they mean it; do not fear hypocrisy. Folks do not lack sincerity, but they do lack originality. Therefore, put words—good words, manly words, Christian words—into their mouths.

Something Different.

On the Boston and Albany I once happened to spy, from the swiftly flying train, the following sign—I believe it was at Pittsfield:

H. A. COOPER.

He Sells Coal. Wood Too.

I don't know Mr. Cooper from Adam, but I'm sure he has a bright wit of his own, or else someone in his employment has.

For that sign has brightness in it.

I must have read hundreds of signs on that journey, but none of the others "stuck." And why? Because they were not "different"; that one was. "Wood Too"—a stroke of genius!

Young man, starting out to do things, to keep store, to teach school, to report speeches, to hammer out letters on the typewriter, to plow corn,—whatever it is, don't strike the "dead level" of monotony. The level *is* dead, and deadening. Rise above it, if you want to succeed. Ten thousand men can paint a sign:

H. A. COOPER.

Coal and Wood.

Do you put into *your* sign a spark of individuality: "*He Sells Coal. Wood Too.*"

I don't advise you to be blatant, impudent, a self-advertiser, always popping up a grinning countenance like a Jack-in-the-box. That would defeat your own ends. I simply want you to have a character of your own, and to show that character in everything you do. Be yourself. Be yourself intensely. But be yourself modestly, too.

OVERWORK.

H. B. P.

Said High Blood Pressure to the Overworking Man: "Your heart has too much to do; let up, or you'll die within a year."

O. W. M.: "Let up? Why, I need to do thrice as much every day, rather than less."

H. B. P.: "But do you need to do nothing every day? For that is what you are coming to."

O. W. M.: "I seem to be getting along pretty well."

H. B. P.: "Your blood pressure is 245!"

O. W. M.: "But think of my business pressure!"

H. B. P.: "It ought to be about 125."

O. W. M.: "What of it?"

H. B. P.: "Let up on your work, or it will let you down into your grave."

O. W. M.: "How can I?"

H. B. P.: "How can you not?"

O. W. M.: "I'll think about it. Good-by."

H. B. P.: "And I'll do something more than think about it."

H. B. P. did, and within a year the Overworking Man had entered on his Long Vacation.

Dead Hands at the Wheel.

An automobile was whizzing along Ocean Parkway, New York City, one night. It was coming faster than twenty miles an hour, and a policeman that saw it knew it. He ordered the driver to slow down. No attention was paid to him.

It was a bicycle policeman, and at once he mounted his wheel, and set out after the reckless driver. He followed for many blocks and caught up as the machine had nearly reached Coney Island. "You are under arrest!" he shouted, but the driver did not answer. He had a companion who had brought the automobile to a stop. Not till then was it discovered that the driver was dead. From heart disease or some similar cause he had perished during that mad race.

I wonder that this does not happen oftener. And I wonder that it does not happen in other contrivances than automobiles. Indeed, I am not sure that it does not happen often when men know nothing of it, and perhaps do not learn anything of it.

For the modern world is rushing along so fast that many an institution, many a business firm, many a city, and even nation, is presided over by someone who holds the wheel, to be sure, but in hands that are dead. The pace has been too much for him. The nerve tension has killed him. Of

course he still walks the earth, still goes to his office, he still holds his post, but his subordinates whisper that he has "lost his grip," that "his job is getting away from him," that "he is a back number."

There is danger in this to the rest of us also—to those that are sitting in the automobile back of the driver and to the pedestrians and other drivers along the road.

And there would seem to be only one remedy for the peril, and that is the sound old prescription, "*Festina lente*," "Make haste slowly." Let us write that motto on every automobile in the land.

A Speed-controller Needed.

The automobile will yet drive me wild with envy. I could spend the day talking of the points in that wonderful machine which I covet for the machine I carry around with me, the machine that does my work in life; but the latest device for the automobile is, I think, the climax of utility and ingenuity.

It is a contrivance to regulate automatically the speed at which the vehicle shall travel, a sort of governor, like the governor of a steam-engine. The instant the machine gets to going faster than the speed-limit set, the device throws off the clutch, and the automobile at once begins to go more slowly. The instant the machine runs below the speed desired, the brake is removed, the clutch takes hold, and on you flash again. In an instant you can throw the apparatus in gear or out of it. It is a neat little affair, occupying no space at all. Hereafter the conscientious automobilist can bowl along with no fear of policeman or traps or the wrath of country constables; he is in complete control of the situation.

That is what I need—just such a contrivance attached to my life-ma-

chine. It is so easy to get to going too fast! It is so easy to go too slowly! It is so hard to strike a steady pace, a swift pace, a safe pace, and keep it up day after day and year after year. We may adopt rules, but they will not carry themselves out. Friends may advise, but they are not always at hand. The temptation to overdo when the roads are smooth, and the temptation to underdo when the roads are difficult, is almost irresistible.

To be sure, I have heard of an instrument that, if applied to one's life machine, will do for it all that is claimed for this latest attachment of the automobile; but the instrument is rare and hard to obtain, and still harder to keep in one's possession after it is obtained. I believe it is called common sense.

Wanted—a Plimsoll Line.

Samuel Plimsoll was a London coal-dealer who went to Parliament. He was aroused to the horrible deeds of certain British ship-owners, who sent overloaded ships to sea on purpose that they might sink, crew and all, and the crafty and diabolical owners get the insurance. Plimsoll therefore got through Parliament a law requiring all ships to bear on their sides a plain mark placed there by the government, which was called a Plimsoll mark. This mark shows how low the ship's cargo may cause it to sink in the water. When the ship is loaded to that point, not another ounce may be put on board under severe penalties. Some ships carry a series of marks with appropriate letters, one for the point to which they may be loaded in fresh water (marked F W), one for the winter season (marked W), and one for the summer (marked S), and one for the winter in the North Atlantic (marked W N A), etc. These marks must be punched into the plates if the boat is sheathed with iron or steel,

and cut into the timber if it is a wooden vessel.

Now, what I should like is some such mark on my physical and mental being, showing just how far I may "load up" with safety. I want to carry a full cargo, and I do not want to go under. It is a great temptation to overload. All kinds of people are shooting burdens on board. Down they go into the hold, and the ship is sinking lower and lower. At what point must I cry "Stop"?

Of course, if I go under, I shall know just where that point is. It will be the point reached just before I went under. But there will be precious little satisfaction in that knowledge. Does anyone know of a Plimsoll for the body and the mind? If so, send him my way with his tape-measure and his paint-pot.

And if there is no such convenient person, I really think it would be better for me to close the hatches and sail off from the dock with a respectable cargo on board, rather than run the risk of depositing the whole cargo on the bottom.

PAINSTAKING.

Hand-set Type.

One night, about twelve o'clock, the typesetting-machine began to brag to the whole printing-office. "I am the latest product of the printer's art," said the machine. "I have enormously increased the output of the printing-shops. And not only do I do far more work than the old-style hand-set type, but I do it much more cheaply. It is only a short time before hand-setting will be abolished entirely." Upon this a case of type in a corner of the shop ventured to speak up: "Your work may be turned out faster and it may be cheaper, but is it better? Is it not mechanical? Is there room for taste? For instance, where a long syllable makes too wide spacing in a

line, do you work backward over the lines already set and remedy the fault? Indeed you do not, or you would soon cease to be superior in amount and cheapness of work. You plunge ahead, and leave an ugly, wide-spaced line behind you." In reply the machine merely grunted; but the next morning in walked a publisher with a book manuscript. "This book," said he, "is for the swell trade, and I want it set in the best manner—hand-set, none of your machine setting. The type must show character and thoughtfulness. Put your most skillful compositors at work upon it." Thereupon, as the publisher left, anyone with a delicate ear could have heard a metallic type snicker running around the shop.

PARSIMONY.

Stinginess and Christianity.

Alas, that any newspaper should have to chronicle such a happening as one in Oklahoma, an account of which I once saw!

A certain church owed its pastor back salary to the amount of \$40. During five months the church had paid him only \$16. Thereupon the minister sold the church building in order to get what was due him. Workmen came prepared to move the building. In ten minutes a crowd of a hundred men, women, and children surrounded the workmen, and soon a fight was in progress. The sheriff and his deputies were hastily called, and they restored peace, placing guards around the building.

A fine addition that to the Acts of the Apostles!

It is only a sample of what stinginess brings about in a church, or anywhere else. Doubtless that newspaper report was exaggerated; there may have been "nothing in it." Nevertheless, it is impossible to exaggerate the misery and shame that are caused by stinginess, and right in Christian churches,

too. The salaries paid to ministers, on the average, are so low as to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any honest Christian. They are so low that if the ministers should start in to collect what is due them by the law of God, a large part of the church buildings of the country would be sold at auction.

A man is not converted till his purse is converted.

PASTORAL ADVICE.

Consult the Expert.

I have received a letter written evidently by a clergyman, in which he asks me to emphasize the wisdom of all church-members' consulting with their pastors whenever some new form of religious or philosophical belief is presented to them for their acceptance. "Often," says my correspondent, "the pastor is an expert concerning many false phases of belief, and he could make things very plain to them in their own interests and often save them from a world of needless concern. The failure to consult a pastor has often resulted in great disaster on many questions."

Undoubtedly my correspondent is right. What is the use of paying a salary to an expert, and then, on the occasions when you have chief need of him, relying solely on your own devices?

When you erect a building of brick or wood you call in the architect and the builder. You know what a botch you would make of it if you should attempt to build it yourself, with your crude notions and untrained powers. But when you are engaged in erecting the far more important edifice of your mental and religious beliefs you think that you can get along without study, without training, without skilled assistance. Where is the consistency in this?

If it is a question of the purity of milk, you go to a chemist for an analysis; but if it is a question of the purity of thought, a matter that concerns not the stomach but the soul, in that you are your own chemist. Is that wise or safe?

The lack of economy in this procedure is as evident as its folly. In a sense the minister is your servant, paid to help you in just such difficulties. In a better sense he is your friend, eager to serve you in the most important ways. When you do not use this help you are throwing your money away, and you are losing one of the chief opportunities for testing the value of his friendship.

If it cost as much to consult clergymen as a lawyer or a doctor, perhaps their advice on such matters would be more anxiously sought and more carefully heeded. Perhaps it would be a good plan for the ministers to have a scale of fees for consultation, and regular office hours. I doubt whether even then their services would be valued as they should be, for here it is not a matter of the body or the pocket-book, but only of our immortal souls!

PASTORS' SALARIES.

Your Pastor's Pay.

"I could shovel on the railroad and double my salary," said the anonymous moderator of a Western Presbyterian synod, as reported by *The Continent*. His salary is \$83.33 a month (house free), and the salary has been the same for seven years.

"Well," someone may ask, "why doesn't he become a railroad fireman?"

The question shows a far too frequent failure to understand the minister's consecration. He is not working for \$83.33 a month, or for ten times that; he is working for the infinite pay of immortal souls.

Would you have a pastor who was

not? And yet would you meanly and selfishly take advantage of this noble spirit? Estimate the average yearly income of your church-members and compare it with your pastor's. Is the comparison one that you can afford to lay up against the great day of accounts?

PATIENCE.

What is Needed.

I was having a wretched time with my typewriter. The miserable machine hitched and clashed and stuck and squeaked. It skipped letters. It hit letter on top of letter. It printed s for d and d for f. It balked. It shied. It kicked. It did everything a mule could do, and then some other things.

I studied the contrivance. I looked for screws loose, for cogs slipped, for dust in bearings, for springs run down. I wriggled this and pounded that. I read the instruction book. I brushed the machine all over and made it shine. I cleaned the type. I loosened the ribbon. Then I tightened the ribbon. I did everything I could think of except to swear at it—audibly.

And still it stuck and skipped and hitched and clashed and squeaked and balked and shied and kicked.

I was on the point of giving it up as a bad job and betaking myself to my trusty (?) fountain pen, with the prospect of lugging the typewriter, later, to the city sixty miles away, when I remembered a previous experience. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "that is what it needs; but it can't be."

Nevertheless, I got a bottle of oil and a broom-splinter, took a drop of the mollifying liquid, and dropped it upon a tiny steel projection that plays in a central slot. Then I tried the typewriter once more, and—glory!—it worked as smoothly as if it had just come from the factory.

It had needed that drop of oil, and that was oil it had needed.

"Making It Go."

A photographer whose beautiful and conspicuously successful work is my admiration, Mr. H. F. Ruhl, of Manheim, Penn., once sent me a curious photograph. It is a group of children; what queer children, and what peculiar surroundings! It seems like a view from "Alice in Wonderland," or like the images of concave and convex mirrors all twisted up together. Here a boy's legs are lengthened out till they look like the poor little skeleton legs of India famine boys. Here again, the boy's legs are puffy as if they were Dickens's Fat Boy's. On the left is a pretty girl who has shot up like Alice when she nibbled the wrong side of the mushroom—or was it a cake?—and found her head on a long snakelike neck, writhing around above the tree-tops. The wall has caved in here and is bulging out there, and as for the window shutters, they have managed to contrive the most bow-legged warp a respectable shutter ever achieved in this world.

"Have I lost my senses? Can I see straight?" I cried on first looking at this astounding picture. Then I turned it over, and read what Mr. Ruhl had written on the back: "The result of 'making it go.' The negative was set in the sun to hurry the drying."

The secret was out! The glass plate on which a photograph is taken is coated, you know, with a thin layer of gelatine, whose chemicals receive and register, in a marvelous way, the image thrown upon them by the camera lens. But this film must be treated with various acids and salts, and washed in many waters before the picture is "developed" and made permanent, so that the last step in the process is to dry it in order that paper

may be laid upon it and not stick to it. Now this drying cannot safely be hurried. It is possible to pour alcohol over the plate to absorb the water, but if you put the plate in the hot sun, thinking to hasten the process in that way—look out! Some portions will dry sooner than others, they will pull on the others, the film will shrink unevenly, and the result will be just such a fantastic series of contortions as you see in Mr. Ruhl's picture.

Now, of course, the moral sticks out of this recital so plainly that it hardly needs to be mentioned. Every twisted face and distorted limb in that photograph seems to say, "Don't hurry! Keep cool! Make haste slowly! If you want a symmetrical life, if you want a life that will form a pleasing picture in the eyes of men and of angels, keep it out of the hot sun of worldly ambition, work quietly with God, let His providences take their time, and merely make sure that you are ready for them when they come."

Many thanks, Mr. Ruhl; we will try to remember the lesson.

A Slow-speed Record.

I have before me an interesting account of a recent performance of the Climax automobile. I call it the Climax because I know of no automobile of that name, and suppose it is not proper to advertise here the real machine.

The Climax was being tested in Seattle, on a level pavement. It carried five passengers and was run on high gear. For a distance of twelve hundred and eleven feet its average speed was only one and eighty-six one hundredths miles an hour. It traversed the twelve hundred and eleven feet in eight minutes, and eight and three-fifths seconds. During part of the little trip the speedometer regis-

tered only a mile an hour, and at no time did it register more than two miles an hour. Thus the Climax moved much more slowly than a man walks. Indeed, for an entire block, the driver, having left his seat, walked backwards, in front of the crawling machine, which steered itself in a straight line.

This was on a level; next they tried a hill. Still carrying its eight hundred pounds of passengers, and still on high gear, the wonderful machine moved up an eight and nine-tenths per cent grade for four blocks so slowly that a sixth man walked leisurely ahead of the car the whole way. Starting at seven miles an hour, the automobile was running as slowly as five miles an hour before the top of the hill was reached. Altogether the performance is said to be unexcelled.

If you are inclined to laugh at this account, you show that you are not the driver of an automobile. To be sure, it is the popular idea that chauffeurs are crazy for speed; and yet every automobilist can easily get all the speed he wants, and what he really longs for is motion that is decidedly slow, a mere crawl, just short of a full stop.

For every occasion when he really needs to go extraordinarily fast there are ten occasions when he needs to go phenomenally slow. These occasions are most frequent, of course, on the crowded city streets. There it constantly happens that the driver must engage in a slow race, back of an ice cart on a hillside, perhaps, or waiting a chance to dash through a blockade, or creeping along till a policeman gives the signal to cross a street. Lacking the power to move slowly, as slowly as a horse pulling a heavy dray, the chauffeur will either crash into the car ahead, or stall his engine. His high ambition is to keep moving, but so slowly that the turning of the wheels is scarcely perceptible. That proves

his machine a fine one, and himself a good driver.

Every owner of an automobile soon discerns its human qualities, and certainly in all this it is very like us men and women. Time and again in every life comes the necessity for "slow speed." Someone is in the way. We come across a blockade. The road is full of workmen. We cannot do what we would. Our plans conflict with the plans of others. The time is inopportune. We must wait.

Well for us if we can go ahead—but slowly! Doing thus, we hold to our purpose, we do not lose momentum, our life engine is not stalled. We are ready to dash ahead at the very first favorable opportunity. That is the proof of a good brain and heart engine, and the proof also of a good driver thereof.

It is trying, when ice carts get in our way, when policemen hold up imperative hands, when some slow poke of a 1909 model occupies the narrow road in front of us, and will not, possibly cannot, let us go by. We may fret a little, but soon we perceive a fine chance to show our skill in a new way, practicing "slow speed." So we throttle the engine down, put on the brake just a little now and then, and—keep moving! When we are free of the obstacle how proudly we turn on the gasoline, let the engine out, and whirl on our way at thirty miles an hour!

The race of energy will be conducted with greater zest because the race of patience was run so well.

Animators.

To make moving pictures out of drawings requires far more labor than to make them out of photographs. The moving pictures of the Katzenjammer Kids or of Mutt and Jeff, for instance, call for about two thousand drawings in a set, each drawing show-

ing the characters in poses very slightly different from the drawing before it or the one to follow. The original artist makes only a few drawings, those showing the leading scenes, and the action working up to each scene is depicted by two or three scores of patient artists called animators. Without these collaborators the drawings would never move upon the film.

Now we sadly need more "animators" in life. Of course we must have men to originate, plan, and control; but we have equal need of men who will fill in with routine labor and mere drudgery. Such men animate what would otherwise be quite lifeless. They put vitality into ideas and give permanence to plans. They do not make a show, their names are not seen on the programme or printed on the reel; but they appear on a far more important Record, and there they will remain forever.

Examining Roots.

Once a small boy received a bulb and was told what would happen if he planted it. With great delight he followed instructions, and went about promising blossoms to all his friends. But at the end of a week he went to his mother and complained that he had been lied to. "They told me it would grow and have pretty flowers," he said, "but it doesn't grow a bit, for I have dug it up every day to see."

That is just what we do with our plans, and with God's promises. We will not let them rest quietly in the ground. We will not wait patiently for the working of the elements and the unfolding of the strength and beauty God has placed in the bulb. Roots are not for examination; they are for trust. Energy is well enough for a life, but often the best energy is spent in faith-filled waiting.

The Use of a Mastic.

The vulnerable part of an automobile is the tire. Rubber is perishable under the best of conditions, and sun and rain, stony roads and sharp holes, and the thumps and heavy pressure of many hundred pounds, make conditions that would try the stoutest of materials. No wonder that the fragile rubber succumbs to the wear!

Therefore the wise driver of an automobile will look heedfully to the first cracks that appear in his tires, and will fill them carefully with mastic. This mastic is a puttylike compound, which, when hardened, unites fairly well with the sides of the rubber crack. Nine cents' worth of "filler," promptly used, may save nine dollars' worth of tire.

Having learned this, the motorist will be foolish if he does not go farther and learn the use of the less material, but no less real mastic of the spirit. When the cracks of temper appear, when the rough jostling of business, or of home life, or of society, make ugly rifts in friendship, in trust and confidence and affection, then apply the mastic! Here also a little "filler" may save a whole tire, for these cracks rapidly deepen and widen. And we all know of what the mastic is made—of patience, forbearance, humility, and love

Profits in Smoke.

A large railroad roundhouse was a nuisance to its neighborhood because of the vast amount of smoke which its locomotives constantly emitted. Someone hit upon the idea of condensing the smoke, so it was all led to a tank filled with water, from which the gas escaped, leaving the carbon behind as a scum on the surface of the water. This soot was skimmed off and dried, five barrels of it a day, and was then sold for lampblack. It is possible to

evolve a similar process for all the smoky, sooty, stifling frets and fumes and worries and crossnesses that annoy us. Pass them through the bath of patience, and lo! the smoke will all be transformed into profit.

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism by Rule.

The government discovered one year that no fewer than sixty-six different sizes of flags were being bought by the different departments. Thereupon the President issued an order laying down only twelve sizes, and all flags manufactured for the nation must be of these sizes, and of no other dimensions.

That is as it should be. If the nation can specify the colors of the flag, the numbers of red and white stripes and their order, and the number and arrangement of the stars, it can also specify the size of the flag, for that is as important a matter as the design.

Patriotism is an affair of the heart, but also of the head. It is an emotion, but a regulated emotion. Lawless patriotism, patriotism that follows merely individual caprice, comes close to the anarchy which is the opposite of patriotism. If a man will not submit his whim to the control of his fellow citizens and of the properly constituted authorities, he is no fit member of that great human partnership called a nation. His place is on a desert island, where he can wave any sort of banner that suits his fancy.

O-Faa-O.

I like games. I think there is no one whom I really envy quite so much as the inventor of a good game. But I have seen one on exhibition (before the Great War) whose principle does not commend itself to me in the least.

It consisted of a frame, along the top of which were placed a number of tiny flags—British, German, French, Russian, and so on. Each flag was fastened to a projection below in such a way that, if this projection was hit, the flag would drop. At the left of the frame was an American flag, larger than the others, but down nearly to the ground. If the projection beneath this flag was hit, the flag rose immediately to the top of its tiny staff, high above the others.

The game was played thus: A ball was taken and rolled toward the first foreign flag on the right. If the projection was hit, and the flag fell, the player scored ten victories, and could roll toward the next one. So it went, till all the foreign flags were down, when the player had the right to roll at the American flag, which, if he was successful, rose promptly on high, while the successful player shouted in triumph, "O-Faa-O," which is, being interpreted,

OUR FLAG ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

Well, the very essence of jingoism is in that game. It illustrates about as thoroughly as anything I have ever seen, even in the comic cartoons, the abominable theory that everything in our country is good and everything in other lands is inferior; and that it is a patriotic duty to run all other nations down, and our nation up. I am a loyal American—far too loyal to permit, without a protest, such foolish spread-eagleism as that,—a conceit which makes any American that cherishes it and expresses it the laughing stock of all well-informed men.

If you want a little food for reflection, my brethren, just place in thoughtful contrast these two mottoes:

"O-Faa-O—Our Flag above all Others," and

"The last shall be first, and the first last."

"No Rent; Take It."

Those words of Henry Ford's will become historic as an expression of prompt and ungrudging patriotism.

The famous manufacturer, whose exertions in behalf of peace, noble if Quixotic, are well known, immediately upon our declaration of war with Germany devoted himself as ardently to the task of winning a speedy victory. He offered to assist the Administration in any way he could; so when a location was sought for a terminal supply station, and his great automobile assembling plant in Boston was reported as most suitable, the government telegraphed Mr. Ford asking if the building could be obtained and what the rental would be. As quick as lightning came the reply, "No rent; take it."

It would not be easy for Mr. Ford to find space for his automobile assembling, and the removal of his plant would be costly and troublesome; but the manufacturer did not stop to consider that. His answer was characteristic of the man, and largely characteristic also of our American people. Our best is at the service of our country: "No rent; take it."

PEACE.**On Concord Bridge.**

One Memorial Day a most significant happening took place in the wonderful little town of Concord, Mass., famous for its historical associations, and as being the home and final resting place of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and the Alcotts.

The event occurred at the great little bridge where

"The embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The two British killed in that encounter are buried at the beginning of the bridge. On that Memorial Day

a party of Britishers from Boston went to Concord to decorate the graves of those two soldiers. As on the famous day of 1775, they were met at the bridge by the Concord Minutemen, but this time not with hostile purpose. The Minutemen, bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, peacefully escorted the British over the bridge, the latter carrying proudly the banner of their empire. Together, a band of brothers, Americans and Britishers decorated the graves of the two soldiers who died so long ago. No thought of enmity remained, but only a feeling of common ties. It was a noble ceremony, symbol of a glorious fact. It is possible for two nations to fight most bitterly, yet in time forget all hatred, and even almost forget that they ever fought.

It is so between the North and South of our own land. It is so, already, between this country and Spain. If it is not so between this country and Mexico, it is only because conditions there have unjustly fomented hatred of our people and continued suspicion of us.

Will it be so in Europe after the terrible war? Undoubtedly. Not for years will Englishmen and Germans regain their ancient amity. Not for years will Austrian and Italian love one another. Individuals, true Christians, in all these embittered lands have been loving one another even in the midst of the struggle; but many black seeds of hatred have been sown, and will spring up and bear their miserable fruit.

But time erases all things except love. Time has a healing for every wound. The knowledge of the All-Father and of our common brotherhood cannot be lost. The battlefields strewn with awful carnage will yet furnish a site for the capitol of the United States of Europe. All enemies will yet live in the town of Concord, and a Bridge will yet be built over all chasms of bitter memories.

PEACEMAKERS.

Buffer Coaches.

Great Britain, as we write, is not so sure of its railways as it has been. Recent terrible wrecks have shaken its confidence. The British public is now in almost the same condition as the American regarding safety on the rail, and is looking around for remedies.

One that is proposed, with chance of immediate adoption, is the placing of buffer coaches at the forward and rear end of trains. These buffer coaches will be empty, or will be used for freight; at any rate, they will be built as shock-absorbers in case of a collision. Half of the coach will telescope into the other half, plunging pistons into cylinders where the air cushion will form a powerful spring. Thus the fearful impact of another train will largely be taken up.

It is a wise scheme, and will certainly work if the cars are built. It is a method that has worked for ages on the railway of life, where collisions as deadly as any on steel rails occur weekly, daily, hourly. These are the clash of opposing temperaments, plans, ideals, in the same family, or business enterprise, or church, or social organization. What clamor of words! What rending of efficiency! What heart burnings!

That is, if no human buffer coach is in either train. But blessed are these calm, friendly, sympathetic, fair-minded souls, so ready to see others' viewpoints, so sagacious in the interpretation of hearts to heads, so quick and confident in reconciliations! I know them—a few of them—and so do you. They are the safety of this explosive old earth. In their presence opposites combine, hostilities melt away, controversies are altogether forgotten. They have endless patience, endless pity. Their tact is ready for any emergency. God bless them, and God help me to be one of them.

PEDANTRY.

"Talking Grammar."

Once a servant girl—this really happened—exclaimed in disgust to her mistress, "I have stood everything from that butler till now, but now I *will not* stand a man *talking grammar* to me!"

I sympathize with that girl.

Surely a man who "talks grammar" is a sore infliction.

His grammar may be merely the obviously self-satisfied use of finical English, English of the "kyindly paws me the buttah" type. It may be an exaggerated exactness, such as "I—do—not—imagine" for "I don't think." It is possible to pronounce "ask" in such a way as to amount to a slap in the face.

Or, his grammar may be of the aggressive variety. He may say, "You do not mean 'these kind,' I suppose, but 'this kind.'" Or he may inquire with elephantine tact, "What is your authority for the pronunciation you give to the word, 'tomahto'?" You are too polite—and prudent—to knock him down, but you have committed assault and battery in the soul.

No; you may debate politics or theology in safety, you may discuss property rights with a socialist or the sacredness of life with an anarchist, but keep off your friend's verbs and nouns. That is sacred soil, not to be trodden by irreverent feet. For a man is likely to have grace for all things but grammar.

PERMANENCE.

Use Carbon Paper.

Some writers never keep copies of what they write. I have learned that to my sorrow in more than one editorial experience. For instance, I will send a story to an artist by mail asking him to illustrate it. Artists, I have discovered, are a migratory set, and sometimes the

manuscript fails to find the artist; he has removed to other quarters. In more than one of these cases the manuscript has never come back to me, and in two instances, on appeal to the author for a copy, the reply was given: "I never keep copies of my stories. I can write another one for you, but I cannot duplicate that one." One author, who never uses a typewriter, but puts her manuscript—which is always excellent—in the primitive long hand, wrote me, "While I should be copying a story I might be writing another; and manuscripts are very seldom lost in the mail." But sometimes they are lost, and sometimes they are burned up in railroad accidents, or in accidents of a different nature, as when a valuable manuscript was destroyed for me when something went wrong in the pneumatic tube through which the Boston mail is shot to the railway stations.

These experiences have led me to the custom of always slipping a piece of carbon paper and a second sheet of white paper back of whatever I write on the typewriter. Moreover, when I write with ink or pencil it is often with copying ink or copying pencil, and when I am done there are needed only a damp cloth, a sheet of blotting paper, and my copying press, and I am safe from loss of my labor.

The carbon-paper principle is one of very wide application. In these busy days, when so much is clamoring to be done, it is nothing less than a sin to do anything over again needlessly; and yet some people are constantly committing that sin. They are teachers in the Sunday school, and there are certain facts that they know will come up time and again—such a fact as the year when Christ died; yet every time they must hunt it up in the Bible dictionary or the quarterly. They have not used carbon paper in their lesson preparation. Once learning a fact is enough—if it is learned.

Perhaps you are a housewife sewing on a button. You do not half sew it on; the threads are loose and too few of them, and in a day off comes the button again. You did not use carbon paper in your sewing.

Perhaps you are in the habit—and a very useful habit it is—of making notes of interesting facts or helpful anecdotes as you hear them or read them; and perhaps you also have the useful habit of making clippings from periodicals; but you do not place your notes in any permanent form, carefully indexed, and you have no system of keeping your clippings, so that you can turn to one upon any subject when you want it. You have not used carbon paper, and you have lost your work.

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and doing it well implies doing it with proper permanency. It means a trifle more effort at the time, but the time it saves is beyond computation.

PERSEVERANCE.

Advertisements and Pebbles.

I was interested once in finding a parable in *L'Activité Chrétienne*, the Christian Endeavor organ of Swiss and French societies, published in Geneva. Here is the little article, which is translated in the certainty that its moral is as good for Americans as for our brothers and sisters across the Atlantic. The title is,

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE PEBBLES.

"Have you ever seen children sailing their little boats on the water? There is no wind, and the boats stop half-way over. They seem nailed to the water. It looks as if the trip could not be accomplished.

"But wait a while, and see the child's ingenuity! He throws a stone into the water near his boat. The pebble

makes a little ripple, and the boat is lifted on the wave and takes one step toward the bank. Other stones follow the first. Gradually the boat moves toward the shore, and finally arrives in port.

"The child does not ask just which is the stone that had the chief effect in moving his boat. He knows that all the pebbles helped in obtaining the result.

"Good advertisements are efficacious pebbles, bringing to a safe harbor the bark of commerce. Every advertisement makes its little ripple, and every ripple helps to obtain the result sought for."

"This thought," says the editor of *L'Activité Chrétienne*, "is perfectly true from the special standpoint of commerce. How true it is also in the domain of the Christian life! It is fidelity in little things, and it is perseverance, which that excellent agency of publicity unintentionally recommends to us.

"This is an exhortation that is always seasonable. In short, if each of us brings his loyal effort,—sincere, persevering,—however feeble it may be, we shall contribute thereby to all forward progress.

"But what joy it is to know that, contrary to the child's ignorance of what stone it was that moved the boat, God sees every one of our endeavors, and each endeavor has its separate and precious value in His eyes!"

"Seeing It Through."

The Great War, which has coined several brisk bits of language, has made nothing better than "seeing it through."

"Muddle through" has been the term in England for a generation, owing to a series of historic blunders in national crises which have yet been transformed into final victory by sheer British determination. England's en-

trance into the war was full of this "muddling through."

But now the Motherland has come out into this far better phrase, and is most spiritedly and effectively "seeing it through."

That is what every Christian is called upon to do, as well as every patriot. If a thing is worth starting it is worth ending. The start is crowned by the close. A fine start is no glory if it does not reach a fine conclusion; indeed, it is a disgrace, for it indicates vision without vim, hope without heroism. "Seeing it through" is the only justification of seeing it begun.

The writer knew in his boyhood a character well known in the Middle West who was called "the Great Starter" because he founded so many newspapers which he soon sold out or otherwise abandoned. Several States became the graveyards of his lightly conceived enterprises.

"Great Starters" are known in every community, in every church. They are fertile in ideas but fizzles in performance. They set on foot innumerable plans which they leave to others to carry out. They are brilliantly effective, up to the point of doing something. They are credited by the thoughtless with constructive minds, when they have only conceited minds. Some even call them "far-seeing," but they never "see it through."

I am not prophet enough to see a month or a day into the future of this tortured world, but no prophet is needed to declare one fact of the future, namely, that the world war will be won, as all struggles, large or small, are won, by the plodding nations and men that "see it through."

My Two Sawhorses.

I enjoy sawing wood. It strengthens the back and the legs and the arms.

It forces the lungs full of air. It stirs up the circulation and promotes digestion. It is good for the whole man. Moreover, it is a pleasure to deal with wood, that splendid, stanch, sweet-smelling substance. It is a pleasure to push the shining saw through the manly fibers, to hear its manly song and see the growing pile of even lengths. The odor of the sawdust is another delight. Everything about sawing wood is pleasant to me.

But to saw wood you must have a sawhorse, and it ought to be a good one. It should stand level, for wobbling not only spoils the pleasure of the exercise but it makes the line of separation crooked, and so binds the saw. A firm sawhorse is almost as necessary as a sharp saw, if you would get the most out of woodsawing.

Now, for many years, ever since my boyhood, I have been enthusiastic for sawing wood; but recently I have been having trouble with my sawhorse. It is a fine sawhorse in most respects, one made for me by a good carpenter. Its sides are as solid as iron and will last a lifetime; but its crosspiece that holds the sides together became a wreck months ago. My saw had dipped down into it many a time, gnawing it a bit here and a bit there, until it became a mere thread of wood; and then one day it snapped and the sawhorse fell in two.

Then followed many futile devices—a cleat across the severed halves, wires binding them together, and the like; but the result was very unsatisfactory. The sawhorse wavered and floundered and came apart frequently just as I was putting special pressure on the saw, so that the horse and its load tumbled in a heap on the cellar floor, and I was lucky not to go down, too.

My difficulty set me to thinking of the two halves of our lives. Sometimes we call them the worldly side and the spiritual side. Sometimes we speak of them as body and soul.

Sometimes we refer to them as the interests of time and eternity. Whatever we may call them, we all recognize the fact that our lives have two sides as distinct as the two sides of my sawhorse, one of them having to do with things that are seen, what we eat and wear, our sports and the work by which we earn our bread and butter or are getting ready to earn it; and the other having to do with things that are unseen, the great concerns of conscience, of character, and of God.

Now, these two sides are not in opposition; they are parallel like the two sides of my sawhorse. But they must be held together or our life will go to pieces. "Saw wood" has come to be a phrase meaning accomplishment and success, and we cannot "saw wood" in life unless both sides of our life are bound firmly together—are a substantial and permanent unit.

What is the crosspiece that unifies life? What is it that binds together the interests of time and eternity, the physical and the spiritual, holds them in their right relations and makes it possible to labor with the entire being?

You all know what it is—Jesus Christ in the life. As we give ourselves to Him and let Him control our thoughts and deeds, our lives for the first time become well-balanced and solid. Our pleasures take the right proportions to our work. Our ambitions become adjusted to our powers. Our time is properly divided between secular matters and religious matters. We are able indeed to "saw wood" now, having a sound and consistent and reasonable basis of action. Jesus Christ is the one bond of life, the one strength and firmness of all human endeavor. That is one thing I have learned from my sawhorse.

Then I learned another thing. After I had endured my decrepit sawhorse as long as I could, I went to the hardware store and purchased a new one.

It cost me only forty cents, and that was cheaper than to get a carpenter to mend the old sawhorse.

In this new sawhorse, which I am now greatly enjoying, the sides are bound together by a bar of iron, protected from the saw by a revolving wooden roller. There is, therefore, no danger that the two sides will come apart. But there was nothing to keep the sawhorse from flattening out. The sides, in the form of X's, are not mortised together like my old sawhorse, but are free to turn on the circular iron crosspiece. Every time my foot pressed down on the sawhorse with special energy, or I laid an especially heavy weight upon the sawhorse, it gave just a little and became a little flatter and shorter. There was likelihood that soon this sawhorse would collapse longitudinally as the first sawhorse collapsed laterally. What was to be done?

Of course, there were several things I might do, but what I did was to tie the lower part of the X's together with a stout rope, which kept them from spreading apart. Now I have a sawhorse which is perfectly solid lengthwise and sidewise, and my saw hums in confident bliss. I have reached the sawyer's paradise, which is good tools.

All of this is exactly like what happens in my life. For I am so liable to "flatten out"! I am so liable—even when I know what I ought to do, and have Christ to help me do it—to sink lower and lower each day in my decision and in my achievement! What do I need? The rope of perseverance! With that holding me together I can "saw wood."

With Jesus Christ to bind my life into one—the worldly side and the spiritual side, and with perseverance to hold me firmly to the course which Christ marks out for me, there is nothing worth while which I may not accomplish. Those are the great truths which my two sawhorses have taught

me, and they are worth as much as all the cords of wood that ever were sawed!

Wiring That Wins.

No life is so cramped and ugly, so ignorant and brutal, that the light of truth cannot reach to its farthest corner, once it is given a chance. Many instructive lessons may be learned by watching the process of wiring an old house for electricity. The workmen seem to have an impossible task, yet they go at it with good grace. In or alongside the chimney they stretch their main cable from cellar to garret. Then they work down from story to story, taking up a doorsill here, taking off a mopboard yonder, or again removing a stair tread, fishing with long wires, boring holes through obstructing beams with augers a yard long, and managing in mysterious ways to drag their heavy steel cables back of the walls and over the ceilings at all angles, until at last, some bright evening, the house is all aglow with the beautiful, strong, soft light, and the demon of darkness is permanently exiled. It is an inspiring process.

But a process even more inspiring is what may be called the wiring of a life. The skilled, patient, loving gospel worker never admits defeat. He will make his way through the most difficult openings. He will utilize every opportunity. He will carry the Light of the world into the heart that is barred by the most forbidding hindrances.

PERSONALITY.

Be Yourself.

One of our correspondents, whom we will call Miss Sarah Greeley, sent us an interesting letter which we wished to transform into an article, and wrote asking permission.

Her communication was written on paper bearing the letterhead of her father, whom we will call Mr. George Greeley. Her own signature was very crowded and small, tucked away in a corner and easily overlooked. In such cases a busy man is likely to consult the letterhead, which we did. We jumped to the natural conclusion that the writer was Mr. George Greeley, and sent our note to him.

The reply from Miss Greeley was a graceful one, taking the whole blame for our blunder. "In this case it makes no practical difference," she wrote; "but suppose the letter had concerned some important business? The incident has taught me the necessity of individuality."

Yes, be yourself in all your acts and even in the accessories of your life. Cultivate a permeating personality. A real person will be distinguished by the way he opens a book or puts on a coat or sweeps a floor. Get a self that is worth while, and then *be it*.

PHILANTHROPY.

Mr. Mills's Monument.

Darius Ogden Mills was one of the great business men of the age. He amassed an immense fortune by means of ceaseless industry coupled with unflinching sagacity. His career is a model for all that would succeed in the affairs of this world.

But when all that is forgotten, he will be remembered for his noble thought of his fellow creatures. This showed itself chiefly in the founding of the three Mills hotels in New York City—the best illustration, probably, of the highest type of philanthropy that our generation has afforded.

The Mills hotels are enormous buildings. The first contains 1554 bedrooms, the second 600, and the third 1875. The last is a fifteen-story edifice, the floors marble and granolithic, fitted with all appliances neces-

sary for comfort, cleanliness, and safety. All of the hotels are places which any decent man might well be satisfied to occupy.

The chief point to be noted in regard to these hotels is that they are self-supporting. It is this that renders the philanthropy complete. Mr. Mills desired not to pauperize men, but to help them, and determined to place the enterprise upon a sound business footing. The only difference between the Mills hotels and the ordinary commercial hotels is that the former seek honestly to give their patrons the fullest possible return for their money. Large purchases, strict economies, and fine administration make the cost of living in a Mills hotel very small indeed, and yet the self-respecting man can go to one of them and be sure that he is paying for what he receives and for all of it.

There must be much giving in the world, for there are many that cannot help themselves—children, the sick, the crippled, the ignorant, the wayward. For these we must establish schools and hospitals and asylums and reformatories and missions. This, however, is in the main a temporary condition, save in the case of children, and as the world grows better and wiser and stronger its charity-giving will grow less, and the type of philanthropy represented by the Mills hotels will increase more and more to the blessing of mankind.

PLAGIARISM.

A Check on Joy-riding.

Joy-riding is a hilarious running away with a man's automobile by the chauffeur or other persons not authorized to use it. It is always irresponsible and tumultuous, and many of the worst automobile accidents have resulted from the practice.

Now the ever-ingenuous Yankee has produced a contrivance which exposes

two bright yellow discs when the owner or his authorized representative is using the car, but automatically substitutes two bright red discs when the car is used by anyone not authorized. The owner controls the arrangement with a Yale lock.

I should like to apply this patent to writings and speeches.

For lots of folks go joy-riding in other people's thoughts. They serenely take possession, turn the crank, pull the lever, grasp the wheel, and off they fly, in the press or on the rostrum, to the admiration of the crowd. Whiz-z-z! What rapid progress they make! They fairly devour the miles. Slow coaches gaze upon them with envy in their hearts. They move in an atmosphere of applause. Were ever drivers more skillful, more courageous?

And all the while they are riding unauthorized in a machine that does not belong to them. They did not pay for it. They did not earn it with the sweat of their brow. It is just the thought of another man which they have coolly appropriated and run away with.

Now if only some automatic danger signal could appear, in connection with such a speech or article, to warn the public, it would be a genuine boon and would vastly promote the honesty of the human race. I do not know what this signal could be—I leave that for the inventor. But when the contrivance appears, I predict for it a useful career.

PLANS.

Under Cover.

Out California way there is a certain melon-grower that may be a Yankee or may not be, but he found a Yankee way of doing things. He has six acres of melons, and of this great expanse of possible lusciousness he covered 876 hills with canopies.

These canopies were made of white muslin, and each was about as large as a man's handkerchief. The canopies were stretched over bent wires, which were crossed like the center arches in croquet. Each canopy was sewed to the ends of the wires, and the wires were then stuck into the ground so as to stretch the muslin taut and keep the wind from blowing it away. The protectors cost about eight cents apiece.

Under the canopies the young plants grew, snugly shielded from the wind and the frost, while the sun's rays were imprisoned much as in a hot-bed. At the time when the article was written from which I gained my information, the protected plants were far ahead of their unprotected brothers and sisters, and the experiment seemed likely to result in melons about three weeks in advance of all competitors. That, in this impatient age, is worth a small fortune to their enterprising owner.

And now, quite apart from thoughts of money gain, is there not much advantage in the use of canopies in all our planning and working?

Some of us, I think, thrust the seeds of our designs into cold ground and expose the tender shoots to all the blasts of heaven. We have no mercy upon these babes of our heart and brain. We tell our plan to the first man we meet, or we present it at the first meeting that we attend after forming the plan. It gets "nipped in the bud," as we say. More truly, usually, it never gets into the bud at all, but gets nipped in the seed.

Let us quietly adopt the canopy notion. When we get an idea, let us cherish it in secret for a while. Let us "mull over it." Let us communicate it, if to any, then to sympathetic souls. Let us stretch above it a cover of meditation and prayer. Let us fashion for it a little sunshine room where it may enjoy to the full the rays

of a fructifying sun. Let us not expose it to the criticism of the world till it is well formed, till its roots are established in our mind, till it is ready for the buffetings that are sure to try its strength to the utmost at the same time that they develop new strength.

If this is the way to raise good melons and to raise them swiftly, I am sure that it is also the way to raise good plans that will grow and blossom and bear fruit.

PLEASANTNESS.

Sticking Out.

A queer accident it was, but it happened.

In a town near where I am now writing, a freight-car with a broken door was moving rapidly past an express passenger-train going in the other direction. The lurching of the freight threw the swaying door sharply against the side of the passenger-train, and with a swift jerk it was torn from its fastenings, and swung wildly out. It smashed a window of a well-filled coach, and then it took three others in its crashing course, till it was torn completely off.

The tearing noise and the flying glass frightened the occupants of the car. Several women fainted. One woman was taken to the hospital when the train reached Boston. There were some narrow escapes from serious injury. And all because a freight-car door was loose on its hinges.

Ah, my brethren, how many times this strange and most unusual accident is duplicated in the hidden affairs of the soul! For our lives are like express trains, swiftly moving hither and yon, on tracks that cross in many intricate ways. It is a wise Signalman, up there in the Tower, that keeps us from colliding!

But sometimes, though we may not collide, our doors get off their hinges, and then look out for the flying glass!

"A man of angles," we say, meaning that he sticks out in just this fashion. "Hard to get along with," we say, meaning that we can't move along our track without being struck by some projecting disagreeableness.

My brethren, the longer I live in this mixed-up world, the more convinced I am that a goodly part of the happiness of our mundane existence is due to those comfortable folks that quietly keep themselves largely to themselves, "living and letting live," as the saying goes. They may not push us along our way, but they *do* let us get smoothly by!

PLEASURES THAT ENDURE.

The Kind That Last.

There must be a very sensible little girl down in New Haven. The *Palladium* tells about her, and gives her the name of Elinor, whether that is her name or not.

"Elinor," says the *Palladium*, "was very anxious to bring home an Angora cat from Maine last summer. Her mother objected, thinking that the care of a cat from Maine to Connecticut was entirely too arduous a task, so she tried to 'buy off' Elinor. 'If you will say no more about the cat,' she said, 'I will give you a dollar to spend in Boston.' Elinor looked quite thoughtful for a moment, then said, 'But, mother, how much longer a cat would last than a dollar!'"

Now, is not that delightfully sensible? That girl has a notion of relative values. She wanted the most for her money; or, rather, for her petition. Of course she did not realize that for a dollar she might buy a cat, perhaps two cats; money means very little—happily—to children. Money probably means candy to Elinor, and soda-water, both of which are short-lived. But a cat has nine lives, and all of them are soft and furry ones.

Well for me if I should take a leaf

out of Elinor's book. Well for me if in my choice of joys, and of prayers for joys, I should select those pleasures that endure.

The enduring pleasures are not necessarily those of long actual duration in operation. A glorious sunset lasts for half an hour at the most, but I have seen sunsets—some of them twenty or twenty-five years ago—that are still shimmering in the sky of my soul. Again, there are extended pleasures, like vacations unwisely planned, that dwindle to mere incidents in the diminishing glass of disgusted memory. Much of the art of true living is to perceive which are the enduring pleasures and make choice of those with all our hearts.

As between cats and coin, let us choose the cats.

POLITENESS.

A Matter of Polish.

A fine driving-wagon is a pretty expensive article, and few realize why it should be. It is largely on account of the brilliant and lasting polish given to it.

Here is the laborious process.

First the plain wood is smoothly sandpapered.

Then a lead filler is put on, rubbed into the pores of the wood, and rubbed off again—all but what is in the pores—with powdered pumice-stone and water.

Then this is done again, to fill more pores.

Then it is done again.

Next a coat of black is put on, to color it. And it is rubbed down.

The same thing is done several times.

Then a coat of varnish. When it is dried, it is rubbed—almost off—with a piece of felt dipped in powdered pumice and water.

Then another coat of varnish, which is rubbed almost off.

Then another.

Still another.

Ditto.

Ditto again.

Keep it up. Six or seven times in all. Then a coat of thin varnish. Rub it down.

Do it again.

Finally, for the glossy finish, a quick, smooth coat of varnish, which is left to dry, and is *not* rubbed off.

Altogether, fourteen coats, and most of them taken almost off again.

Do you wonder that these wagons cost rather tidy sums?

As I learned of all this, I couldn't help thinking of that "polish" which comes over a man's manners after he has been long in contact with the world, and has wisely learned life's lessons.

How much he has gained, and it has been rubbed off again—almost! What attrition he has been through! How slowly his character has come to its shining beauty!

But it has paid. O yes! it has paid richly.

POLITICS.

The Candidate.

Observe the candidate.

Not that it is difficult to observe him, but merely as a civic duty.

Note the fullness of his replies to questions on which all men agree. Kindly refrain from asking him any other kind of question.

Perceive the largeness of his promises to benefit the common people. Don't embarrass him by asking for particulars.

Notice the papers that are shouting for the candidate. Smell their breaths.

If you are a bookkeeper at the candidate's bank, forget it.

Analyze the candidate's speeches as models of abstract patriotism.

Regard the candidate's personal bearing, and take a lesson in comprehensive cordiality.

If you know the candidate's domestic, find out who calls there after 10 P. M. But keep still.

Remember, the political game is interesting as a spectacle, but the dice are loaded. Don't butt in.

Merely observe the candidate.

The Two Ballots.

Two ballots lay together in the ballot-box. One had been cast by a thoughtless, ignorant voter, who had no idea of the fitness of the various candidates, who read only the political gossip of the newspapers, who was a hide-bound partisan and merely voted as his party leader told him to vote. The other had been cast by an intelligent, conscientious voter, who took pains to learn the issues involved in each campaign, who investigated the character and ability of each candidate, and who cast his ballot with a deep sense of his civic responsibility.

And both ballots were alike. Both men had voted for precisely the same candidates.

Moral: Nevertheless, it pays to vote thoughtfully and conscientiously; for (1) the result is far more likely to be right, and (2) even when the ballot is the same as that of the heedless voter, the man back of the ballot is worth a thousand times as much to the state.

POPULARITY.

Accommodating.

Grünigen, a village near Zürich, Switzerland, boasts of a newspaper which is certainly unique. It is named the *Wochenblatt*, and its enterprising editor and proprietor is Herr J. Wirz.

Now Grünigen has only fifteen hundred inhabitants. Herr Wirz realized, therefore, that he and his paper would starve together if he did not succeed in obtaining as subscribers practically all the people within reach. So he built

up a literary product designed to please. He had four pages. Two of them are given up to the liberal party of Germany, and two to the conservatives. One week the editor writes for the first side, and the second his editorials are on the second side. In each issue he demolishes his arguments of the preceding number. He condemns himself unsparingly. He heaps ridicule and sarcasm upon himself with no fear of a duel. He conducts a desperate war with himself, and his readers look on, delighted. His happy artifice brings him a comfortable reward.

I laughed when I read the story; for, after all, Herr Wirz is not unique, but is one of a large and flourishing class of agreeable toilers. You find them in thousands of editorial chairs. Many of them are professors, many are politicians, some are ministers of the gospel. They are found in all occupations and in all grades of society.

What they want is a living, not a personality. They readily sink their manhood in any scheme that ends in a bank account. If they have opinions, they will not utter them. If they learn of evils, they will not proclaim them. They will turn no client from their office. They will debate on either side, accept any commission, enter any alliance. They know only one thing, that the world, as they say, owes them a living. They hold to only one allegiance, and that is their loyalty to themselves. The *Wochenblatt* comedy is played in every town.

But the comedy becomes a tragedy ere long. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you!" Woe unto you when all men subscribe for your paper or join your church or vote your ticket. You have passed, by that token, the limit of true manhood. One of the first duties of a man is to take sides. He who is not for Christ is against Him. His enemies must become your enemies; and not to-day

only, but all days. For if all men speak well of you now, a time is coming when no word can be spoken well of you, on earth or in heaven.

Abused and Popular.

Senator Lodge's famous description of his friend, President Roosevelt, as "the best-abused and most popular man in the United States," made a tremendous hit at a Republican National Convention, and is sure to stick.

It will stick because it is true. That Theodore Roosevelt is the most popular man in the country has been conclusively proved many times. That he is roundly abused by thousands and heartily disliked above all our recent Presidents by those that dislike him at all, is matter of easy observation; and the two things go together.

They go together, because one of the chief reasons for Roosevelt's popularity is the kind and the number of enemies he has made. Every man that has fattened upon unjust privileges hates him, because he has done his best to overturn those privileges and has measurably succeeded. Every political and social hypocrite hates him, because he has made hypocrisy unfashionable. Every hide-bound aristocrat hates him, because of his invincible democracy. Every formalist hates him, because of his open contempt for foolish hindrances and meaningless red tape. Every "peace-at-any-price" man hates him, because he is a fighter. Every "war-at-any-cost" man hates him, because he is a lover and prophet of peace. Every "stand-pat" man hates him, because he does not believe in standing still and is incapable of it. Every crank hates him, because with all his progressiveness he refuses to take leaps in the dark.

"Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." This woe will never be imposed upon Roosevelt. We may

parallel Christ's saying with another: "Blessed are ye when some men speak ill of you"; and just the right men speak ill of Roosevelt to render him conspicuously blessed!

POSSIBILITIES IN PEOPLE.

New Uses for Folks.

Glass, the brittle substance, is used nowadays for most substantial purposes. Streets are paved with glass blocks, which are cheaper than stone and far more durable. Telegraph poles are made of glass, and cannot be weathered, or eaten by boring insects. Dresses made of crystal thread look like silk. From glass also are made curtains, carpets, mantelpieces, and many other surprising articles. Indeed, glass is likely to prove as multifarious in its uses as paper, from which so many articles are now made, from drinking-cups to car-wheels.

The truth is that the chemists, physicists, and inventors are only at the edge of this wonderfully useful world. Every element furnishes a practically unexplored continent of possibilities. We may yet be printing our newspapers on sheets of aluminum, and sleeping on beds of asbestos. Our coins may yet be made of clay and our bottles of wool.

Would that we were as ingenious and enterprising in our use of the human material as these men of science are in the use of inanimate matter! All around us are discoveries of ability, and beauty of character, waiting for someone to make them. Somewhere among our friends and acquaintances is undeveloped power that might bless the entire world.

Such a discovery was Moody. Another was Gough. Another was that wonderful singer, Louisa McCuin, who was discovered working, unknown, in a laundry.

Some souls of power and beauty are their own Columbases. They cannot

be hidden. Edison could not help inventing. Miss Willard discovered herself, and so did John Howard and Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. But most of us need to be stirred into developing activity by kindly summons from others.

Ah, it is grand to discover a new continent, or a new mineral, or a new star; but is it not far grander to discover a new soul?

POWER.

The Quicksand Basis.

It was the power plant of a cement company in New York. Suddenly one morning at six o'clock, as the night gang was about to be relieved, without a particle of warning the building, together with three acres of land around it, sank about thirty feet.

Three laborers were killed and eight were injured. One of the latter may die.

The company employs about seven hundred men, and the entire plant was thrown into idleness by this accident for about seven months.

A power plant placed on a quicksand!

Not often does this happen in the business world, but very often indeed it happens in the spiritual realm.

For every soul is a power plant—is, indeed, the essential element of every power plant in the material world. And if this spiritual power plant is based on self-conceit, or on selfishness, or on fear, or on infidelity, it is founded on a quicksand far worse than the one that engulfed that power plant in New York. It is sure to go down soon or late, and only supernatural force can ever lift it up.

Bo-o-om! Bang!

"I am a giant," said the big siege-gun. "I require thirty-six horses to drag me along the road."

"I," said the little aeroplane, "carry my horse-power as a part of myself, and can go where I please."

"I am firmly founded," said the big siege-gun. "I have a concrete base, while you have beneath you only the empty air."

"But my swift motion," answered the aeroplane, "gives me all the stability I need."

"I can hurl a shell for fifteen miles," the siege-gun bragged.

"I can carry a shell two hundred miles," the aeroplane responded.

"My shell is enormous; it can smash the stoutest fortress."

"My shell is not so large," answered the aeroplane; "but it can kill your gunner, or your general."

The big siege-gun had no reply ready, so with an angry crash it sent a missile against a distant fortress, demolishing a massive wall.

Instantly the little aeroplane dropped a shell upon the big siege-gun, which destroyed its firing mechanism and made it as useless as a block of stone in the quarry.

Thus once more it was demonstrated that the battle is not always to the strong.

The Lack.

The automobilist sat disconsolately in his car by the side of the road.

"She won't go," he explained to the crowd that soon gathered.

"Battery played out," sententiously remarked a knowing individual.

"Piston broken," suggested a second of the same type.

"Needs paint," hinted a jocular chap; "ashamed to go any farther."

"What you ought to do, sir," said a business-like man, pushing his way forward, "is to get a new car. Now I am willing to take your old machine in part trade for a Riverton Rapid twelve - cylinder sixty - horse - power seven-passenger self-starter——"

Just then the other automobilist came up with a quart of gasoline which he poured into the tank, and the car moved away swiftly, leaving the group of spectators with their mouths open.

Moral: What most plans need, when they get stalled, is simply power.

Tapping Power.

Camille Flammarion, that imaginative French scientist, had an inspiring plan. It is almost too millennial to be carried out, and yet stranger things than its accomplishment have happened upon this old earth during our lifetime.

M. Flammarion had been thinking about that hot—blazing hot, melting hot—interior of our globe. Edison, when he looked on the tumbling waves of the Atlantic, said that it fairly drove him crazy to see so much power going to waste. M. Flammarion was similarly disturbed when he thought of all the heat going to waste in the interior of our earth.

What he proposed was a great well sunk down far enough to tap this heat. He suggested a well 200 meters (650 feet) in diameter. He would sink it five or six miles, or further, if possible—far enough to strike a heat that would be well worth while. He would use the armies of the world to dig the well—quite the best use ever proposed for an army. And then, when the well is dug, he would let down his buckets into it and draw them up brimful of heat, to run all the factories of the globe.

It is a glorious scheme. I'd like to dig a few hours on that well myself.

What interests me particularly in the plan is its recognition of one of the great underlying sources of power. Mankind has only scratched the surface of the rich deposits which God has locked up in the world for him. Running water at first. A little deeper,

and there was steam. A little deeper still, and there was electricity. A little higher, and there was wireless telegraphy. Another probe, and lo! the X-ray. Yes, and still we are only skin-deep. Let the Flammarions marshal all the armies of muscle and of mind, and let us see what God has laid up for us in His creation!

Discoveries as surprising and as vast remain for us, I believe, in the realm of spirit. Even there we are living still upon the surface, while beneath us, and not so very far down, either, there are reservoirs of a power that will exceed our utmost hopes when we reach it in our probing. Jesus reached it, and promised that we should. Greater things than He did we might do, He declared. The faith that can remove mountains is within our reach, and the mountains tower yet on every hand.

Give me my spade! I am for the deeper things of life!

Fixing Nitrogen.

One of the greatest problems before the chemist is to devise an easy and cheap way of taking the nitrogen from the air and "fixing" it, that is, obtaining it in a liquid form, nitric acid, or in some of the solid nitrates. The impoverished soil needs it, to supply the matter taken from it by the growing crops. If we could put it back cheaply and abundantly, our food would be much cheaper and better.

There is, of course, an enormous amount of this nitrogen. Gas though it is, 33,800 tons of it lie above every acre of the earth's surface. Whoever can "fix" this boundless supply will be one of the world's greatest benefactors. As it is, the process is long and costly,—an electrical process requiring considerable power.

What interests me just now is the perfect analogy with the spiritual realm. For in the spirit world are

foods and forces that dwarf all the supplies we mortals have yet obtained. The giants reach up into it and capture some of it for themselves and others, but it is not the common food and the common force that God designed it to be.

The shame of it is that it is all to be had for the asking. We have no costly process to conduct, no expensive factory to rear. We have only to seek and we shall find, only to reach out and to be filled. If the "fixing" of the material nitrogen would mean the wealth and health of the world, the "fixing" of the spiritual nitrogen in receptive human lives would mean for all men the wealth and health of the eternal life.

Using the Clutch.

The clutch of an automobile is the contrivance which connects the power of the engine on to the main shaft. This shaft runs through the car and by revolving, turns the rear wheels, thus propelling the car.

The engine may be going full speed, but if the clutch is not in operation, the car will not move.

If the car is moving rapidly and the clutch is thrown out, or disengaged from the main shaft, the car will run a while on its momentum, and will stop, because no fresh energy is transmitted to the wheels.

It was a long time after I began to drive an automobile before I learned how the clutch acts, and probably many other drivers are as ignorant; yet it is very easy to understand, and it is very necessary that a driver should understand it.

In brief, the engine operates a heavy flywheel, which it causes to revolve rapidly. This flywheel is dish shaped, and the end of the shaft is of the same shape, but reversed, so that it fits exactly into the flywheel. It is pressed against the flywheel by strong springs,

and this is the contrivance which is called the "clutch."

When the clutch is pulled away from the flywheel by a lever worked by the driver's foot, the flywheel can have no effect upon the shaft. When the clutch is pressed against the flywheel by the springs, the friction of the wheel turns the clutch, and with it the shaft, which by its revolutions, turns the rear wheels, and the car moves.

The only connection between the clutch and the flywheel is friction. To increase this friction, one of the surfaces that rub together is covered with leather. This leather must be kept soft with oil, or it will fail to rub properly, and perhaps burn out with the rapid motion.

I have described the common form of clutch, called the "cone clutch" because of the shape of the shaft end which fits against the flywheel. There are other forms, but the principle is the same.

Why is the clutch necessary? Why not connect the motor directly with the shaft, as in a steam engine?

Because steam expands slowly or rapidly according to the work it has to do, and the piston rod communicates its energy gradually to the driving wheels; but on the contrary, a gasoline engine gets its energy from explosions, violent and sharp, which would break the shaft and its connections, if communicated suddenly to them while the car was standing still. Therefore this ingenious clutch was invented to set the shaft to revolving gradually faster and faster, even though the power comes in swift concussions.

Now you see the importance of the clutch. It must not be too oily, or it will slip; or have too little oil, or it will burn. The springs must not be too strong, or it will jerk; nor too weak, for then also it will slip. It must work just right, or the engine and the car will not work just right.

As I have meditated on the clutch—

and much meditation on the clutch is forced upon an automobilist—I have come to see the value of a parallel contrivance in our life automobiles.

Many a young fellow fails to use his clutch wisely. He generates plenty of power. He can play ball with the best. He can yell like a Comanche Indian. He can row a boat all day. But he does not harness up his energy to the shaft of any useful occupation, and so the car of his life never gets anywhere.

Other young fellows take a sudden notion to go to work. In they throw the clutch, there is a big noise, their life cars give a jolting bounce ahead, and you would expect them to fly up the pike, distancing all competitors. But the sudden weight stalls the engine, if indeed it does not break some of the machinery, and they come to a dead stop.

Give me the chap who uses his clutch with common sense and discretion. He applies his energy—physical, mental, spiritual—with gradually and steadily increasing power. Every day betters the preceding day. Every day brings a slight gain in efficiency. He knows enough to throw out his clutch when he comes to a down grade, and to give his car rest and relaxation. He knows enough to throw in his clutch when he reaches again the up-grade of work. Thus he spins on swiftly, league after league, and turns a triumphant sweep into the garage at the end of the run.

Power is fine, and a beautiful car is fine, but unless the power is wisely and consistently applied to the car, of what use is the whole?

PRACTICE.

Practicing on the Public.

A teacher of English in Ohio had a fondness for businesslike and effective business letters. She very properly wanted her pupils to know how to write

them, and correctly held that the way to learn to write them is to write them. So she gave them the names of a number of factories and told them to write letters ordering their goods, mailing the letters in a very real way. It was a fine scheme, highly educational.

Educational also were the results of the scheme. Business houses are alert, as the teacher of English discovered. She was speedily introduced to the efficient modern "follow-up" system. In response to her pupils' practice letters six salesmen from distant towns arrived upon the scene, each eager to expound the merits of his firm's product. One man traveled 240 miles in the confident expectation of persuading a twelve-year-old school miss to buy a silo. Unitedly and determinedly they interviewed that teacher of English. Their language may not have been classic, but it was forceful. The English teacher will not hereafter be so ardent for verisimilitude in her class exercises.

This episode illustrates with perfect fairness the folly of the frequent practicing on the public.

Young theological students are all too often allowed to preach before they have anything to say or know how to say it.

Young novelists turn out books by the score every year, though they have not wisdom or experience enough to give value to a chapter.

Young teachers are allowed to practice upon long-suffering children with half-baked theories and untested methods.

Callow dentists, fledgling lawyers, inexperienced doctors, are thrust upon the poor public and told to "work up a practice."

"But we must begin somewhere," they say.

Yes, but it is usually possible to begin under the eye of experience, the guidance of skill. It is *not* necessary to practice on the public.

PRAISE.**Bravos versus Bread.**

In a Chicago cemetery a crowd had gathered for the dedication of a monument in memory of a marine killed at Vera Cruz. He had lived in Chicago, and his patriotic fellow citizens were eager to honor him. As the orator of the day was eloquently holding forth, from the crowd came a harsh challenge: "I'll stop this thing if I have to fight to do it!" The interrupter was the brother of the dead hero. He came forward and simply told the crowd of the poverty in the home that the soldier had left, the aged parents being in dire need. That was all, but it stopped the dedication. Honors to the dead were instantly seen to be a hollow mockery while the living were left uncared for. The orator and his friends went away, it is to be hoped, to transmute their unspoken praise of the departed hero into bread and meat for the old father and mother who gave him birth. The incident is a notable illustration of the Lord's saying, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

Is Praise Hurtful?

He was speaking eloquently in dispraise of praise.

"How many times," he was saying, "when I have been fighting a tendency to pride, when I have been trying to cultivate the Christian grace of humility, after I have finished making an address someone has come up and by his praise of me has renewed the temptation to think of myself more highly than I ought to think, and has made tenfold more difficult my struggle against my besetting sin. Ah, people never know the amount of harm they do when they go to a minister or some prayer-meeting leader or speaker, and praise what he has been saying!"

As I listened, I groaned inwardly.

"Brother," I said to myself, "speak for yourself, and not for me or for anyone else on earth! Your eloquence may bring you so many plaudits as to turn your head, but mine will never bring me into that peril, I assure you. I have neglect enough and criticism enough and failures enough to keep me humble. For every speech that is overpraised I make a dozen that are not commended at all. I don't get praise enough to go around, one praise to a speech. I am sure that the average public speaker doesn't, either. Most people are too indifferent, or selfish, or cold, or bashful, to tell a speaker that he has helped them, when he has.

"Don't worry, brother," I feel like adding. "Most folks' heads are not so easily turned as yours seems to be. The rest of us know ourselves far too well to wax conceited over a little kindly encouragement. We are too well aware of our shallowness, our ignorance, our faltering, our wretched inadequacy to our tasks. We need to be 'set up' rather than 'taken down.' We need to be assured that we are not the miserable, inefficient, incompetent fools that we are inclined to think ourselves. We need far more to have the heart put into us than the conceit taken out of us. Do without praise, brother, if you want to; but we'll take all the praise you turn away, and more!"

It was a young man that was speaking in dispraise of praise. After he has knocked (and been knocked) around the world a while longer, he will sing a different tune.

Clap Your Hands!

In the commercial world there are appraisers, men whose task it is to fix values, of goods, of houses, of businesses. Similarly in the spiritual world we

have the noble calling of the *praisers*, but the occupation is by no means crowded.

Few acts are more noble than the act of hand-clapping. It is self-forgetful, unselfish. In the deed one's soul goes out to another, rejoices in his accomplishment, exults in his words, wishes him well. It is a sort of ecstasy of altruism. However transitory, it is a breeze of friendship. No one can clap one's hands without being the better for it.

And also, no one can be the recipient of hand-claps without being the better for them. Deserved praise, or even praise half-deserved, is one of the most wholesome of tonics. It is condensed hope. It is concentrated courage. "You have not lived in vain," it says. "Your life has moved fruitfully upon other lives," it says. It expands one, it lifts one up, thus to see one's acts entering into the souls of other men.

Hand-clapping, for the good it does, is the least expensive of benefits. How little energy it requires! Nay, does it not give even more than it takes, inspiring throughout the frame a glow of satisfaction and an impulse for some such achievement as has moved our pleasure? No one ever clapped his hands that did not receive more than he bestowed.

Yet it is sadly easy to get out of the way of hand-clapping. Egotism is a woeful paralyzer of the hands. If we think others should be applauding us, we are loth to clap our hands for others. If we rate ourselves too highly, we are not likely to value others at all. Envy, spite, despondency, all the brood of selfish sins, paralyze the hands. One of the surest symptoms of spiritual disease is a growing awkwardness in hand-clapping, an unwillingness to praise. The egotist may be in the right of it as regards himself; he may be abominably underrated. But in underrating others and refusing them applause he wrongs himself as much as

he has been wronged, and deliberately doubles his loss.

Ah, let us loosen our radius and ulna, our carpals and metacarpals! Let us drive the resonant air sharply from between our gratulatory palms! Such exercise is good for the hands. It will make the outlines sweet and firm, the flesh white and rosy. And it is healthful for the spirit as well, beautifying it with the fascination of good will.

Patting Folks on the Back.

There's a big difference between patting a man on the head and patting him on the back.

The head-patter is conceited. He looks down on the object of his praise. He minimizes whomever he commends, as if his head-pat actually pressed him down into a dwarf, a commendable dwarf. The head-patter is an absurd booby.

On the other hand, the back-patter is a jolly good fellow. Solemn nonentities, afraid to unbend lest they break that most precious of their possessions, their dignity, do not like him. Their back is too patrician for a pat. But every sort of man that really amounts to anything rejoices in the back-patter as one of the prime alleviations of life.

A good pat on the back seems actually to push us along the path of progress, whatever way we may be painfully treading. We walk the brisker for it all day. The stones on the road are not so rough. The sun is not so hot, the dust is not so blinding. As the head-pat dwarfs us, the back-pat expands us into a giant.

Patting on the back may be done with the tongue even better than with the hand! All it needs is memory, sympathy, and readiness. *All*, forsooth, when these are three of the rarest of virtues! But memory will tell us what the man has done and has been, what there is in his life to praise; sympathy will put us in touch with his

likings, and will show us what sort of praise would be an annoyance to him and what would be a tonic; while readiness will seize the opportunity for the praise, the exactly right time which so hastily passes.

Patting on the back without memory may pat the wrong back. Patting on the back without sympathy may give a blow instead of a pat. Patting on the back without readiness may only pat the vacant air.

Like all other acts that illustrate our common humanity, such as shaking hands, smiling, and ushering people into our homes, back-patting is vitiated by hypocrisy. If we really have no admiration for the man we are praising, every applauding word is like a wreath flapped into his face. If we do not really wish him well, every pat on his back is like a push into a bog. Let no man praise me with the mouth unless he also praises me with his shining eyes.

And, as may be said of all other kindly and sincere deeds, this back-patting reacts happily on the man that does it. Just as smiling makes us more cheerful and a cordial welcome to strangers endears our homes to us, so the hearty pat on the back pushes the patter as well as the pattee a measurable distance toward the goal of all sane existence. Not altogether without considerations of one's self, therefore, will one join the blessed brotherhood of praisers; and yet praise is a duty so delightful that the wise man would perform it though it landed him in a dungeon!

PRAYER.

Mountain Air on the Plains.

How sensible everyone is getting to be! They are all coming around to *my* ideas.

For instance, in this matter of fresh air. It's the one thing to which men are looking with confidence for the

cure of consumption, that great foe to mankind; and not only for that disease, but for many others, the doctors are prescribing courses of outdoors.

In London they have gone so far as to establish an oxygen hospital. It is often impossible to remove consumptives to the mountains; in the oxygen hospital mountain air is brought to the patient.

This is the way it works.

They place the patient in a glass cell, with an air-tight door. The cell is only six and one-half feet long, four feet wide, and six feet high, but the poor consumptive can breathe so much more easily in it that it seems a perfect palace, and he dreads to go outside, but gladly spends his days and nights in that cramped abode.

For the air is filtered before it is admitted, so that it is perfectly pure. It is dried, and it is charged with ozone. Moreover, it is rarefied, and so becomes "just as good as" mountain air, minus the mountain.

I don't know how this plan works for consumptives, but I'm going to put it in practice in my own life. I'm not a consumptive; that is, my lungs are all right. But I'm terribly afraid of spiritual consumption, the wasting away of my soul's vigor and substance. The air of worldliness which I am compelled to breathe is heavy and depressing. It is often impure. It lacks sparkle and life. I need—oh, how much I need the atmosphere of the hills of God!

And I can have it. I have found the oxygen cell. It is the quiet hour of meditation and prayer, alone with the Father, and the Book.

A Suspicious Combination.

My little daughter, when she was little (she is a big girl now) went up to her aunt one day and threw her arms around her neck with a big hug.

"Auntie," said the wee one, "Auntie, I love 'oo. Gimme-a-piece-of-candy?"

That was a suspicious combination, but, knowing her aunt, I rather guess she got the candy.

To do my daughter justice, I don't believe those two sentences of hers had the slightest connection in her mind. She often kisses and hugs the people she likes, and the beautiful words, "I love you," are often on her frank lips. That is the only time when they have been conjoined with candy, or any other boon.

But we? Can as much be said of us with regard to our talk with our heavenly Father?

How often our protestations of love to Him are only coaxing preambles of petition! How often we pass hurriedly over the "I-love-you" part, and throw our whole souls into the "give-me" part! Is God less shrewd than an earthly listener? Don't you suppose He sees through the scheme?

Cleaned Out.

The directions for running my furnace, which I have had frequent occasion to study with much care, contain strict instructions to keep all clean, outside and in. A long wire brush is provided, and I am expected to swab out all the inner ramifications of the furnace and push all the soot down upon the live coals for them to burn out. It is a choking performance, and before it is finished it is a question which is blacker, my clothes and person or the cellar floor; but the layer of soot is removed from the pipes and the hot air can get at them and change the water promptly into steam. I have spent only a few minutes, but I have saved I don't know how much coal or how many colds.

It is the same way, I am sure, with the many intricate tubes that make up the furnace of my body. How easily they become clogged, and how hard it

is to "get up steam" till the waste is driven from my system by medicine or exercise or proper sleep!

But I suppose the worst of all clogging comes in my mind. Dust and soot and other masses of débris rapidly choke the wonderful corrugations of my brain. They are deposits of passion, of worry, of fear, of doubt, encrustings of all sorts of foolishness.

I want to sweep them out. I want to get my brain clear of the rubbish. I want to keep it clear.

And I know of only one wire brush that will do the work: it is called prayer.

What is Your Cruising Radius?

Solid oil may be adopted as a fuel for warships. They are already constructed for the use of oil as an alternative to coal, and coal strikes have strengthened the determination of the authorities not to be dependent upon that rather precarious source of supply.

The advantages of solid oil as against coal are these: it has immensely greater power than coal, bulk for bulk, and, since less bulk of fuel need be carried when oil is used, the ship's armor, guns, and machinery may weigh more, with corresponding increase of power as a fighting instrument; solid oil may be used in fire grates built for coal; combustion is practically perfect; steam can be raised in a few minutes; there is almost no risk of fire; fewer men are needed to handle it.

Moreover—and this is the point that interests me especially—a ship's radius of action, or cruising radius, is at least doubled by the use of solid oil. It can go twice as far without being obliged to seek a coaling-station or take on coal from a supply-ship. It is twice as free to pursue a flying foe or escape from a pursuing one.

I am moved to inquire anxiously whether there is not some solid oil that I may use as fuel for my life ship.

I want to make longer cruises. I want to be less dependent upon my coaling-stations. I want to range further and ever further in exploring the vast unknown. I am not content with petty ventures, creeping only a little way from the protecting shore. I want to extend my radius of action. How shall I do it?

Yes, I think I know. I have heard of the prayer fuel. I know how compact it is, how instantly available, how productive of power, how economical in use, and how perfectly it will propel my ship of life wherever its Designer fashioned it to go. I know all this. I know it well in theory.

Why is it, then, that I continue to fill my bunkers with the dull, black, heavy, and bulky coal of worldly wisdom and self-reliance? Why?

The Weather.

Said the young girl to the minister, "Please pray for clear weather this week; we are going to have a house party."

Said the boy to the minister, "Please pray for snow, Father; I'm just crazy to try my new sled."

Said Mrs. Salmon to the minister, "Please pray for rain, Dr. Jones; I want to it fill my new cistern."

Said Mr. Goodman to the minister, "Please pray for cold, Dr. Jones. We need ice soon, or the poor will have to pay dreadful prices next summer."

Said Mrs. Charity Kinde to the minister, "Please pray for warm weather, Dr. Jones, so that the poor won't have to buy coal at the present high prices."

On thinking over these requests, Dr. Jones concluded to omit the weather from his prayers.

Hanging by a Thread.

The great building was burning, and he was alone on the top floor. No fire-escape.

He looked around and saw a spool of thread, and his horrified face grew calm.

What could he do with a spool of thread? If his life hung by that thread, it was doomed.

Ah, was it?

Making fast one end of the thread, he quickly let down the spool, the thread unwinding as it went down.

A quick-witted man below saw the point, got a ball of twine from the house across the way, and fastened one end of the twine to the thread.

The man pulled up the thread carefully till he held one end of the twine in his hand. Then with the twine he pulled up a strong cord. Then with the cord he pulled up a rope on which he made his escape.

What was the thread?

It was the thread of prayer.

The Shah's Telephone.

Persia is not a country to which one would naturally look for improved modes of government, and for advanced applications of modern inventions; but certainly both of those discoveries are to be made in a little piece of news that came from Teheran, years ago, by way of a leading London newspaper. The paper's correspondent telegraphed that the subjects of the new Shah complained of the difficulty of bringing their complaints, according to the free-and-easy custom of the Orient, directly to the attention of his majesty. There were too many court officers, and they stood officiously in the way.

Well, what did the Shah do? He actually caused a telephone to be set up in a public square in his capital, and he invited his subjects to use it as a means of getting into direct communication with himself. By this ingenious contrivance he combined aristocratic seclusion with a democracy surpassing an American Presi-

dent's; and, moreover, he was safe from the dagger of the most enterprising assassin. We commend the idea to all autocrats.

But aside from the political reflections that arise, what a superb illustration is all this of the religious fact of prayer! There are many officious personages that try to get in our way when we would approach the King of Kings. "You must pass in your message through us," say priest and Pope, and all that harbor their spirit. "You must use the regular service of the post-office, with a postage-stamp of the right design and color," says the legalist. "You must wear such a dress, and use precisely such ceremonies," says the formalist.

But the King waves them all aside. In the market-place, in the shop, in the fields, at the church door, in the cheapest pew, in the lonely sick-room or the crowded streets He has set up His telephone booths. There is no exchange: the wire is direct. It rises straight to the council chamber of the Most High. It is attached to the Throne of the universe. And every word you whisper is heard by the King Himself, who, hearing, makes reply.

Air-shafts from Hot Places.

A party of us, on our way to Geneva, were conducted through the lower parts of our vessel, the *Romanic*, of the White Star line. Our guide was that honored and beloved Lutheran clergyman, Dr. Waltz, of Louisville, Ky.

One place to which he took us was most impressive. He led us down to the steerage, down and down, then opened a door, and we found ourselves on the edge of a deep pit, reaching to the very bottom of the great vessel. Following him, we descended by a succession of iron stairways, three flights of them, winding downward into a very inferno of heat and noise

and whirling machinery, the steamer's engine-room.

It was too noisy to speak, too clamorous even to think. As for heat, it was almost unbearable. The greasy steel bars that we grasped on the way down along the stairs were so hot one could scarcely touch them. The air seemed to scorch the lungs as it was breathed. Perspiration broke out upon hands and face, and one envied the engineers their scantiness of clothing.

But as I crossed the narrow room at the bottom of the well, with its ponderous machinery swiftly moving on all sides, suddenly I entered a little space of cold air. It was a space only about two feet wide, while on all sides of it pressed the palpitating heat. I pulled member after member of the party into that cool ærial oasis, to their intense delight and relief.

And then, one by one, we looked upward.

Over us was the mouth of a shaft. Its long funnel rose through the towering ship, and at the top there smiled down upon us the blue sky! Surely the sky had never before seemed to any of us so fair as when seen, that little circle of it, from the Dantean depths of the engine-room.

The incident preached a lesson to me, and it may preach the same lesson to you.

Into every life the great Designer sends an airshaft. I care not how far down the hold of the ship of life your lot is cast, the airshaft follows you. Your lot may be hot and hard. It may be crowded with clamorous tasks, greasy and disagreeable. You may be down, far down, in the dark and the heat and the toil.

But there is a spot in your life, somewhere, from which you can look up into heaven. There, you can catch a glimpse of your Father's face. There, you can become a part of the Father's beauty, and healthfulness, and love.

Cool air surrounds you, there, and the influences of the wide, fresh sea. In that spot, though only two feet broad, is your salvation.

Have you found it?

And do you often go there?

The Ink You Use.

Not for a long while did I discover what was the matter with my fountain pen. The best I could do, it would clog up. I cleaned it thoroughly before I filled it. I wiped the pen often, and well. I worked it clear with a straw from a whisk broom. I shook it and jolted it and pleaded with it. Still it got stuck, and within a short time after it was filled.

Then I heard someone speak of "fountain-pen ink." I made inquiries. I made a purchase. I squirted in the liquid. And, presto! a new pen.

You see, I had been filling my pen from an ordinary ink-well, full of ordinary ink, open most of the time, and poorly closed at best. The ink was heavy, to start with. The evaporation rapidly increased the sediment. Dust got in, clouds of it, whenever the room was swept. Bits of lint were generously added to the compound. In short, it was a kind of paste, slightly diluted, that I had been pouring into my long-suffering pen.

The fountain-pen ink is thinner, and does not dry up into iron rust. Moreover, it is kept carefully sealed away from the air and the dust and the lint. It brings nothing into my pen that should not be there, and it flows out of my pen in a beautiful black stream. Would that my thoughts flowed as freely and smoothly!

Yes, would that my mind would do as well. For I'm afraid I haven't yet learned the proper reservoir from which to fill up my mind. How it clogs! How it sticks! How muddy it gets! It is full of dust and dirt and lint at this very minute, and it is any-

thing but the clear, swift, and obedient tool it ought to be.

Does anyone know a good ink for mind-filling? an ink kept pure and undefiled, away from the dust of the world, free from the hindering sediment of the world, smooth-flowing clear, responsive? Does anyone know such an ink?

Somebody has told me of getting an ink of the kind at a shop called "The Closet." It must be a tiny, out-of-the-way shop, with such a name. Guess I'll have to hunt it up, and sample its wares.

The President's Hour of Oblivion.

A Washington newspaper described an interesting custom of President Taft. Late every afternoon, in his private office, he slipped down in a big, easy chair, pulled a cap over his eyes, and slept soundly for an hour.

Visitors called, but they were made to wait till the nap was over.

There were bills from Congress, but they could be signed at five as well as at four.

There were cabinet matters to consider, but they could be taken up later.

The administration fences were to be repaired here and strengthened there, but saw and hammer might be wielded after a while.

A new revolution might break out in Central America, the Balkan States might get into another rumpus, a volcano might erupt in Java and an earthquake might set Europe to trembling; it was all one to the peaceful President.

An hour, and he woke up, his famous smile on his face, and was ready, with clear brain and steady nerves, for the tasks that might have accumulated. He did them, and all succeeding tasks of the day, in half the time they would have occupied had it not been for that hour of rest. And thus the President

kept himself in good trim for the great emergencies and for a long life of usefulness.

Do you envy President Taft? Do you wish that you also could enjoy an hour of oblivion in the midst of your pressing cares?

You can.

You may not have a private office—or a public one. You may not possess an easy chair. You may work in a sawmill or a boiler-factory. But you may enjoy the President's siesta just the same.

For the essence of it is not the sleep, but the surcease of worry. The essence of it is not the cessation of toil, but the cessation of frets. And you can have that.

You can set apart an hour, say from two to three post meridian, in which you will withdraw your spirit from the annoyances of your tasks, and determine for that hour to be conscious of the Friend and Comforter working by your side. Rest your burdens upon Him. Confide your troubles to Him. Rejoice in His companionship that hour. Listen to His voice. Realize His presence.

And if you actually commune with Him an hour, however fragmentarily at first, gradually the influence of the hour will spread over the entire day, and through all its minutes you will be at rest in Him.

Screw Up the Bulb!

You are all tired out.

The world has gone wrong with you. Perhaps you can hardly place your finger on the sore spot, but you know that you have been hit. Everything is gloomy, and you want to give up. Why were you born, anyway? What's the use of it all, anyhow? Ugh! You have often felt that way. So have I.

And when we feel that way, I know what is to be done. *Screw up the bulb!*

Don't know what I mean? Well, I'll tell you.

It doesn't take long to accustom one's self to a convenience, and it seems as if I had used incandescent electric lights all my life. But I haven't; indeed, I have been using them only a few years. And I well remember my first lesson in regard to an important point in the use of them.

I went to turn on my light one day, as it was growing dark. I turned the button, but no light flashed from the bulb; it was as dark as before. "Ah," I said to myself, "it's burned out"; and I went to the janitor for a new bulb.

"Why," said that functionary, in surprise, "I put a new bulb in your light only last week. Has a fuse blown out there?"

No, I didn't know that anything of that sort had happened. So he thought he would take a look at it.

The first thing the janitor did, on arriving in my room, was to feel of the bulb.

"Huh!" he grunted, and gave it a little twist.

Instantly the room was flooded with light.

"Got loose," he muttered laconically, and went about his business. In cleaning the lamp the bulb had become unscrewed a trifle, the point of electrical contact was withdrawn, and a gap was made over which the illuminating wave could not pass into the bulb. That was all.

And that is all that happens in your life and mine, my brother, when we have those dark spells I have just described. We are out of contact with the Source of light. We have got withdrawn, in some way, from touch with the only Joy and Peace and Power in the universe. And, having no light in ourselves, of course we are gloomy, and the world seems a dismal place.

Many matters may have brought

this about. It is very easy, in this jostling life of ours, to jar loose that point of contact with the Unseen Force. However it came about, the result is always the same.

And the remedy is always the same: Screw up the bulb! Put yourselves in contact once more with the Source of energy and cheer. Pause in your rush, get out of the turmoil, withdraw to some quiet place, or make a quiet spot in your heart if you can. Get in touch once more with God.

And all life will be light again.

An Unanswered Prayer.

I have received a pathetic letter from a young man, who says that when he was a boy he violated some of nature's laws, thus causing dyspepsia and nervous debility, which has made his life a wreck for seventeen years. He has sought in every way to regain his lost health, and has prayed much for this great boon, but his prayers have remained unanswered, and this has hurt him more than anything else. He has confessed and forsaken his sins, and is trying to live an earnest Christian life, working in the Sunday school and the Christian Endeavor society. "I have promised God," he writes, "that if He will restore me to health and strength He can have the rest of my life to be used as He thinks best. I feel that if God answers my prayer I will become a man with a message." And he asks me to urge Christians everywhere to pray for him that his health may be restored.

Now I am not unfeeling. I deeply sympathize with this young man and with his request. He voices a universal cry, one that I myself have uttered to myself and to God many, many times.

Most earnestly do I urge all Christians to pray for him, and yet not

just for the thing that he chiefly mentions and desires.

For no man has a right thus to bargain with his Maker. I have tried to do it many times, but I have no right to do it. No man has a right to say, "If God will restore me to health, He can have the rest of my life to be used as He thinks best." God has an absolute right to our lives, to all of them, past, present, and future, every day and every hour, to be used as He thinks best. There is no "if" about it. Whatever circumstances He may send us, in whatever condition He may place us, of health, of wealth, of influence, of ease, of friends—whatever may be the exteriors of the soul, God has a right to the soul, to the life. We may make no terms with Him, we may lay down no conditions, we may present no "if." God demands rightfully our supreme allegiance, our glad surrender, our unquestioning obedience.

"A man with a message"? My brother, if you have no message out of your sickness, what right have you to expect that you will have a message out of health? If you have no message to-day, how can you think that you will have a message out of any to-morrow? You say that you have sinned and that you have been forgiven. Is not that the main thing? If that is true, you have forfeited your eternal life, and God has given it back to you again. Do you see no message in that? Are a few years, even a long lifetime, of sickness and physical handicap to be regarded for an instant compared with an eternity of power and joy in God's presence? You have the real thing, the only thing really worth while; and you say that if God will do so and so in addition, you will yield Him your life. Do you wonder that He does not grant your request?

And even if you make a glad and

complete surrender, God may not answer your prayer for health. It may not be best for you to be well in body. God's just laws bring just penalties when they are broken. God's children will rejoice in this, will even rejoice that the working of God's justice shall be illustrated in their own lives by continued sickness, if God sees best. God's true children will rejoice in their sufferings as Paul did, and will be glad to go about as living witnesses of the peril of sin as well as living monuments of the joy of salvation.

It is not easy to take this position, though it is very easy to talk about it. It is not easy to accept the consequences of one's wrongdoing and be willing that they should remain lifelong consequences if God wills. But this peaceful resting in the will of God brings a joy that nothing else can give. In it is the health you really long for, the health of the soul if not of the body.

And so, my brother, I pray, and I ask all Christians to pray, that you may gain this spiritual health, this absolute trust in God, this eagerness to testify of God's goodness out of any state. And while I make this prayer for you I make it also for myself.

No Power.

It happens occasionally, when one is driving an automobile, that the splendid machine stops suddenly, and no manipulation of throttle, sparker or lever will start it up again. The operator climbs out, and finds a puddle of gasoline under the car, with a wet line stretching back over the road. At once he gives it up, hunts a telephone, and summons another machine to tow him to the nearest garage.

What has happened? The pipe running from the gasoline tank to

the engine has broken, and all his gasoline has run out; without gasoline, the strong engine is powerless and the big vehicle motionless. The pipe is a tiny copper tube which holds only a few quarts of liquid, but that liquid is one of the essentials of speed.

No Christian can pass through such an experience without gratefully remembering what God does for him through the agency of prayer. It is a simple channel, but what power flows along it!

Keep the Nib Clean!

You have all had the experience. There is really no need to tell you about it. You have all been particularly desirous to turn off a fair copy of something or other, or write a particularly neat letter to somebody or other, and just as you have arrived within two or three lines of the end of the page and are congratulating yourself upon the fine appearance of your effort,—fie! the letters become thick and smudgy, a sort of elongated blur, and you have introduced into the midst of your calligraphy a line of which any school-boy would have been ashamed.

What is the matter? You know without looking. There's something in the nib of the pen. Maybe it's a little hair. Maybe it's a tiny thread or a bit of lint. It's so small that you can hardly see it, and so elusive that you can scarcely get it out. The nib seems especially fond of it, and holds it with a grip worthy of a better cause. Finally, at the imminent risk of the diamond points, a pin does the work of extrication, and, with nerves all awry, you return to your task.

The experience is so common that it is not worth describing were it not for the hint of higher things that it gives us. For how often—yes, and just when we wanted to produce

an especially fine impression, as like as not—has the lint or the thread got into the nib of our lives! Never mind what it was. A cross word, as like as not. Some misrepresentation, perhaps. Maybe a plan that has failed. Maybe a toothache. Whatever it may be, immediately our life-lines become all blurred, and the fair page, which the morning handed us so fresh and clean, is irretrievably spoiled. Too bad! Too bad!

I have had this fountain-pen experience so many times that I have acquired a useful habit. It has become second nature to me. Before writing on any page I pass my palm over it, and brush away whatever may be lying in wait for the coming pen. Since I have been doing this, my trouble from obstructed penpoints has been almost *nil*.

And oh, to learn this lesson in the affairs of the soul! For there are palms, white and pure, that are skilled to pass smoothly over the blank sheet of every coming day. They will remove all the waiting snares. They will clear the way perfectly before us. They will insure for us a fair and noble page to lay before the Teacher at eventide.

And what could they be but the pure, white palms of prayer?

PRAYER MEETING.

John Smith and His Conscience.

Time, any Friday, at 7:30 P. M.

Conscience: Time for prayer meeting, John Smith.

Smith: Uh-huh.

Conscience: First bell's ringing, John.

Smith: Yep.

Conscience: Going, aren't you?

Smith: Got a headache.

Conscience: Came on all at once, didn't it, John?

Smith: Besides, I'm all tired out,

Conscience: Tired out doing the Lord's work, I suppose, John.

Smith: And I've enough letters to keep me all the evening. They ought to have been answered weeks ago.

Conscience: Not too tired to write letters, are you, John? And besides, if they've waited all these weeks, they can wait one day longer.

Smith: I wasn't interested in the last meeting.

Conscience: That was because you didn't take part, John.

Smith: Well, that's just it. I'd go if I didn't have to take part, if I could just sit and listen like most of the women.

Conscience: Everyone else would have just as good a right as you to do that, John; and then where'd the meeting be?

Smith: Well, there are too many meetings, anyway. Nothing but meetings, meetings, meetings!

Conscience: This is the only conference meeting the church has. Is once a week too often for Christians to talk about what they say is the main business of the world?

Smith: That's just it! They don't talk business. It's just glittering generalities. Now what's the topic tonight, for instance?

Conscience: "The Perseverance of the Saints."

Smith: Perseverance of the Saints! Nothing doing! That lets me out. If they'd talk about something I knew something about, I might go.

A Consultation.

The Prayer Meeting was evidently going into decline, and a number of physicians were called for a consultation.

Said Dr. Strikt, "Let no one come into the room that will not take part in some original way at every meeting."

Said Dr. Eezy, "Let down the bars; the pledge has been scaring away the really bright young people."

Said Dr. Theori, "Modern psychology shows that you are proceeding along lines that are radically wrong; what you need is a Greek-letter fraternity with a private theatrical annex."

Said Dr. Novvle, "Get out of the rut! Put something new and startling into every meeting."

Then spoke up Dr. True, who said earnestly, "Where two or three are met together in the name of Jesus Christ, He is in their midst; and where Jesus Christ is, the meeting is a great big success, and can never go into a decline, still less die."

The other doctors were silenced, the Prayer Meeting took Dr. True's advice, and began to pray more, and work more, and live more with Jesus Christ. It picked up at once, and is now a magnificent specimen of sturdy health.

PRECIPITANCY.

An Electric Switch.

The electric switches now in use on so many street-car lines must be a great convenience to the motormen and conductors—when they work; *provided* they do not work too well. I have just been reading of a case in which one of them worked too well.

It was in Brookline, Mass. The car went out over the point at which the electric switch is operated. It kept on full current, and therefore the switch was not thrown. Close behind it, however, came a car, which, passing over the operating point, turned off its current, which had the effect of throwing the switch and swinging the rail. The forward truck of the first car had passed the switch, but the rear truck had not. That truck, therefore, was thrown off on

tracks that ran at a sharp angle to the tracks on which the front truck was running. The result was that the rear wheels jumped the track, there was a tremendous crash, and the whole set of tracks was blocked for three-quarters of an hour, till the wrecking-car could set matters right.

This is a complicated world in which we live, friends. What a network of tracks, with all these myriads of lives running here and there, all these millions of aims, and plans, and ambitions cutting across one another in every direction! Every rod or so there are switches. Lives can pass very easily from one track to another. It is all free and easy. And the switches work at a touch.

The wonder is that more mishaps do not occur. The wonder is that life-cars do not oftener crash into each other, and that electric switches are not oftener turned under us.

And the lesson is: Go slowly! Remember that there are other cars on the same life-tracks. Look out for the next man as well as for yourself—for the man ahead of you; also for the man behind you. You will get to the terminus quite as soon for it. Perhaps you will get there sooner. That Brookline car gained a few seconds by its precipitancy—and it lost forty-five minutes.

PREPARATION.

Practice Your Troubles.

War has many a hint to give to peace.

The other day I was reading about the way the British gunners once devised for their target practice. They tried it off Gibraltar.

The target is shaped like a destroyer. Incandescent lights are strung all over it so as to disclose its outlines. These lights, however, are switched on and off by a wire running through

the water, so that the target appears with startling suddenness, and then is lost at once in the darkness.

A boat is towing it, and therefore the target flashes out each time in a new and unexpected direction.

You can see that the test is a very severe one. The gunners have only a few seconds in which to take aim and fire; and if they can hit the target under such circumstances, they will be very formidable antagonists in actual battle.

Now that is precisely the way to prepare for the battle of life. Practice the troubles you may meet. Familiarize yourself with the difficulties that may confront you. Don't wait till the actual destroyer looms suddenly out of the night. There's no time for practice, then! Do your practicing on a target, towed by one of your own boats.

In other words, don't be on the lookout all the time for an easy life. Train yourself to obstacles. Grow wonted to difficulties. Do not shrink from attendance on the sick-bed or the death-bed. You must lie there yourself, some day. Welcome the many little temptations that every day is sure to bring, and use them as opportunities for drilling your gunners. Are you poor? obscure? a cripple? bed-ridden? lonely? slow of speech? slow of understanding? String electric lights along your target, bid it bob about all it pleases, and exult in the chance for increased skill in firing!

For this life is not the end, only the means.

We are not to get happiness out of it, but character; and what happiness comes as a by-the-way is so much clear gain. We are here to train ourselves for eternity.

Use the Spotlight!

"Getting into the limelight" is a synonym for offensive personal pub-

licity. Frank Hinkey, coach of the Yale football team, believes in the practice, though only as applied to his favorite game.

By the use of the spotlight he brought his team up to a wonderful degree of proficiency in the forward pass. He drilled the eleven at night, in a big, darkened room. At one end was a powerful spotlight, at the other end a big board. The spot of light on the board was the target, corresponding to a player. It moved briskly about, as a player would move. As soon as it came to a halt, the player hurled the ball at it. His standing depended upon his accuracy in hitting the center. A stop-watch gave his speed. Thus the coach came to know with perfect thoroughness the skill of each player, or lack of skill, and could work him up to the requisite ability.

Something like this we all need, if we would succeed in the difficult game of life. We must not plunge into the conflict without practice, and practice under the exact conditions of the conflict, so far as we can reproduce them.

The successful speaker does not simply get up before his audience, open his mouth, and produce a fine oration. In his study he imagines the audience, over and over, and fires sentences and speeches at them.

The successful writer does not merely take a quire of paper, fill his fountain pen, and reel off a best seller. For years he is incessantly scribbling, trying his hand at short stories, poems, essays, all manner of themes and technique.

The successful musician does not just sit down at the piano, rumple up his hair, and dash off a magnificent "opus" without trouble. Days and weeks and years of laborious effort are spent in his solitary music-room, flinging notes at imaginary audiences.

Yes, if you would succeed at anything, use the spotlight! It is a one-

sided affair. It lacks the snap and excitement and applause of the stadium. But it wins the game.

Mental Fire Drills.

A woman was in great danger in a fire. She became confused in saving her cherished possessions, and while she was trying to find them, her escape was cut off. The firemen rescued her, but the terrible experience taught her a lesson. Now she spends a few minutes frequently in thinking over what she would save in case of a fire, where each article is to be found, and in what order she will take them out. This mental fire drill gives her a strongfeeling of self-reliance and safety. This is a good process to apply to spiritual emergencies. What shall I do the next time I am tempted to envy? How shall I meet the next cross word that assails me? How shall I bear myself when next I am treated unjustly? There is one who often provokes me; what shall I say the next time this happens? These mental fire drills count for more in the spiritual than in the material realm, for they concern our eternal possessions.

PRETENSE

Rubber Freshness.

One of the ways of telling whether lobsters are fresh or not is to lift their tails. If they spring back quickly into their curled position, the lobsters are fresh; if they remain stretched out, the lobsters are stale.

But a Boston inspector applied this test to some lobsters which a boy was peddling, and found that the tails sprang back with remarkable vigor; so smartly, indeed, as to pinch his fingers. He investigated, and found that the tail of each lobster was fastened to a red rubber band. The lobsters were so stale that the meat

was actually poisonous. Without the rubber bands there was not a bit of snap to their tails.

The incident serves to illustrate many other varieties of artificial freshness. For example, some writers, in lieu of real originality and wit, cultivate a snappy style, which fools even themselves into thinking that what they are writing is fresh and vital. Some persons have lost the alertness and vigor of their spirits, if they ever had those qualities, and in their place they have put a surface smartness which deceives all but the shrewdest observers. The lives of not a few rich folks are of the red-rubber variety, apparently full of zest from parties and theaters and sports innumerable, yet really dull and lifeless at the heart.

O, let us remember that over us all there is an Inspector, that He can judge instantly between real life and false life, and that no trick can for an instant pass the scrutiny of His all-seeing eyes.

PRIDE.

Pockets Full of Dynamite.

One day the tree warden of a Massachusetts town sat down beneath a tree to light his pipe. The operation was performed with deliberation, but it had a swift and tragic termination. There was a terrific explosion, and the man was blown to pieces. A hole three feet deep was left in the ground where he had been sitting. The explosion was heard more than a mile away, and houses within a quarter of a mile rocked perilously.

The cause? It is not positively known, but it is supposed that the man had a stick of dynamite in his pocket, and that a spark from his match, or the half-extinguished match itself, fell upon the deadly substance.

Men in the habit of using dynamite or other explosives become danger-

ously familiar with the stuff, and this familiarity breeds contempt when it should breed care. These substances are risky at best, but to the thoughtless they are simply invitations to destruction.

However, tree wardens with sticks of dynamite in their pockets are not the only ones that play with explosives. Many mortals go around all their days with the pockets of their brains packed full of dynamite as deadly as any that was ever composed in a laboratory. Talk with them a few minutes, on almost any subject, and you will be liable to touch it off. It is the dynamite of pride.

Pride of one's self, perhaps; of what one has accomplished and of what one is.

Pride of one's associates and distinguished relatives and friends, and of the notable organizations to which one belongs.

Pride of opinion, leading to bigotry and arrogance and combativeness.

Pride of rank and station, pride of clothes and house, pride of money and beauty and wit.

Pride—O, pride of so many things, including even an imagined humility.

A chance expression is match enough to explode this dynamite, and—whiz-z-z! Bang! Off goes the conversation in a tremendous explosion of hate and anger and egotism, leaving only a hole behind.

If the man that carries the dynamite in his brain pockets were the one exploded, it would not be so bad; but after the fracas he always emerges smiling and self-satisfied, believing that he has put a new feather into his cap.

They are good men to keep away from, these folks with dynamite brains.

The Panama Hat.

During the summer the Panama Hat was pride itself.

"Not one of you cost so much as I," he boasted to the other hats on the hat-stand. "I am our master's favorite. He often tells people how light I am, how cool and comfortable. He declares that he couldn't get along a day without me."

"Just wait a while," growled the Derby.

"Wait a while!" almost shouted the Panama. "Do you think I'll ever be laid on the shelf, like some hats I might name? Why, our master has repeatedly said he would never part with me, and that I'd last a lifetime."

"We'll see," said the Derby.

And they did see. About the middle of September the master said one day, "Well, I suppose I must bid good-by to the Panama and go back to the Derby. No one's wearing straw hats now."

So the Panama went to the top shelf of a dark closet, while all the hats on the hat-stand chuckled in glee.

Moral: Don't be too sure.

Pocket Your Pride.

Theoretically, most folks are willing to pocket their pride. Theoretically, they agree that pride is a sin, and a very silly sin at that. Theoretically, they are meekest of the meek.

But as a matter of fact, lots of people have no pockets for their pride. Or else the pockets they have are full of something else.

Women's dresses are often (usually, eh?) made without pockets. So are the souls, of both men and women.

Sew them in, brethren, sisters!

There is the honesty pocket. Most pride is a veneer of lies. Rip it off, and you'll see cheap wood underneath. We are proud of our knowledge, and it's a mere surface smattering. Proud of our influence, and it is only arrogance and effrontery. Proud of our beauty, and it is false hair and paint. Proud of our saintliness, and

we don't dare give our family among our references. Oh, if we had an honesty pocket on our soul, we'd find ample room therein for all our pride!

And there is the love pocket. When you love someone, you want to walk alongside, close up. You don't want to keep ahead, or rise above,—just alongside. When you love someone, you are more eager for his honor than your own. Love has no use for pride. It tears it off and crushes it into a pocket.

Then, there is the common-sense pocket. It is wonderful how much a keen sense of the ridiculous will do for a man. It will keep him from strutting like a village drum-major. It will keep him from sticking feathers in his hair and putting a chip on his shoulder. It will keep him from sewing gold braid on a pair of overalls. The common-sense pocket is a big one. You can pack away a lot of nonsense in it.

Further, there is the work pocket. There's nothing better than work for pocketing pride. People that are really doing things are usually modest about them. They know how much they have left undone. They know how poorly they have done what they have done. They have a sympathy and respect for all workers, and do not want to set themselves up above that glorious fellowship.

There are many other pockets for pride, but these four are enough to hold all the pride of even the most conceited jackanapes on earth.

Fit these pockets into your soul garments, and use them every one!

the Kaiser inconsiderately failed to die on that date—or on any other date, so far. "I have been a false prophet," wrote Muller in a note found after his death, "therefore, I have sinned against God."

Suicide is an awful sin; it is not Muller's suicide that I am commending. But I do commend his honesty. He was frank enough to admit his fault. He had assumed to know more than he did know, to have a revelation of the future when he had no revelation; he had pretended a wisdom that God only possesses, therefore he had sinned against God.

We do not often enough recognize the sinfulness of empty pride. Thousands of false prophets are ranging up and down our land. Christ said that He Himself did not know when the end of the world would come, nor did the angels know, only the Father; but these men have the end of the world figured out to a day and an hour. With a presumptuous braggadocio that is a travesty on Christianity they pretend to be the only interpreters of Scripture and seers of the world's history. A wave of the hand, and kingdoms vanish, potentates bite the dust. Another wave, and a new order arises, formed after their fantastic formulæ.

How far is all this from the humility of the Nazarene! How it hinders real religion and the true knowledge of the Father and His will! How we wish these false prophets would follow the example of Lombardus Muller—not of course, by slaying their bodies, but by slaying this sin of their souls!

An Honest False Prophet.

Lombardus Muller, a retired sea-captain of Paterson, N. J., killed himself by shooting. As the papers tell the story, he did the terrible deed because he had prophesied that the Kaiser would die on a certain date, and

The Dress Suit.

The dress suit lay in a pile of old clothes, brought from a number of homes for the missionary barrel.

"Faugh!" sneered the dress suit. "What plebeian company! If here isn't a business suit, a cutaway! And

yonder, worse than that, is a sack-coat! And worst of all, right on top of me is a suit that must have been at work in the garden or the cellar! All this heap of old clothes is good for nothing but the rag-bag. They'll throw it away as soon as they go over it. But when they see me! Why, I am just as good as new still, and not much out of style. I have shone at scores of balls and receptions and in dozens of theaters. Young ladies have admired me, and have gladly danced with me. What a disgrace to be heaped up here with this common trash! But when they see me, they'll soon make amends for this disrespect."

The other suits of clothes were greatly abashed, and shrank away modestly from the dress suit, each being filled with awe at the splendid raiment.

But the missionary committee arrived, and promptly overhauled the pile of clothes.

"A business suit!" exclaimed one. "Just the thing! And it's quite serviceable still."

"Here's a sack-coat, and see how good it is! Fine!" declared another member of the committee.

"Some working clothes," said another. "They'll come in capitolally. Not a patch on them, or even a darn."

Just then the chairman of the committee laughed merrily, holding up the dress suit. "A swallowtail, of all things! How absurd to send us that! Of all useless articles to put into a missionary barrel! Fancy sending this ridiculous thing to a minister!"

"I know an old-clothes man who may give us something for it," suggested a lady.

"Well, sell it, do, for anything," said the chairman, "and with the money we'll buy something worth while."

So the dress suit was thrown ignominiously to one side, and as it lay

there it heard a soft cloth-titter from all the other clothes.

PROCRASTINATION.

The Pigeons of Procrastination.

An Indiana saloon-keeper was charged by the police with keeping his bar open five minutes longer than the law allows. In explanation he pointed to the city clock, which was found to be five minutes slow. When they tried to discover the reason for this slowness they decided that it was caused by pigeons' roosting on the minute-hand and so holding it back.

Pigeons of procrastination! They roost on the hands of our life-clocks. They keep us from obeying the laws of happiness and progress.

The pigeon of laziness: "I am all worn out."

The pigeon of discouragement: "It's no use."

The pigeon of discontent: "I'm not getting my dues."

The pigeon of peevishness: "Everybody's down on me."

The pigeon of over-confidence: "Never mind bother; it'll all come right."

The pigeon of imprudence: "I'll chance it."

The pigeon of heedlessness: "No use worrying."

The pigeon of leisure: "Plenty of time."

No clock can keep up with the procession while such pigeons are roosting on its minute-hand.

"Front Matter."

I have written sixty books, and I have been instrumental in putting through the press about as many books written by others.

In all of this work I have noticed one quite invariable habit of printers, that they will not put into type the

"front matter" till all the rest of the book is completed.

The "front matter" is the title page, the page with the copyright notice, the preface, and the table of contents.

There is every reason why these should be put into type the first thing. It is not always easy to estimate their length, so as to know how to page the rest of the book. Notice, and you will often see the first page of Chapter I of a book numbered 7 when it should have been numbered 9 or even 11. The "front matter" occupied more space than the printer allowed for it.

Moreover, often it is necessary to begin the printing of a book before the last pages are all in type, and the printer cannot begin with the first "form" of sixteen pages, because the "front matter" is not in type. Indeed, it is impossible safely to divide the pages into "forms" at all.

The reason for this is that the "front matter" is not what the printer calls "straight setting." It requires the handling of several kinds of type, sometimes the use of borders, and it is the most difficult part of the book. Therefore, it is reserved for the last.

I have repeatedly written on my manuscripts an injunction to send the proofs of the "front matter" with the first page proofs of the book. In no single instance, I believe, has the request made any difference in the customary procrastination, so that I no longer make it. I expect to get the "front matter" dragging along several weeks after I have read the proofs of the remainder of the volume. That is the case with two books which I am now putting through the press.

And, after all, I cannot blame the printers. It is just what I am doing all the time in my own life. It is so hard to begin with the hardest part of a task. In other words, it is so hard to be sensible!

Fresh Yeast.

Housewives insist upon freshness in the yeast they use. They insist that the little squares of potent germs must come to them right from the ice, and that they must not be stale. If the yeast is old, the bread will not rise.

Whoever wishes to make his life count, must take a lesson from the yeast, and act promptly. Get to work to-day, this very hour. Do not cheat yourself with good intentions, counting them as deeds. The bit of helpfulness, the kindly word, the cheery smile that God wants you to give to-day, cannot be given to-morrow; the morrow calls for more of the same, fresh and vital, and not for stale impulses carried over from a sluggish yesterday. The leaven which is hidden in three measures of meal, till all is leavened, is never the leaven of procrastination.

PROGRESS.

Someone Hit.

All progress injures someone.

That is because the roots of bad institutions twine around good as well as evil, and when they are pulled up both good and evil suffer.

To stop a fire it is often necessary to dynamite buildings as yet unreached by the flames.

To cure a disease the whole body must go to bed, and not merely the diseased portion.

Take such a reform as the single tax, granting that it is a reform, which many doubt. It aims to obliterate private ownership of land, thus placing taxation for the first time on a wise and just basis. It cannot be enforced without seriously injuring all whose property is in land.

Take the lower tariff, granting also that that is a wise reform. It works serious injury to those whose business

has become established on the basis of the high tariff.

Whenever a change is suggested, there is a call for self-denial, for unselfishness. Each of us may be hit. Each of us may be called upon to suffer for the good of the whole. Each of us, that is, may be required to illustrate the fundamental principle of Christianity.

In the Gaillard Cut.

The great slide in the Gaillard Cut of the Panama Canal involved 1,500 feet of the waterway. The first week after the slide 209,000 cubic yards of material were taken out, but the slide continued so as to block the channel as much as before. Scores of ships were sent around Cape Horn, the Canal was declared closed, and General Goethals had to remain at the Canal for at least six months longer than he had intended.

This was disappointing, but it was to have been expected. Slides will continue until the hills bordering the Canal have reached a state of equilibrium. As they push in the Canal must be scooped out. To slice off their tops or to build retaining walls would be enormously expensive.

The whole experience is much like what happens whenever any change or improvement is made in life. Slides are to be expected. The change must fit into the order of things. It will make much trouble at first. But if it is a real and permanent improvement, is not the trouble worth while?

Follow the Steel!

Do you know what "following the steel" is? This is the meaning.

In putting up one of our immense modern office buildings, the first task, of course, and generally the most difficult and long-drawn-out task, is

to make a good foundation. After this the steel framework of the structure is erected. As it is swung into place, great piece after piece, the riveters follow fast, and bind all parts firmly together. Up goes the big skeleton, story after story, till it towers in the air as high as Bunker Hill monument, to adopt a Bostonian superlative.

But as fast as the steel rises, the fire-proof tiling may be laid, and the brick or stone may be built up to fill the sides of the monster cube and shut in from the world its scores of compartments. That is "following the steel," when tile-workers and bricklayers and stone-masons keep close on the heels of the steel-men, and rise into the clouds only a little behind them. And nowadays a twenty-five-story building can be erected in three months.

Well, that would seem to be enough, but I am not satisfied to stop there. I would have men "follow the steel," not only in literal building, but in that even more substantial building we call life.

For the framework of our life is supplied us. It is the circumstances in which we are set, our friends, our fortune, our opportunities, and our powers. It is put together by unseen workmen, piece after piece rising rapidly before us. Every day new tasks. Every hour fresh powers. At every turn some opening opportunity.

Follow the steel!

Follow it closely, not letting yourself fall a day behind. A day behind is a yawning gulf, almost impossible to fill.

Follow it blithely, a light in your eye, a song on your lips, good cheer in your heart.

Follow it with your best, and all of your best. Build in the material laid ready to your hand. Build it fair and firm. Build it straight and true. Build it so that it will stand inspection.

And so follow that when at last, the steel all up, you are ready to "bring forth the top-stone with shoutings," you may receive and deserve the applauding cry, "Grace, grace unto it!"

The Watch-key.

The Watch-key: So, there you are, you supplanter!

The Stem-winder: What do you mean?

The Watch-key: You know well enough, taking work out of one's hands.

The Stem-winder: But if I do the same work in a better way?

The Watch-key: No one can wind a watch better than I can!

The Stem-winder: Now, possibly; but how about the time when your hollow square is worn quite smooth and round?

The Watch-key: Well, anyway, you have no right to make me useless, a mere bit of junk!

The Stem-winder: Did your master never lose you?

The Watch-key: Ye-e-es, once in a while.

The Stem-winder: Very often, I fancy, and lost much time and temper as well; now it is impossible to lose me; I am always at hand.

The Watch-key: I don't care. I think I'll organize a protest of Watch-keys against these so-called "new conveniences."

The Stem-winder: Protest as much as you please. So long as we are really convenient you will have no influence at all against us.

The Skyscraper Nautilus.

When the steel-frame skyscraper was a new thing, fears were entertained for its safety. Rust will eat the steel frame, it was said. Electrolysis will dissolve the steel, it was declared. Vibration from machinery

and from the wind will destroy the building, it was confidently asserted. But now skyscrapers ten years old are being torn down, and their protected steel framework is found to be as strong as when it was first erected.

And yet the skyscrapers are being torn down; and why? To build higher skyscrapers, skyscrapers more convenient, skyscrapers better adapted to the demands of present-day business. As someone has said, the chief enemy of the modern skyscraper is the more modern skyscraper. Ground is so expensive that the best use must be made of it. Taxes are increasing and must be earned. The best of the old is not good enough for the new.

This is as it should be. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!" The chambered nautilus is the only fit tenement for a growing man, or city, or nation.

"Stuck!"

I was talking with an artist about other artists. The one with whom I was speaking had been making marked progress. Every illustration she handed in to my paper was better than the last. The work of another artist came under discussion. "Oh, *he?*" she exclaimed. "Why, he is just exactly where he was ten years ago." And that was the precise truth.

I was talking with a lawyer. "The most discouraging thing about stenographers," he said, "is that they stand still. Now a stenographer in a lawyer's office, why, she has unlimited opportunities. If she is ambitious, and will work and observe and study, she can make herself absolutely indispensable. She can know all about the lawyer's business, and just about as much law as he does; and she can command almost any salary. But most stenographers stay just where they were when they were first hired."

Those conversations, coming the same day, set me to thinking. "Are you getting stuck in a groove?" I asked of myself. And I answered myself, "If you are, you must get out of it, if it takes a charge of dynamite!"

✓ The Rights of Old Fogies.

Wellesley, Mass., once had a little altercation with a street railway company.

What Wellesley objected to was the fierce searchlights used on the street-cars. They were great arc lights, so exceedingly bright and dazzling as they swung into sight that they frightened the horses, confused pedestrians, and made bicyclers uncertain whither to turn. The sudden glare had caused some bad accidents, and the citizens thought themselves justified in protesting.

In reply the railway urged very properly that they had gone to the trouble and expense of fitting up the cars with the arc lights in response to a public demand. The public requires very fast going, and when a car is going rapidly, the track must be lighted up far in advance, or an obstacle cannot be seen soon enough to permit a stop.

The result has been a compromise. The cars may employ the powerful lights along the country stretches where they can make the most speed and where the roads are dark; but when they enter a town, where the streets are already well lighted, and where there are many people who are using less modern modes of progress, the searchlights must be turned off or obscured.

When I heard of the dispute, I could not help thinking of some searchlight men I know. They are brilliant fellows. They know how to let their lights shine, and they are arc lights. They keep right up with the times; indeed, a little ahead of the times.

They go fast, very fast. Toot, toot, to-o-o-ot! Get out of their way!

And sometimes it is quite confusing. Sometimes it is fairly blinding. Even those with a bicycle up-to-dateness are dazzled, while as to old-fashioned pedestrians and buggies, they are nonplused, and often upset.

"Go slowly!" I feel like insisting, when these mental arc lights come my way. "Remember, other folks are in the world as well as you. They too pay taxes for the use of the streets. They too have a right to their legs,—legs in fair condition and in appropriate numbers. When you are off by yourselves, sirs, out in the country, you may speed as you please, and turn on your most brilliant lights; but when you are near other folks, heed the rights of the old fogy!"

It is well to go fast, on occasion, in philosophy, in theology, in reform, in politics; it is well to go fast, out in the fields. But not along Broadway.

Progress and Applause.

One of the delights of traveling in a railway train, especially through country districts, is the sight of children waving at the cars. No wonder they do it, and no wonder that many of us wave back at them. All motion is exhilarating, both to the mover and to the spectator. The swift bicycle, the graceful automobile, a galloping horse, a darting bird, a sailboat dashing through the waves—these fill the heart with gladness, and our hats are instinctively in the air.

If you want folks to applaud you, then, in the terse language of the day, "get a move on!" Progress is the sure promoter of praise. Run in the way of God's commandments, as the Bible bids. Speed on the pathway of duty. Set sail to the wind of destiny. Put on full steam and forge ahead! You have only to see to your progress,

and all around you will take care of the applause.

Toot! Toot!

Why are they cutting down that fine elm?

It is in the way of the autos.

Why are they tearing down that picturesque old house?

It hid the autos coming around the corner.

Why are they tearing up that beautiful row of flowering shrubs?

It prevented the autos from getting a clear view at the bend of the road.

Why are they straightening out that street? It used to have a lovely curve.

A lot of auto accidents happened there.

Why are they cutting down that hill, and spoiling the fine view from the top?

The grade was too steep for autos.

Must shade give way to glare, and the line of beauty be straightened out with a ruler?

It seems so, for the auto is king.

Will natural loveliness ever come back to our highways?

Certainly, for you can't keep nature down, even with automobile tires. Just wait a few years.

Big Blueberries.

It is said that a man in New Jersey has succeeded in raising blueberries as large as Concord grapes, and of a flavor superior to that of the famous New England berry. A Rhode Island newspaper scoffs at this horticultural triumph as "only serving to add bewilderment to a world that is already filled with complications and confusion." He would like to have standard sizes and qualities of each fruit established, with penalties for all who by cultivation transgressed the lines thus laid down.

How absurd this idea is may be realized when we remember that, logically carried out, it would deprive us of all strawberries but the tiny wild ones, all plums but the little and gnarly variety of the woods, the Concord grape, the Bartlett pear, most apples that surpass the crab apple, navel oranges,—indeed of practically all our fruits and vegetables. Yes, and the dog would have to go backward into the wolf, and all other domesticated animals must degenerate into their untamed ancestors.

No; I for one exult in the big blueberries. May they soon appear in all fruitstalls and adorn all our tables. The world is given us to subdue and have dominion over. It is like the talents, which we are to increase and not bury in the earth. Better fruits and bigger and more delicious; better dogs, more sagacious, swifter; better flowers, more fragrant and lovely; better grasses, longer, thicker, stouter to stand the drought; better men, with stronger teeth, thicker hair, clearer skin, firmer nerves, more powerful muscles, keener minds, and cleaner souls! I want no standardizing in creation, no fixed goal in the world's progress.

A Boston mayor once took for his motto, "A better, bigger, and busier Boston." That's the way to talk!

Croesuses of Character.

Moralists are fond of telling their readers and hearers how surely and rapidly money grows if only a little is saved every week and put at interest. It is not long before the dimes become dollars and the dollars eagles. Compound interest has a wealthy magic, and many a man has become rich by trusting to it.

There is a pleasure in watching money accumulate and increase. The fascination takes hold upon some so powerfully that they grow to be misers.

There is also a fascination, and one which is always healthful and happy, in watching the accumulation and increase of character. Only a little wiser each day, and what admirable wisdom comes to one in time! Only a little stronger each day, and soon others lean confidently upon our strength. Only a little better, a little more lovable each day, and the circle of our devoted friends widens with beautiful rapidity.

It is not within the reach of many of us to become millionaires, still less billionaires; but every one of us may, by processes quite analogous, become a Croesus of character.

PROHIBITIONS.

Prevention, or Promotion?

A paragraph I have seen in the *Boston Transcript* is full of sense. There is on the outskirts of the city proper a large drinking-fountain for horses, which bears this inscription: "Erected by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." In the paragraph referred to, a correspondent suggests, as a "more positive, humane, and alluring inscription," the following: "Erected by the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals."

To be sure! Why not? And why not extend the principle to all similar societies, and to the entire system of reform enterprises?

For example, the many societies "for the prevention of cruelty to children,"—would they lose their force if they should become societies for the promotion of kindness to children? The "Societies for the Suppression of Vice,"—would it take the backbone out of them if they were to become societies for the inculcation of virtue?

Prohibition of the saloon is good, but the inspiration of self-control is far better. It is fine to prevent Sab-

bath desecration, but it is much finer to promote Sabbath observance.

There are two quite distinct classes of reformers,—the negative and the positive. The one aim of the first class is to keep certain folks from doing evil; the one aim of the second class is to inspire them to do good. The second aim may be precisely as definite as the other; and oh, it is ten times as attractive and fruitful!

PROMISES.

She Wanted to Fly.

Once an aviator was sued for \$10,000 by a girl who was posing for a statue to be known as "The Hydro Maid." She was to qualify for the title by going up in a hydroplane, but the aviator failed to take her. Therefore she lost the job and her feelings were hurt, so that she estimated the total damages at \$10,000.

Whatever we may think about this occurrence, there is no doubt that many persons ought to suffer penalties because they have failed to carry others to higher altitudes when they agreed to do so. Authors and publishers make large claims for books that do not inspire or help. Statesmen vaunt their social panaceas that do not prove to be real remedies for social ills. Philosophers boast that they have discovered the secret of the universe, but do not know even the secret of a buttercup. Teachers assume the guidance of some scores of minds, but conduct them nowhere.

The world is full of those that are eager to fly, so eager that they follow after any self-styled aviator. And when they are left stupidly upon the earth, someone should pay damages.

PROMPTNESS.

"Deferred Business."

The president of the Postal Telegraph Company, referring to a service

then proposed admitting long telegrams at cheaper rates, provided they may be deferred to a time when the wires are not very busy, said emphatically:

"We are not a deferred company.

"We push our traffic through to destination within a few minutes from the time it is handed to us.

"We do not believe the public has any use for a deferred day service.

"A deferred day service would get mixed with our regular day service and would hamper and delay it.

"Fast service is what the public wants—not a deferred or slow service."

I know nothing about the particular point at issue, but I do know that that is good doctrine relative to the conduct of life.

What the world wants of all of us is decisive, immediate, and completed work,—the task of the minute done in the minute.

If we are deferred workers, the world has no use for us.

The world—our friends and employers—wants to know what it can depend upon. It will give more for steady, reliable service than for service far more brilliant but erratic.

A clean docket at the end of the day is one of the surest passports to honor and success.

PROVIDENCE.

The Windows of Heaven.

Have you ever wondered how the sea-birds get their drinking water? Sometimes they sail thousands of miles from shore. What are their springs amid those wastes of tossing brine?

Not below, but above; in the clouds.

When a storm comes up, if you are on shipboard, you may see the birds scurrying toward it from all directions. They have scented it from afar with their wonderful bird organs, and they haste to their descending springs.

They wheel under the drops gleefully, and gulp them down in glad mouthfuls. Thus they find fresh water in midocean.

Brothers and sisters featherless, when next you find yourselves in the desert places of life, when you can see nothing but liquid salt even to the encircling horizon, when your parched tongue and your aching soul cry out for the water of life, seek not beneath you or around you for the well-springs of happiness, but look above! There in God's blue they gather, the soft caravans of bounty. Dark on the underside, you know that the heavenward portion is all aglow with God's smile. Rest on the waves, and turn your faces to the sky. The windows of heaven will open, and God will pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it.

The Divine Dispatcher.

Boston is said to have, in connection with its South Union Station, the most complicated set of railway tracks in the world. Trains enter the station on twenty-nine tracks, but so narrow is the passageway into the city, that there is room for only six tracks, as the station is approached. To distribute hundreds of trains from six tracks among the twenty-nine tracks, requires an intricate network of switches, and many men are kept busy in cold weather freeing these switches from ice and snow. Even with all the care of the dispatchers and the numerous signal towers, accidents occasionally happen. The wonder is that accidents are not more frequent.

But if we wonder at such an iron network, what must we think of the endlessly intricate crisscross of human lives? Influences, examples, words, looks, by the thousand every day, link us with hundreds of other beings. Yet God keeps track of it all, and will

guide us through it to a happy end, if we yield ourselves to His direction.

A World of Providences.

In an African mine there was a shaft 2,000 feet deep. At the top was an iron bucket containing more than a ton of rock. Of a sudden the cable broke and down went the pieces of rock like cannon-balls. At the bottom of the shaft fifty-three men and boys were working at the time.

The superintendent of the mine was horrified, called up the hospital, had a new bucket rigged up, and went down into the mine, expecting to find a terrible scene below. Arrived there, he found no one harmed. Indeed, no one was conscious that there had been an accident. The foreman had noticed a "bit of dust coming down," but that was all.

The shaft was eight feet by twenty-eight, and yet the bucket and all the pieces of rock had lodged on the timbers on the way down! Those timbers averaged eight inches in width.

Since then experiments have been made by dropping metal balls from the top of deep shafts, one of them the deepest in the world, measuring 5,300 feet. In no case did the balls reach the bottom. They all lodged somewhere in the walls of the shaft.

This is because the earth is moving from west to east as it turns upon its axis, and so catches a body falling down a shaft and will not let it reach the bottom unless the sides are smooth and it can bounce from one side to the other. The ball has at the surface a velocity greater than that of the lower depths, and therefore always strikes against the east wall of the shaft.

This is only a specimen of the thousands of wonderful adjustments hidden away in our marvelous world waiting for the need of man to find them out. Every year brings fresh

revelations of them, and the last decade has been fuller of these discoveries than any other decade of the world's history. We ought to be singing the praise of the Creator all the time.

PROXIES.

Wanted, Seconds!

France still uses the duel as a means of settling disputes. Generally, to be sure, the French duel is a bloodless affair, a thoroughly polite and rather enjoyable occasion. Mark Twain's caricature of it seems justified by the reality. If one must fight a duel, that is the best way to fight it.

A few years ago a crowning absurdity was added to this out-of-date institution. Two gentlemen were to have fought with swords, to "settle" a point of honor. One of them decided (we are not told why) to absent himself from the gory field; but, in order that his antagonist might not be balked of his satisfaction, the thoughtful gentleman sent his second to take his place. The second performed his substitute part very creditably, though he so far forgot himself as to draw blood. This was not at all polite, but still the affair went off very well,—quite as well as it would if the original disputants had stood up against each other.

"Now," thought I as I read about it, "isn't that handy! Let us adopt that custom in America. Let us extend it, from dueling to about everything else.

"To speech-making. There are men that like to make speeches on all occasions, and do it well. Why shouldn't we send them, as our seconds!

"To letter-writing (except in the case of a certain few). Ladies would be good seconds here; they like to do it.

"To going to lectures (the duty kind), while we stay at home, or go to other lectures (the enjoyable kind).

"To receptions.

"To formal calls.

"To cases of discipline, wherein you are the destined discipliner.

"To the books that 'ought' to be read because 'everyone is talking about them.

"To conversations with bores.

"To—oh, an endless array of disagreeable things.

"How nice it would be to have seconds for them all!"

So I thought, and so I still think. The only trouble is that few, I am afraid, would be so obliging as the second in that peculiar French duel. This, I fear, is a serious obstacle. The scheme may have to wait for a more altruistic world.

PRUDENCE.

The Life of a Tire.

An automobile tire is "calculated" to run 3,500 miles before it is useless, and the manufacturer will guarantee it for that run. As a matter of fact, very few drivers get 3,500 miles out of a tire. Some will get 4,000 miles; most, hardly 2,000.

The tire is injured by light, heat, and oil. Of course, a piece of broken glass is its deadly foe. But of all its enemies the worst is a careless driver.

If the driver takes curves at the top speed, and makes sudden twists in his course, and applies the brakes peremptorily without slackening motion, thus making the tires grind and slide along instead of rolling as they should, he will not get half so long service from those expensive tubes as a more considerate driver. As an illustration of this the case is given of a race in which two drivers took machines of the same type at the same speed over the same course, and while one wore out thirteen castings in the operation, the more careful man wore out only two.

Now it is just the same with our human machines.

Why is it that one man is strong and chipper at seventy while another is a groaning old man at fifty? Inherited maladies account for part of the difference, of course, but most of it is due to the men themselves.

One of them knew how to drive his life-machine, and the other did not; or, if he did, he disregarded his knowledge. One went prudently through life, kept up a steady gait, allowed himself no excesses, took no sudden starts, no abrupt turns, and never had occasion to put the brakes down hard. The other had gone slamming through life, scorching as he pleased, throwing his machine recklessly from side to side, and alternating insane spurts of speed with expensive though sadly necessary appliance of the brakes.

"Threescore years and ten"—for that long, at least, these life-machines of ours should run, smoothly, vigorously, enjoyably. In most cases, if they must go to the repair shop or the junk shop much before that, it is because someone has sinned.

Allow for Buzzards.

Once a strange accident was reported from Los Angeles. Two trolley cars were approaching a switch. One, in advance, made the switch, and the other followed rapidly close behind it.

It was night, and the brilliant headlight of each car was lighted. The light on the last car attracted the attention of a huge turkey buzzard, who charged it. He missed his aim, plunged through the glass door, and knocked the motorman back into the aisle of the car just as he was applying the air brakes to bring the car to a stop.

Of course, it crashed into the car ahead of it, and there was a tremendous jolt that threw both cars from the rails. There were a score of pas-

sengers, but fortunately none of them were injured, unless being thoroughly frightened is counted an injury. But the accident might easily have resulted in death.

Now I say that those two motormen ought to have been on the lookout for that buzzard.

"How absurd!" you cry. "When before, in all the world's history, has a turkey buzzard dashed against the motorman of an electric car?"

True; but if the buzzard had not made the trouble, it might have been a hazardous small boy, or a nervous old woman, or a green hand at the lever, or a dozen other circumstances might have caused a deplorable accident. In anticipation of such a possibility that following car should have been moving far more slowly and cautiously.

Lives are too valuable, untimely death causes too much misery and loss, to permit such close reckoning. You save a tenth of a minute, and you destroy ten lives!—lives that might have lived in the aggregate many millions of minutes.

And why not, in all callings and tasks, allow for the buzzards?

Here is a professional man, who crowds the day with a schedule in which one task follows another immediately, no room between for a breath of leisure. In comes an inconsequential caller—a regular buzzard, the professional man thinks—and the day is thrust all awry.

Here is a teacher whose programme for the term's work expects his pupils to be well all the time, and makes no allowance for stormy days when few can come to school.

Here is a business man, whose borrowings, stock estimate, orders and entire financial campaign are based upon the anticipation of a steady run of customers, no depression in general business, no bad weather, no epidemic, no change in fashions.

Here are two friends, who expect their friendship always to be on the highest plane of ecstatic enjoyment, with no headaches no peevishness, no misunderstandings.

All of these are doomed to disappointment because they do not count on the buzzard; they leave no room for the unexpected. The life-cars follow one another too closely; the life-schedules are too crowded. Those schedules should be lightened by many blank spaces, which give a sense of leisure in the midst of the most strenuous work, and preserve in safety and comfort the health and fortunes that might otherwise go to smash.

It is well to be an optimist, always seeking the best and hoping for it; it is never well to imagine the skies full of turkey buzzards. But if it is well to be an optimist, it is also well to have eyes and to use them, to have brains and to think with them. For there certainly are turkey buzzards, and now and then, though only once in a century, a buzzard will crash into a car.

A Costly Snapshot.

Three young men in a boat. One of them falls into the water. Another leaps after him, swims a few strokes, and then disappears.

He does not rise again, though the young man who fell in is seen swimming off unhurt. The alarm is given, and a sailor dives after the would-be rescuer, but fails to find him. Not for half an hour is the body recovered.

Hero? Wait!

While the unfortunate young man was jumping after his friend, the third occupant of the boat was taking a snapshot of the act. It was all done for the sake of that snapshot.

The passion for the sensational leads to innumerable tragedies. Lives by the thousand are ruined every year through an insane desire to be dif-

ferent from others and act differently from others.

Here is a boy who wants to seem to be a man. He therefore assumes what he judges to be a man's accouterments: a cigarette, a glass of beer, a pack of cards, a swagger and an oath. He struts before the camera of his admiring boy friends in this novel guise; but, presto! before he realizes it the trick has become awful reality, and the roué of boyish braggadocio has become the gambler, the drunkard and the jail-bird.

A young man told me not long ago his experience in smoking his first cigar and drinking his first glass of intoxicants. "Just once," he said, "I wanted to have the experience. I wanted to see how it felt. I saw, and I am satisfied. The cigar did not make me sick or the liquor make me drunk. I found that I could smoke and drink if I wanted to. I don't want to, and I am done."

He has jumped in, the snapshot has been taken, and he has scrambled back into the boat safely. But what if he had not been so fortunate? Did he deserve to be so fortunate? Did he deserve any happier experience than the millions of other foolhardy experimenters who also wanted to see how it felt to smoke and drink, and who were sucked down into the black hole of intemperance?

Heroism is never concerned with needless risks, never seeks its perils.

It is a wise old anecdote, that of the British squire who was engaging a coachman. A precipice was near by, surmounted by a road. "How near would you drive to the precipice?" was the squire's question of the candidates. One proudly asserted that he could drive within a foot of it. Another declared that he could drive within three inches of it. The third said that he would drive as far away from it as he could.

And the last coachman got the job.

PUBLICITY.

Points for Promoters.

Surely this is the Advertising Age. I am not very much concerned about secular advertisements, but I am very much interested in the application to religious work of the principles that the secular advertisers have discovered for us. Because we also are to let our light shine, and from a candlestick, till it gives light to all in the house.

At one of the banquets of the Agate Club, a Chicago organization of advertising men, some very bright and practical speeches were made, full of sensible suggestions for the advertiser, religious as well as secular. Let me quote a few.

As to the importance of advertising, George E. Vincent, then a professor in the Chicago University, declared that "average mankind is guided—is the victim of suggestions." That is, most men are willing to be led, and are looking for leadership. The devil gets so many just because he is so prompt and hearty in his proffered guidance. Step in, Christians! Lead folks to church, to the prayer meeting, to Sunday school!

Colonel Pope, of bicycle fame, asserted that the failure of the American Bicycle Company, the combine, was because it ceased advertising at a critical time. And many a Christian enterprise has failed for precisely the same reason.

As to how to advertise, Colonel Pope spoke wisely:

"Believe in something; tell the people the truth and stick to it.

"Don't tell a man more than he will believe. Make him want what you advertise.

"Be careful in the selection of names. A good article often is spoiled by an injurious name."

That is, Christians, believe in the church and its institutions. Tell the glorious truth about them. Tell it

with force and persistence. Make folks want the church. Dress up your commendations. Use good titles of sermons, attractive prayer-meeting topics. Take care of the little details.

It is "our Father's business," brothers. Let us be good business men. The one talent is to be transformed to two, the five are to become ten. Sharpen your pens! Limber your tongues! Gird up your loins! Get to work!

A Dictograph Score.

It is well nowadays to say nothing in private that you would not be willing should be proclaimed from the housetop.

For there is the dictograph.

That little disk may be slipped in anywhere, and the fine wire running from it will carry your slightest whisper to the next room or the next county.

Four dictographs were found not long ago placed under the seats of four members of the Pennsylvania legislature. Any conversation in which those members engaged, in however low tones, was public property while those dictographs were there.

The discovery startled the Keystone statesmen, and a thorough and anxious investigation of furniture immediately followed.

It has come to such a pass that gentlemen who want to carry out a nice little deal must learn the deaf-and-dumb language; and even then Edison may slip up on them any day.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

One-fifth for the Public.

James J. Storrow, one of Boston's leading citizens, a man of wealth, of fine character, and of distinguished ability, accepted election to the Boston City Council. In accepting he said that he felt that he could not shirk

a public duty, and that he always believed that a man ought to give at least twenty per cent of his time to public duties.

Mr. Storrow meant, presumably, men of his own position in life, men whose time is at their own disposal very largely; he did not mean professional men or men on salaries, for whom so liberal a gift of time to the public would be quite out of the question.

For them, however, as well as for the Storrows of a community, the principle holds good that some definite portion of time should be set aside for public interests, and as large a portion of time as can properly be taken from the interests of home and church. When politics fall into a deplorable condition it is because the best men think they are too busy to attend to such matters, and allow them to be managed by the worst men or the second-rate men.

We need, everywhere and always, a revival of religion; and it may well include, everywhere and always, a revival of the sense of civic responsibility.

Thoughtfulness for the Many.

An art dealer in New York City had for sale an important portrait by Gilbert Stuart which was not to be sold except to someone who would agree to give it to a public art gallery. The owner could not afford to make this gift himself, but he would not part with the picture except to the public.

Many possessions capable of wide usefulness, such as pictures, statues, libraries, historical relics, and grounds suitable for parks, could by a little thoughtful planning come into the hands of the people rather than be retained for private enjoyment. More and more every year the favored few are growing regardful of the less fortunate many. This is one of the hap-

piest signs of the times; for, while we are waiting for absolute social justice, we must not forget to cultivate individual generosity.

Modern Vigilantes.

Dedham is an ancient town near Boston. Within its borders still linger many traces of older days, and among them none is more curious than the "Society in Dedham for Apprehending Horse Thieves."

This society was established in 1810, nearly a century ago. In those days it was a needed and mighty institution, and many a wrongdoer felt the force of its allied strength and watchfulness. It was the duty of its "riders," as soon as a horse was stolen from one of its members and the loss proclaimed, at once to set out in pursuit of the criminal.

That requirement is still in force, and, a few years ago, for the first time in many years, a horse was stolen from a member of the society, the notice was duly posted, and, in accordance with the ancient rule, the society's riders set forth to hunt down the thief. The society had become a social and charitable organization, but, when the need arose, its provisions remained.

Would we had more of such societies! Not against horse-thieves only, but against all the foes of the community and the state!

"There are salaried officers who are paid to apprehend horse-thieves," yawns the average citizen. "My taxes support policemen, constables, sheriffs, and courts. Why need I trouble myself with the matter? The officers will do their duty."

Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. Probably they won't unless you do a little of yours.

For it is the duty of every citizen to see that the men he elects to care for the community *do* care for it. There is no other guarantee of public

health than that. Not that we are to run after horse-thieves, as the ancient Dedham society does, but we are to run after the officers whose duty it is to run after horse-thieves, and keep after them till they do their duty, or give place to more faithful men.

And so with every other iniquity.

For it is the part of a man to care for the community, and no ballot, though it be an Australian ballot a yard square, can absolve you from this duty of manhood.

PUGNACITY.

Ratskin Lives.

A glove manufacturer was showing a customer a handsome pair of brown gloves. They looked fine and soft and valuable, but the customer was bidden to examine them more carefully. Then he saw that they were covered with many little scars and scratches, which were quite certain to weaken the skin, and which rendered the gloves of very little value.

The gloves, it was explained, were made of ratskin; and ratskin was always affected in that way, because rats fight so much. Their much-scarred skin is therefore of little use for glove-making, though otherwise it might be quite valuable.

The point of comparison is not far to seek. Doubtless you know, as I certainly do, some of those pugnacious men and women whose minds and souls are scarred all over with the marks of innumerable combats. They have gone through life with big chips on their shoulders. When no one else would knock them off, they have done it themselves. Debates have dislocated their days and quarrels have torn their lives asunder. They have no friendship that is not rent in gaping spots, and ever-new disputes keep the old scars open and add fresh ones.

Nothing fine or even useful can be made from such lives. They are

merely tolerated. The necessary attitude of the world toward them is one of pity, indifference, or sad repulse. And thus arise still other scars.

Oh, how they need that "preparation of the gospel of peace," where-with not only their feet may be shod, but their hands, and their entire being!

PUNISHMENT.

Swift-winged Penalties.

It was always terribly dangerous to commit a crime. "Be sure your sin will find you out" is a saying more than three thousand years old. The truth it expresses is as old as the human race, as old as Cain and Eve.

But to-day, with all the resources of modern science trained upon wrongdoers, the ways of the transgressor are doubly hard. For example, here is a newspaper clipping telling how, down in Florida, two of the most recent marvels of science combined to bring a fugitive to justive. He was a hotel employee who had stolen some jewelry and had escaped with his spoil on board a boat. The boat got out to sea before the loss was discovered, and the presence of the thief on board was known. At once the hotel authorities, by means of the wireless telegraph, communicated with the ship's captain, made sure that the thief was on board, and learned that the boat was detained off Cape Florida by low tide. Then the pilot of a Curtiss flying-boat was called in, set off in the air in spite of a rain-storm, and dropped down in the sea alongside the boat in less than half an hour. A detective was on the hydro-plane. He quickly made his arrest and flew back to the hotel with his prisoner, the entire flight occupying less than an hour.

With the empty air whispering his secret, and with pursuers dropping down upon him out of the clouds, the wrongdoer of to-day is certainly hard pressed.

Let us rejoice in it all. Let us continue to make it as difficult as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right. Machinery will never make character, however; and, though all the mysteries of the physical world are laid bare, it still will remain true that "out of the heart are the issues of life."

Their Own Executioners.

The three New York anarchists who were blown up by the premature explosion of bombs which they were manufacturing with the purpose of blowing up other men furnish a useful parable.

Would that we could be sure of a similar fate for every other enemy of the public.

Would that the purveyors of vile literature could smother themselves in the foulness in which they deal.

Would that the whisky-sellers could be compelled to consume all of their vile concoctions.

Would that the makers of indecent moving pictures could be reeled off on their own machines.

Would that the cruel employers of child labor could be sentenced to take for life the places of their child slaves.

A few substitutions of this kind would reform the world.

The "Wireless" of the Universe.

The imagination of the entire world was seized by the startling use of wireless telegraphy in bringing about the arrest of Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and his typist. Crippen, charged with the brutal murder of his wife, slipped through the fingers of the English police, and for more than two weeks the entire world searched for them. Newspapers everywhere printed accounts of the revolting crime, and, in most cases, pictures of the man and the girl. It was supposed that they had sought escape by means of one of

the transatlantic steamers, and search was therefore made of every ship crossing the ocean, rigid scrutiny being given to all passengers as they landed in America.

Finally Captain Kendall, of the Canadian Pacific steamer *Montrose*, became suspicious of a "Rev. John Robinson" and "John Robinson, Jr." among his passengers and sent his suspicions by wireless to the English police. His minute description of the two made it certain that he had found the fleeing pair, who were from that minute kept under constant watch, though they did not suspect it. By a faster steamer an officer from Scotland Yard got across the Atlantic before the *Montrose*, boarded the latter steamer with the pilot, and took "Rev. John Robinson" and "John Robinson, Jr.," into custody before they reached land.

This was the first time the wireless telegraph had definitely brought about the capture of persons fleeing from the law. The event also illustrated the tremendous power of the modern newspaper as a detective agency. The combination of the two reduces the entire inhabited world to a neighborhood, and flings around criminals a net from which they cannot hope to escape.

And yet all this boasted modern outfit of ours is only a feeble imitation of the detective power of God. The Scotland Yard of the universe is carried in the breast of the criminal himself. The "wireless" of the universe is worked by the currents of the criminal's own nerves. Conan Doyle never wrote a detective story so thrilling and marvelous as that condensed, within the experience of multitudes of sinners, into the four words, "Thou God seest me."

"Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

The Cat in the Garden.

I have been putting in my vegetable seeds. The process always develops unexpected difficulties, in my case at least, but this year the difficulty was one of large dimensions. It was our cat.

We have had cats for years. We had this cat last year. But this is the first time the particular difficulty to which I refer has occurred.

Our cat suddenly has come to fancy clawing the earth, and walking around in it, and sitting down on it. Of course he has done that before. All cats like to do it. But this year it has become a passion.

I will spade up a portion of the garden, break up the soil into fine particles, rake it into a smooth bed, make my trenches and plant my seeds, covering them nicely over and firming the ground over them, and will go away, leaving the promising blank surface happily to the sun and the showers.

And, alas, to the cat!

I will come back the next day only to find that bed a pandemonium, scratched into great holes, and all the work to do over again, to say nothing of the loss of the seeds.

I tried stretching mosquito-netting over the drills. The cat got on the mosquito-netting and drove it deep into the soil in a series of humps and holes. That cat is a heavy animal. Also, he is not easily balked.

I tried covering the beds with brush. The cat took the brush as a challenge. Was some foe concealed underneath? He found out.

Then I tried driving posts at each corner of the bed and winding string around the whole, yards upon yards of it, and then over the top, back and forth, till I had made an enclosure of string. I knew, of course, that the cat could get through that frail barrier. but I hoped he would take the hint. Not he.

This morning I was at work in the garden when I saw him push his way into that string enclosure and make havoc in my best bed, where neat rows of beets and parsnips were already pushing their green exploring fingers through the soil.

This was my chance to teach that cat a lesson, and I sprung after him. With a leap that left more havoc behind him, he fled, and I pursued. Across the yard and into the cellar. Through the cellar and up stairs into the kitchen. Through the kitchen and into the summer kitchen. There I had him, for the outside door was shut.

I was not angry with the cat. He is a fine fellow. He did not know he was doing wrong; how could he? And why should he be punished for doing what he did not know to be wrong?

And yet here was a practical problem: how, unless he was punished, could he know that it was wrong to go under string enclosures and trample on garden-beds? Cat intelligence is very good in its way, but I might talk all day to that cat, and explain with care the difference between ground that is soft and ground that is hard, and ground that has string around it and ground that has not, and at the end of the day that cat would have been no atom the wiser. How could I teach him a lesson? Obviously, in no other way than by punishing him. So I did it.

He was not hurt, except in his feelings. I simply gave him a few very emphatic pats that he could not mistake for caresses. Then I took him into the garden and held him, violently kicking, while I repaired the damage as best I could. Then I let him go and he flew into hiding, evidently feeling his disgrace.

And as I went on with my work in the garden I wondered to myself whether God is not sometimes driven to similar ways of teaching us stupid creatures,

whose intelligence is so far below His own that it must be a matter of extreme difficulty, often, to get into our minds at all what must be to Him the simplest of truths. We run under the strings, which are the laws of the universe and we must be taught not to; and often suffering is the only way. I will remember this the next time I have a headache or a heartache.

Sin Slays.

A Boston newspaper tells of a woman in a suburb of the city who looked out of her window and saw the body of a boy lying in a near-by field. It proved to be that of a fifteen-year-old lad who had been seen the night before by a policeman, with two other boys, stealing milk from a milk depot. This boy ran away, while one of his comrades was caught; but in running away with a bottle of milk or cream the lad fell on the bottle, which broke, and the glass cut him so deeply that he bled to death.

The pitiful story is a perfect parable of sin. Every sin is a bottle, which we hug to us. We think it is full of something good. We look forward to enjoying it. Then we stumble; every sinner stumbles. We find that our sin has a sharp edge. With a keen pang we discover that our sin has cut into our life. We fall fainting, and our life oozes away through the wound that our sin has made.

It is safe to say that neither of the more fortunate boys will steal milk again; probably they will avoid all such folly in the future. But perhaps they will not; for do not their elders constantly witness the tragic results of sin, and still hug it to their bosoms?

PURITY.

A New Trick for the Gladstones.

In French forests they cut down trees after a fashion that Gladstone

would think extremely lazy. These shrewd Frenchmen, that know how to make their brains save their hands, when they want to subdue to earth a monarch of the forest, do not haggle away for hours with an ax, or break their backs over a cross-cut saw. They merely take a little platinum wire and heat it white-hot with electricity. Then they burn the tree in two in one-eighth the time it took by the old method. There are no chips. There is no sawdust. The scar is charred and so the lumber is preserved. The trick is easy, and cheap.

But I care little for that side of the matter. I want to apply the method to higher affairs, to things of the soul.

For I am trying to clear off my spiritual field. It is a regular jungle. Great, ruling passions, that have been growing no one knows how many centuries, and are rooted deep in ancestral generations. A matted thicket, poisonous vines, tangled underbrush,—oh, what a wilderness it is! And I must let in the healing light. I must clear the ground for the drain, the plow, and the seed. How shall I do it?

I have been chopping away with ineffectual hatchets and nagging axes. The chips litter the ground, but the wood is hard, and the jungle really seems to grow up as fast as I cut into it.

I have been sawing away persistently, and have had the best of helpers at the other end of the saw, and between us we have made no end of sawdust; but when we get to a certain point the wood closes on our saw, it sticks, and I stop.

I'll have no more cold-blooded methods. The fire, the fire for me! The flame of the Spirit, the heat of divine indignation, the purifying power of God's furnace, the burning that seizes upon all waste and harm and melts it to nothingness! No more chopping and sawing of human will and way; my means shall be the electricity of heaven, the trenchant

tongues of Pentecost! For God's Spirit alone is adequate to the extermination of evil within me and around me, "and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

By Contrast.

The broom-boy at the barber-shop wanted to clean a last summer's straw hat belonging to one of the customers.

"No," said the customer; "it's as good as new."

Thereupon the broom-boy quietly hung up the debatable article between two straw hats of the present season. The contrast was astonishing. Grimy and yellow, the "good-as-new" straw hat cut a perfectly disgraceful figure.

The customer gave a glance at it, as he settled himself in the chair.

"Here," he said to the sagacious broom-boy, "I've changed my mind. You may take that hat, and give it a thorough cleaning. Hurry up, now."

Thereat the broom-boy chuckled, and a moral was afforded the observer.

For it is very easy to be satisfied with one's self, in any department of one's life. A man goes to pieces so gradually. Souls grow grimy so unnoticeably. We started out new. Day by day makes little difference,—no difference, that we can see.

But there is a difference, and a big one, unless we keep cleaned up. And if you want to know whether you need that cleansing or not, first set your life alongside the one pure Life, and then stand back and look at the two!

House-cleaning.

It is a foolish superstition that spring is the time for house-cleaning.

It is the time, but so is summer, so is autumn, so is winter; so is any time when the house needs cleaning.

A dirty house breeds disease. A disorderly house breeds inefficiency. A house out of repair breeds expense.

And the longer the condition continues, the larger is the bill of damages.

We see this—at least, the women see this—in regard to our houses of wood and plaster and brick. How many of us see it also in regard to our houses of muscle and nerve, and our ethereal but enduring houses of spirit?

We let our physical organs grow clogged, foul, *disorganized*. We let our muscles become flabby, our nerves ragged, our lungs cramped, our blood impure. We let our spirits become morbid, sour, selfish, hard, cold, cruel.

We look forward to some house-cleaning day, in some springtime coming, when we shall have leisure and feel just like it; in the meantime, we live right on in the house.

Is it any wonder that physicians have their hands full, that hospitals flourish, and that churches are aghast at the problems they must meet even within their own doors?

QUIET.

When Quiet Pays Dividends.

I am a nervous sort of chap, and the various noises attendant upon our assertive civilization sometimes drive me almost to desperation. Day and night alike (for I live near a railroad yard) the clatter and clang and tooting and whizzing of this glorious twentieth century beat upon my frenzied brain till sometimes I am ready to shriek—if shrieking would do any good: "Come closer! Magnify yourselves only a little more! Focus yourselves upon my weary tympanums, O ye fiendish noises, and split them once for all into deafness and peace!"

I have heard of a Society for the Prevention of Noise—a society to which I shall be glad to will my immense fortune—when I get it.

This timely and beneficent organization is preparing lists of houses which it will distribute to people who rent houses and apartments and to real-

estate dealers. In these lists the houses will be classified according to their noisiness or freedom from noise. I understand that no invidious distinction is to be made formally, but the addresses of the houses that are in noisy places will be printed upon paper of one color and the addresses of the houses in quiet places will be printed upon paper of a different color, while still other colors will indicate the intermediate shades of noise and quiet.

Here, perhaps, is a way out from the hubbub of our twentieth-century din. If noise can only be made unprofitable, it is doomed. When rubber tires mean increased rent, rubber tires will be demanded. When an immediate and close connection can be traced between unnecessary noises and the pocketbook, the agitation against these ear brigands of our cities will be hot and persistent. Might to your muscle, members of the Society for the Prevention of Noise!

Eliminate the Squeak.

When I was a boy the new shoe (it was a boot then) was a mortification wherever I went. It announced my coming like a brass band. It was unescapable. To a modest man it was an agony. Even an assertive man found it inconvenient at times.

But now the shoes, even the newest of shoes, shoes worn for the first time, do not squeak one little squeak. They would not disturb the typical but mythical pin-fall silence.

Where has the squeak gone? It has been taken up by a layer of some sort of cloth or soft fiber between the two layers of leather. It is a very simple device, and the wonder, as with so many other simple devices, is that it was not thought of before.

What I want to do is to apply the non-squeak method to my life. I want to put something between the rubbing surfaces of my thoughts and

words and actions that will make them noiseless. I want the operations of my brain and the energy of my life to be silent. I shall be glad when the world sees results, but I do not care to have it see processes.

I want my shoes to "get there," but I don't want them to squeak on the way.

QUOTATIONS.

Being a Bee.

No one could understand it. The cherry-trees were loaded with magnificent fruit, and they had not borne fruit for years past. Some of them had never borne fruit. It was just the same way with the apple-trees. They had been condemned to the ax, but the farmer had been too busy to cut them down. And now, as if they understood that they must do something to save their lives, here was this wonder of splendid fruit!

The secret was discovered at last. Indeed, it was very apparent—when it was discovered. It was bees.

A number of beehives had been introduced to the farm that year, and this was one of the results. The busy little insects had carried to the trees just the pollen that they needed to fructify them, and the fertilized blossoms had become a glorious harvest.

This is what is happening all the time in the world of men, as well as in the world of trees. The bees are those industrious folk that are not original themselves, but know how to prompt and feed originality in others. They carry intellectual pollen.

‡ Sometimes it is a bright saying to which they give currency. Sometimes it is a witty anecdote which they pass around. Sometimes it is a noble book which they praise and lend and render popular. Sometimes it is a scientific discovery which they translate into untechnical language and bring

into notice in newspaper articles or popular lectures.

These bees are invaluable in the home. How they make the dinner-table sparkle! What mines of information they are to the children, and of inspiration to the grown-ups!

These bees are useful in a church. They always have helpful quotations and suggestive anecdotes for the prayer meeting. They can tell the pastor and the Sunday-school superintendent about the very newest methods which they have picked up. Everywhere, indeed,—or, at least, wherever people are thinking and working,—these bees are grand assistants; just because of their lack of originality, just because they pass along the best of other people's thoughts and plans.

Oh, it is fine to be original; but sometimes I think that to be a transmitter of originality is finer still.

RARITY.

Illustrating Values.

One of the most delightful sights in Paris is the fascinating array of stalls of second-hand books that line the quays along the Seine. They stretch out interminably, boxes and counters crowded with old books of all sorts. At night, the lids are lowered over them and padlocked, and the queer bookstores are closed.

One of the proprietors of these literary establishments had bought at auction a little book of 230 pages. It was the "Complete Works" of Jean Devaines, an old-time member of the French Academy. He had paid one franc for the book, and he offered it at five francs. No one wanted it. Then four francs. Not a nibble. Then the price descended to three francs. Still apathy on the part of the public. Then two francs fifty centimes—half a dollar. And still the "Œuvres Complètes" was unappreciated.

But just then someone read at the Institute a paper on this Jean Devaines, bringing out the facts that only fourteen copies of his Complete Works were ever printed, and only four of these were known to exist.

Presto! The price of that little book on the quay went up to \$50, and a buyer was found, at that price, in half a jiffy!

Oh, what nonsense is all this! The writings of Jean Devaines were no wiser, not a whit, the day after that paper was read at the Institute than they were the day before. The book was no more valuable, taking value in its strict sense. It was *worth* no more. People were ready to pay more for it, that was all.

Let us not be caught in any such folly. The rarity of an estimable thing may properly add to its value, but nothing is more valuable just because it is rare. A rare engraving, or book, or rug may be a good investment, just because of its rarity; but if the picture and rug are not beautiful or the book wise and entertaining, then in buying it you are not buying art or literature; you are dealing in a commodity, precisely as a grocer buys sugar or molasses or dried beans.

any other can, and pour out—perfectly cooked soup, piping hot, ready to serve!

It might have been any other kind of soup. Or, an entrée. Or coffee, cocoa, chocolate.

What's the secret? Just this. There was a layer of quicklime. Then a layer of cold water. And when you punched the tin you let out the water upon the lime. Easy enough. Why didn't I think of it?

You see how convenient it's going to be. For picnics. Or journeys. Or on bad days when a fellow doesn't want to leave his office. And so on.

Now that we have Calorit for the stomach, I want some such arrangement for my head. I am so often called upon to deliver ideas off-hand—impromptu speeches, say; or equally impromptu articles; or letters in a hurry; or to supply the place of an absent Sunday-school teacher; or unexpectedly to lead a meeting. No end of sudden demands upon my brain.

And the thoughts do come out so half-cooked! And the expression is so cold! And the result is so clammy and dish-watery!

Won't somebody tell me the secret of brain-calorit?

READINESS.

A Fire in One's Pocket.

Uncle Sam's patent office is good for many surprises. One of these was Calorit.

It looks like a can of tomato soup; and it is, but not by any means an ordinary can.

You punch a few holes in one end, and, presto! the can begins to fizz and sputter and steam precisely as if it had taken to boiling. Indeed, that is exactly what it is doing.

You leave it alone for five minutes, turn it upside down, leave it alone for five minutes more, open it as you would

Instant Assets.

"Quick action" appeals to the man of to-day. "Instant" is a word that advertising is bringing into prominence. There are foods and drinks that need only hot water to be immediately available for the satisfaction of hunger or thirst. An Instant food meets a lack. But still more useful is instant religion, religion that is ready for the need, religion that does not tarry, religion that prevents remorse and does not merely arouse it after the sin has been committed. If we would be efficient Christians, our Christianity must be "instant, in season and out of

season"; for a religion of victory is more satisfactory than a religion of repair.

Saying "Yes!" and Not "Ye-e-es."

Probably in the course of my life I have been a member of—well, several hundred committees. The business of many of these committees has been to ask people to do things. Usually the things that I have had to ask people to do were things that they were not hankering to do.

I wish I had made a record from the beginning of the number of persons that have said "Yes!" heartily, and the number that have said "Ye-e-es."

Most of them did say yes after some fashion. Conscience may be depended upon, in the end. Custom counts for much. The example of others is a powerful incentive. Regard for one's reputation is a mighty spur. The committeeman gets things done usually.

But ah, *what* a difference in the way it gets done! What a difference between the cordial, prompt, glad assent and the grudging, hesitant, frigid agreement! The first sends the warm glow right to the very heart of the fortunate committeeman. "God bless you, dear fellow!" he says to himself, or sometimes speaks it out—with proper changes in the expression, if it is a lady. But as for the other man—the curmudgeon—we thank him summarily and get away as quickly as we can.

Now, why not do it handsomely, as long as we must, and we know that we must? The trouble probably is that at first we don't realize that we must. If we recognized acquiescence as a necessity, albeit a disagreeable necessity, we should have the sense to make it count for the most toward personal popularity, if we had no other motive in our heartiness. Why not think fast, perceive our compulsion more speedily, and get some credit out of

what we cannot avoid? There would seem to be some sense in this.

But how much more sense there would be in the generous, ready spirit that leaps toward opportunities for doing good as meaner spirits leap toward opportunities for getting good! We can cultivate that spirit if we will. We can gain the "Yes" habit and put it in place of the "Ye-e-es" habit. It will be the most profitable exchange we could make, though we spent the rest of our lifetime as a member of the largest stock exchange in the country.

READING.

Booker's Books.

Barton Booker was very fond of collecting books, and spent a large part of his income in buying them. He filled up his house with book-shelves, room after room, along all the walls, and even crossing in the middle of the room. Carpenters added extra supports to the house to carry the load.

Barton Booker arranged his books very carefully, according to topics logically subdivided, and under each topic the authors were placed alphabetically. It was Booker's boast that he could lay his hands on any desired volume in an instant.

Moreover, he made a careful catalogue of his library, which he always carried with him, so that he could pick up books as he came across them in going about the city, and run no risk of duplicating what he had; since of course he could not carry in his mind twenty thousand titles.

One day a friend asked him, "Why in the name of common sense do you collect so many books? Will you ever read them all?"

"Yes, indeed," said Booker hopefully. "I am looking forward with great eagerness to the pleasure and profit of reading them all. I have

literary plans which take in every one of them."

The next day Barton Booker died.

The Magazines Talk.

The magazines on the center-table discussed which was the greatest.

"I am," said The Corpulent Monthly, "for I have at least a third more pages than any other periodical here."

"Who ever heard," replied the electric lamp, "that literature was rated by cubic measure?"

"I am the greatest," said The Fashion Magazine, "for the women folk rush to me at once, and can scarcely lay me down."

"So they rush to their mirrors," the lamp suggested, "and for the same empty reason."

"I am the greatest," declared The Ponderous Review, "for not a member of the family can understand a page of me."

But the lamp retorted, "That would also be true of Mother Goose in Choctaw."

"I must be the greatest," said The Fiction Monthly, "for my readers are oblivious to everything else, and I often hold them till midnight."

"Yes," the lamp retorted, "and then they throw you down and say, 'That fool magazine!'"

"I am the greatest," said The Practical Monthly, "for I deal with the work of the home, and of the wide world outside."

"You are to be respected," the lamp agreed; "but so is an egg-beater."

"I am the greatest," said The Literary Luminary, "for only the most exquisite word-artists write for me, in poetry and prose."

"Yes," the lamp admitted, "you are admired, and justly; but you are not loved."

One magazine remained, and scarcely ventured to murmur, "The mother was cheered when she read me, and the

father was kinder for a week; but of course I know I am not great."

"You are great," said the lamp quickly. "You are the greatest of all, for you are the most helpful."

The Bookworms' Convention.

One night the bookworms assembled on the library table. How the gathering was summoned, or what it was for, I am not informed, nor does it matter. The first business was the election of a chairman—more accurately, a chairworm.

One of the company climbed painfully upon the inkwell and nominated himself for the office. Said he, "I am best fitted for the position because I have eaten straight through the unabridged dictionary."

"But I," objected another worm, "have eaten through the first four volumes of the encyclopedia, which is a distance twice the width of the dictionary. I am best adapted to be chairworm."

"Pooh!" exclaimed a particularly fat worm. "I have penetrated Wiseun's Philosophy to page 421, and what more could you ask of a presiding officer?"

"That's nothing!" another worm declared. "I have bored straight through the five volumes of Rollin's Ancient History, covers and all. I am your worm for precedents!"

Thereupon a pandemonium arose, each worm lifting up the fore half of his body, swaying wildly in the air, and proclaiming his own deeds of learned penetration and consequent ability as president of the meeting.

But of a sudden a dazzling glare blinded the quarreling worms and hushed their contentions. It came from a firefly who had crept the evening before through a hole in the screen.

"Silly creatures!" he cried, "it isn't the books you have devoured that count, but the books you remember. Now I will determine your fitness by

examining each of you on the book or books he has eaten. Who will be the first to be tested?"

There was an ominous silence, and the sound of crawling all over the table. Thereupon the firefly flashed out once more, and discovered that he was left entirely alone.

A Certain Use for Literature.

A well-known dealer in old books and periodicals was telling me of a queer order he once received. The customer wanted twelve bundles of old magazines, twelve numbers in each bundle. The magazines were to be the same all the way through, and each bundle was to contain the same twelve numbers as all the others. It made no difference what the magazine might be, or the numbers, provided all the bundles were exactly alike.

The secret of the strange order was this. The purchaser intended to try certain sorts of cartridges,—he was a dealer in them,—and he wanted to measure their penetrating power. Therefore he intended to set up these bundles of magazines and fire away at them. The resistance would be the same in every case, since the number of pages would be the same and the paper would be of precisely the same thickness and quality. By noting, therefore, how many pages were punctured by each shot he would have an index of the power of each cartridge. It was an ingenious method.

I am especially interested in it because it suggests an altogether new use for literature. Indeed, there are some magazines, and many books, for which this would be the most appropriate use. I know nothing that can be done with them better than this, to tie them up in bundles and pepper them with bullets. Some of us have for years been firing words at them and charges of evil, but we should enjoy having a shot at them with actual powder and

ball. It would not be an *auto da fé*, but it would be a polite and wholly justified modern substitute for that custom of the golden days.

"Let Me Introduce Mr. Jailbird."

Here is a beautiful young girl. Purity makes a splendor in her fair face. Modesty and grace attend her every movement. She walks among men as a priestess of holy thoughts and high ideals.

But hold! What do I see in her hands? Can I believe my eyes? It is a copy of *Smudge's Magazine*!

And can I believe my ears? She is actually saying: "I think *Smudge's Magazine* is just too lovely for any use. Why, I read it from cover to cover, every month."

My dear girl, I have someone across the street whom I want to bring over and introduce to you. To be sure, he is just out of the penitentiary, where he has been serving a ten years' sentence for burglary. To be sure, he killed his partner in crime, as the police believe, over a quarrel about the spoils; but they couldn't prove it. To be sure, he is notoriously licentious. To be sure, he is a beastly drunkard. But as you seem to enjoy that sort of company, I'll call him over and—

Why! where has the girl gone? And what made her fly off in a huff? *Smudge's Magazine*, from cover to cover, every month, is crowded with successful criminals, it smells of liquor and tobacco on every page, it reeks with low intrigues and lustful pictures. If she likes to introduce such people and scenes to the *sacra privata* of her mind, how could she object to a mere outward introduction?

How inconsistent folks are, anyway!

REASONS.

Wherefore?

Many things struck me as strange when I went to England, but per-

haps the most entire sensation of novelty came from the railroads. The funny little engines—that must be powerful though they are little; the long trains of tiny coaches; the bewildering array of first-class, and second-class, and third-class; the guard who slammed the doors after you; the cosy apartments where the passengers sit in two rows facing one another, their “luggage” wedged between their feet or piled in toppling masses on the narrow shelf behind—all this interests and amuses the American traveler who sees it for the first time.

One point of the performance seemed to me more than amusing, it was weird. It was when the guard came around—as he not always did, for there was a pleasing uncertainty in such matters—to inspect the tickets. And the guard’s invariable formula was “Wherefore?”

At least it sounded like “Wherefore?” And for a long time I was quite perplexed by the interrogation. I handed out my ticket as I saw the others doing, and debated in the meantime the significance of that demand, “Wherefore?”

At length it dawned upon my stupid cogitations that what was said was not “Wherefore?” but “Where for?” “For where are you bound?” But the question, for all that, never lost its weird suggestiveness.

Hardly too often can that query be raised. Would that an English guard might stand at the outset of all my journeys in life, and ask me “Wherefore?” and insist upon a satisfactory reply! Why are you setting out? Why are you making this change in business? Why are you giving up that employment? Why are you going to this meeting or that amusement? Why are you about to make this call? Why are you reading this book? writing this letter? studying this lesson? Why? Why? Wherefore?

So much of our living is at hazard. We jump into the first car that comes along. What is its destination? Never mind. Are we prepared for the journey? Never mind. Have we funds for the trip? Never mind. Is our luggage on board? Never mind. Are our friends with us? Never mind. We will go as far as this train takes us, and then we will get on to another train, and so we will journey through the day and the week and the year and the life. Is this much of an exaggeration of the way most folks live?

Heirs of eternity! Ye travelers toward that better country which requires for passport at the entrance only one thing—a well-journeyed life on earth, does it make no difference what trains you are on, what stations you stop at, what scenes you pass through? Is there in all the range of possible interrogations a single one that should more often ring in your ears than this of the English guards: “Wherefore, wherefore, wherefore?”

RECREATION.

Isles of Safety.

They are trying out in American cities the plan of “isles of safety,” which consists of slightly elevated regions in the center of intersecting streets, protected by posts. In these spaces, about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, pedestrians may take refuge, and gather breath in the midst of their precarious transit between dashing teams and in front of wildly rushing automobiles.

We need such breathing spaces all through our overswift and tumultuous modern life. We need little vacations scattered through our arduous days. We need little recreations to brighten our routine, little avocations to relieve our vocations, little prayers and hopes and dreams to rest us from our worries.

He is a wise man who establishes such isles in his life. They will be safety spots for him, and will preserve and prolong his life.

Chasing a Pill.

Once when Colonel Roosevelt was approached by a friend who wanted to interest him in golf the former President replied with emphasis that he did not "feel like chasing a pill over a ten-acre lot."

Golf enthusiasts would vigorously resent this characterization of their favorite sport, which certainly calls for a sureness of eye and hand and a poise of body quite equal to the demands made by the Colonel's favorite pastime, the shooting of big game. However that may be, there are many sports that are nothing more than "chasing a pill over a ten-acre lot"; that is, they are trifling in their essential nature, barren of worthy result, and entirely unworthy the attention of sensible men and women.

Playing games by proxy is that kind of sport. It is worth while, of course, to watch an occasional game of baseball or football; but what is the use of giving day after day and week after week simply to watch other men chase a baseball or football over the lot? Games of cards are in this same category. They do not cultivate the imagination or the skill. The intellectual gain from them is very slight, entirely too meager for the time spent in them. Moreover, they teach one to rely upon chance, which is about the worst kind of teaching for a self-respecting worker.

Dancing is certainly chasing—not a pill, but a tune, and usually a very poor tune, around a ten-acre lot. There is some skill in it, but how little may be known from an estimate of the athletic powers of the society youth engaged in it. Would many of them shine on a tennis field, or at the oars, or in a cross-country race?

Strong, thoughtful men and women will not spend their time and strength chasing pills around ten-acre lots. Even in play they insist upon something better worth while. "The game must be worth the candle." It must result in firmer muscles, keener eyes, stancher nerves, more abounding spirits. And if it does this—whether it is golf or baseball or football or tennis—Colonel Roosevelt and all the rest of the truly "Progressives" will join in it.

An Edible Guide-rope.

Walter Wellman, when preparing to journey to the North Pole by air, contrived a balloon with many interesting points.

One of these ingenious features was the guide-rope. It was a rather formidable "rope," being six inches in diameter, and 130 feet long. It was made of the very best leather, covered with steel scales to protect it as it glided over the icy ground.

The peculiar thing about this 130-foot serpent was the material with which it was stuffed. It was filled with bacon, ships' biscuit, butter, ham, dried meats, desiccated vegetables—a great variety of the very best food for use in cold climates. The leather and steel of the whole snake weighed only 260 pounds, while the food stuffing weighed 1,150 pounds. This was, of course, nothing but an auxiliary food supply, and yet it might well have "come in quite handy."

And that is the sort of contrivance I want for my life balloon! It needs ballast, of course. It needs something analogous to the guide-rope. It cannot all be machinery and gas—an upward pull and a forward push, my religion and my labor. It must also have play—play to serve as a relief from work and keep the too-eager spirit from running away with itself, too far

upward and too fast ahead. O yes, I must have some play.

But the play may be stuffed with food! It may be nutritious! It need not be mere empty sport. It may feed the mind and the soul. If it does not, it is no guide-rope for a ship that is bound for the Pole!

Air-cooled Lives.

The engine of an automobile moves so rapidly and the explosions of the gasoline are so powerful that the cylinders would become red-hot in a very few seconds, and the expensive apparatus would fuse together, if it were not cooled in some way. There are two modes of cooling: one is by the circulation of water through the radiator and through the jackets surrounding the cylinders; the other is by the circulation of cold air. Water-cooling is usually more dependable and thorough, but the water evaporates constantly, and in winter it freezes and has to be mixed with about fifty per cent of expensive alcohol.

The complicated engine of our human life also needs constant cooling. The whirl of society, the swift revolution of our tasks, the wear and tear of our daily life, make severe demands upon us. We are in danger of breaking down, of going to pieces.

Recreation is what restores us, and it is of two kinds, corresponding to the water-cooling and the air-cooling systems of automobiles. Water-cooled lives need expensive and complicated and troublesome forms of recreation. They require country clubs and automobiles and parties and extended journeys. Air-cooled lives delight in simple recreations, quiet games of chess, quiet reading, pleasant conversation, walks, little trips. The results are perhaps the same; the means are very different.

My automobile is cooled by water, but my life shall be cooled by air.

Life Radiators.

An automobile uses gasoline, air, oil and electricity. It also uses water. It is an education in mechanics fully to understand an automobile. The lighting system is as complicated as the lighting of a house; the water-circulating system is as complicated as the water system of a house; the air system is as complicated as the ventilating system of a public building.

Water is used to cool the engine. Remember that the engine compresses the gas before it is fired, and that compression produces heat. Then the gas is exploded, and that produces intense heat. If it were not artificially cooled, the cylinders would soon become very hot. In that case, while the gas would explode all the more readily, the oil would be burned up and the engine would no longer be lubricated, the casting would crack, and many parts of the engine would be ruined.

In front of every car is an upright grating called a "radiator." This is full of little tubes, through which water circulates. At the top is a cup through which fresh water is poured in order to make good the loss from evaporation. The water passes from the bottom of this radiator back into the engine, and up around the cylinders. The gas explodes in the cylinders, and drives the engine and the car, heating the cylinders. The water absorbs this heat, and becomes so hot that sometimes it boils. It then rises and flows to the top of the radiator. From here it falls through the radiator tubes, cooling as it falls. When it reaches the bottom, it is ready to repeat the process.

The cooling in the radiator is greatly aided by the current of air drawn into the radiator as the car moves. Back of the radiator is a rapidly moving flywheel, which makes a current of air, even when the car is not moving. Some engines are cooled just by this

air circulation, without any water. Since cool water falls and hot water rises, some engines depend upon gravity for their water circulation. Most engines, however, work a pump which draws in cool water from the radiator, forces it up to and around the cylinders, and then out again to the top of the radiator.

It is very plain that the autoist will have trouble with all this in cold weather. The water will freeze, the pump will not work, the water jackets around the cylinders will burst, the cylinder will soon become red-hot, the gas will be exploded without waiting for the spark, the car will not move, and the engine will be spoiled. The difficulty is met by the use of anti-freezing mixture—glycerine and alcohol added to the water.

Most of the operations of an automobile remind me of work, and teach me lessons regarding labor, but the radiator and its circulating system remind me of recreation. For recreation keeps work from wearing one out. Without recreation, our life engines soon become red-hot. The more energetic we are, the more we need to know how to play. Play cools the hot brain and revives the whole system. Without recreation, our life machinery soon would wear out. Recreation recreates it daily, however, and keeps it from cracking. In an automobile engine there are springs, the temper of which would soon be destroyed by heat, were it not for the important action of the cooling water.

So, also, is the temper of our nerves kept keen by recreations. The electric spark is conducted into the cylinder for the exploding of the gasoline through the spark plug of porcelain, which would be cracked by the great heat, were it not for the water circulation. So the finer influences of thought and worship cease to come into our lives, if we work all the time and do not sometimes seek a little recreation.

If you observe men, it will be very clear to you that we need life radiators. The best players always are the best workers, while those who play too little, or not at all, or who play in ineffective ways, become sodden, stupid and stagnant and their work suffers.

Just one caution: it is possible for an engine to become too cold, just as it is possible to spoil the effect of play by playing too much. Use an anti-freeze mixture, made up of fifty per cent common sense, and fifty per cent earnestness, and your life engine will work all right in winter, as well as in summer!

REFORM.

An Unpleasant Process.

"What a horrible humiliation!" exclaimed the Shirt as it lay in the clothes-basket. It belonged to the evening dress of a very fine gentleman, and as it was a new shirt it was passing through a novel experience.

"All these dirty clothes!" sniffed the Shirt. "And to be crowded in with common apparel in this way!" The Shirt did not realize that it also was soiled, and so was on a level with the rest.

Then came a horrible plunge into hot water. Then came a cruel pounding and rubbing that almost took the life out of the Shirt. Then it was put through a fearful pair of rollers that nearly finished it. Then it was hung out on a line, and the wind flapped it insultingly for several hours. Last of all it was laid on a board and pressed by an excruciatingly hot iron. This was the crowning agony. The Shirt swooned away!

When it recovered consciousness it was to find itself clothing its master, and shining in the very center of a brilliant company. Vastly pleased, it began to relate its experiences to its friends, the Pearl Studs; but they interrupted it with a hearty laugh.

"Why, you simpleton!" they exclaimed. "That was only the process of getting clean. Did you expect it to be as easy as getting dirty?"

Stop! Proceed!

A Cleveland experiment in the management of street crowds interests me.

The policeman, who heretofore has stood at the intersection of the streets, is placed in a booth on the sidewalk. There he controls red and green lights placed where all street-cars, automobiles, and other vehicles can see them.

When the red light is displayed it means "Stop!" The green light means "Proceed!" The system is so interlocked that when the right to proceed is given to the up-and-down traffic the right-and-left traffic is automatically stopped.

The policeman is not exposed to the weather. He can give information to inquirers without keeping them in a dangerous place. When an instrument in the booth sounds warning of an approaching fire-engine, the policeman throws in an emergency switch which flashes red at all corners and rings a bell. Then the policeman steps out into the street and keeps people out of the way.

The plan is said to speed up traffic twenty per cent. It must be a great convenience to the public and satisfaction to the police.

How fine it would be if the system could be applied to society, giving now one set of reformers and other good folks the right of way, and now another set! Is anything beyond the possibility of electricity?

Changed Views.

"It's all cranky nonsense, this everlasting harping on temperance, in the public schools, and the Sunday schools, and the young people's society, and the church prayer meetings."

Fifteen years later: He is a rabid Prohibitionist and Anti-Saloon Leaguer and Good Templar.

(*Reason:* His own son has become a drunkard.)

"It's abominable, the way our papers and magazines and even our preachers are talking about matters of sex. I shall keep my girl innocent of such contaminating information as long as I can."

Fifteen years later: She is urging at a women's club, with tears in her eyes, that all mothers should teach their children about their sex life before evil-minded persons or base books can get at them.

(*Reason:* Her own daughter became a profligate for lack of the knowledge her mother kept from her.)

"What absurdity, all this talk about chewing your food, and eating this, that, and the other health stuff, and hygienic this and hygienic that! I eat what I want, and when I want, and as I want, and look at me: sound as a nut, and never sick a day!"

Fifteen years later: He is a vegetarian, one-meal-a-day, no-butter, forty-chew, dyed-in-the-wool Fletcherite.

(*Reason:* Dyspepsia, rheumatism, and insomnia till he's a wreck.)

The Reformers.

"I will reform the earth!" cried the Earthquake. Thereupon he proceeded to give the earth a well-deserved shaking. Houses were hurled down, great public buildings were overthrown, and thousands of poor people were buried in the ruins. But the world went on just as before.

"I will reform the earth!" cried the Tornado. Forthwith he also tore down hundreds of homes, and cut a wide swath through the very heart of

a great city. But the world went on as before.

"I will reform the earth!" cried the Fire; "I will purify it by a vast conflagration." At once he proceeded to do so, and the holocaust was more terrible than any ever before known, destroying the world's largest city and bankrupting a score of great insurance companies. But the world went on as before.

Then a loving, thoughtful man, deeply in earnest and moved by the Spirit of the Most High, wrote a book. It was a small book, and it was sent forth without the author's name and by an obscure publisher; but it breathed so much of the divine love, and it had so much of the New Testament spirit and words, and it got so close to the hearts and consciences of men, that gradually the world grew better; and then it began to grow better with a rush; and then the world was reformed. Nor did anyone ever learn who wrote that book.

A Little Lesson for Reformers.

Some processes cure, but it is harder to cure the cure than the original disease.

This remark is prompted by an account I have read of a little experience some folks in South Boston once had.

There was a dump near Marine Park from which arose an odor so vile that the citizens of the locality petitioned the board of health for relief. Thereupon the board sent a man with a lot of chemicals to kill the odor.

Well, that particular odor was killed, but a still more disagreeable odor, arising from the chemicals, was substituted. Worse than that, the chemicals turned the paint of half a dozen houses black and injured the wood-work, so that claims for damages have been filed against the city.

Let all reformers heed the parable.

Let them be sure that their reform does not introduce more evils than it remedies.

Recasting Men's Heads.

The municipal council of Rome abolished religious teaching in the schools under its care, and the Pope very naturally deplored the action. In discussing the matter he said: "Some men's heads need changing. When a bell is cracked we recast it, making it sound properly again. It is a pity some men's heads cannot be treated in the same manner." At least that is what the New York *Sun's* cablegram made the Pope say.

I, for one, agree with the Pope, the only difference between us probably being that he would like to furnish the mold in which men's heads are to be recast, and I should like to have the furnishing of that mold myself.

Perhaps no two persons in all the world could agree on the shape of the mold into which men's heads are to be run when they get cracked and need recasting. I am not sure that even my wife and I could settle upon a mold of the same shape. I know that often we cannot agree upon the shape of a hat that shall cover the head, and how could we be expected to agree upon the head itself?

Probably this peculiarity of human nature, this preference for our own molds, affords the reason why the Maker of men's heads has not given mankind the power of recasting them when they get cracked. At any rate, when I am tempted, as I often am tempted, to indulge in the Pope's desire, it will be good for me to remember that if men's heads could be recast, it is barely possible that I should not be the man selected by universal suffrage to furnish the mold. Perhaps it is as well, then, that men's heads should wag on as they are, cracks and all.

Sabotage.

Workmen have employers at their mercy if they choose to make war. Here is a man who has a grievance against a manufacturer. He is in charge of delicate machinery. He has only to throw a few specks of metallic dust into the oil cups and the machinery will be ruined and the whole mill compelled to shut down. Any workman knows how to cripple the machines and tools with which he works, and it may be done so easily and secretly that conviction is practically impossible.

This is called "sabotage," and the extremists among the labor agitators deliberately recommend it, on the ground that labor is in a state of war against capital and that capital does not hesitate to do all in its power to injure the laborer.

It is the doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, for which Christ substituted the better doctrine of meekness and love.

Sabotage in any calling—and it is by no means confined to the laboring classes—is unchristian, unmanly, cowardly, and degrading. If it is warfare, it is a skulking, disreputable kind, unworthy of honorable soldiers. Injury never balances injury. Wrongs are never righted by other wrongs. The ultimate reliance must be upon reason, justice, conscience, and love, and the sooner the appeal is made to these the sooner will the desired end be reached.

Prison or University?

It was an extreme statement, but often extreme statements embody fundamental truths. Dean George W. Kirchwey of the Law School of Columbia University, for six months warden of Sing Sing Prison, once said in a public gathering that the time will come when a degree from Sing Sing Prison

will be worth as much as a degree from Harvard University.

By that statement of course Dean Kirchwey did not mean to advise young men to matriculate in Sing Sing Prison. He did not intend to imply anything less than utter abhorrence of crime, or to say that the direful consequences of sin can ever be completely undone. A clean life remains a clean life, while for all eternity it will remain true that a sinner, even a forgiven sinner, has been a sinner.

But Dean Kirchwey meant that if prisoners follow along the lines laid down by Osborne, then warden of Sing Sing, if they really seek to develop the manhood of their inmates, their bodies, minds, and souls, then they may succeed in accomplishing work comparable to that done by the most efficient and famous university. For, after all, a degree is worth no more than the man behind it.

Not to Be Turned Off.

An ingenious man in Illinois has invented a system of electric lights that can be switched on from a bed whenever the head of the household wishes to examine the premises for a suspected burglar. Every light in the house can be instantly turned on, a terrifying flood of illumination, sufficient in itself to put to flight anyone who prefers darkness to light because his deeds are evil. Moreover,—and this is the feature of special ingeniousness,—the lights thus turned on cannot be turned off at the individual switches within reach of the burglar. His only recourse is to smash all the globes.

I hope that Illinois inventor will turn his attention to the electric currents of social and political life. It is comparatively easy to turn on the light, when we suspect political or social wrong-doing; but the rascals, alas! are swift adepts at turning it off again!

The Consistent Reformer.

The Reformer wrote to the editor of *The Christian Exemplar*, saying, in effect: "*The Slimy Magazine* is doing vast harm with its indecent stories. I am sending you the latest number with forty-five marked passages, all of them unfit for entrance into a Christian home; yet *The Slimy Monthly* circulates by the million. Now I demand of you, as a religious editor, to ask your subscribers to write to the editor of *The Slimy Monthly* and tell him they will stop his magazine if he does not clean it up."

Thereupon the editor of *The Christian Exemplar* wrote to the Reformer, in substance, as follows: "I thoroughly agree with you in regard to *The Slimy Magazine*, but do not wish to advertise it by mentioning it in our columns, still less by urging our readers to write to its editor implying that they read the stuff. I have written many editorials condemning such periodicals in general terms. Unfortunately, the editors of *The Slimy Magazine* are well aware of the loyalty of their readers,—far stronger, I fear, than the loyalty of many Christians to their religious periodicals."

The correspondence was closed by the following missive from the Reformer to the editor of *The Christian Exemplar*: "I always thought you hadn't the courage of a flea, and I have stopped my subscription to your weak-kneed paper."

But the Reformer still takes *The Slimy Magazine*, that he may have something to reform.

Smoke Bombs.

The Great War has developed many novel contrivances, among them the smoke bomb. This bomb is dropped from an aeroplane upon a battery which it is desired to destroy. The bomb itself is harmless, but when it bursts it

emits a very black smoke, which lasts for a long time. The enemy's gunners use the smoke as a guide for their fire, which they direct against the battery with ruinous effect.

Whatever may be said about the use of smoke bombs in material war, there is no doubt that in spiritual warfare they would be a fine thing. It would be a fine idea to send aloft an aeroplane to drop them upon every saloon, every low theater, every gambling-hell, every other place of foulness and sin. There are numerous newspaper offices and magazine offices and book-publishing houses on which these bombs should be dropped. There are some lecture platforms that should receive them, and certain political headquarters. Indeed, there are even a few pulpits upon which the aviator might suitably let fall his shells of smoke.

Then, as the black cloud rose, the batteries of all lovers of good should be directed that way, massed in strenuous opposition, violent indignation, fiery rage. As the black smoke scattered in the thin air, if the plague center is not shattered another smoke bomb should descend upon it, and another black column should ascend, pointing it out for a renewed and still more violent attack.

We are too easy with evil. We forget the devil and his doings. We become complacent with wicked men. This terrible war will do one good thing if it puts fresh stamina into men's blood; if they cease, in time, to fire their guns against good men, and turn them in irresistible power against the rulers of the darkness of this world.

The Wrecking Business.

Wrecking, in our day, is no longer a disreputable business. Men boldly advertise that they engage in it. "Old Buildings Torn Down," they offer. In our great cities they are at work all the time, demolishing in a few

weeks structures that required months to erect, and that cost many hundred thousand dollars. The work looks easy, but often it is very difficult, and sometimes it is really dangerous.

"What vandals they are!" we exclaim as we see the destruction they effect. But stay! Let us remember that a better building is sure to rise in place of that which they tear down. They are agents of progress, their picks and prying levers symbols of a bigger, busier and more useful city.

In this sense, every Christian is to be a wrecker. He is to tear down old customs, old ideas, old organizations, much that is worn out in his life and the lives of others. Only, let him see to it that wherever he plies his pick, something nobler and more useful rises to replace what he has overthrown.

"Cafés" and "Servers."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Yes, and a skunk-cabbage would smell just the same if called a rose.

In Jersey City, N. J., the county liquor-dealers' association once voted that thereafter their saloons should be called cafés, and the bartenders called "servers."

But getting rid of two bad names does not get rid of two bad things. Calling a saloon a "café" does not make it a whit less an entrance to the pit. Calling a bartender a "server" does not in the least remove him from the awful Bible curse upon "him that giveth his neighbor drink."

Let us do away with the evil *thing* and then the evil *names* will be forgotten; not until.

One reform set on foot in connection with this whitewashed nomenclature is certainly to be commended: the prohibition of profanity on the part of the "servers." A saloon without pro-

fanity would be almost worthy to be called a café.

Detoxication.

"Intoxication" means literally a poisoning with arrow poison.

Someone has coined the corresponding word, "detoxication," which means the getting rid of poison.

The drunkard sleeps off the poison of alcohol. The weary man sleeps off the fatigue poisons. Sleep is a most efficient detoxicator.

The envious man, the covetous man, are intoxicated, filled with the poison of greed. Contentment is a detoxicator.

Many men are intoxicated with sport. The detoxicator is earnestness.

Others are intoxicated with vanity. The detoxicator is self-knowledge.

Alcoholic intoxication will soon be a horror of the past, but detoxicators will still be needed. Lay in a good supply.

REFUSALS.

"Rejecting without Dejecting."

An editor once received a neat compliment from a writer who said that his paper had the knack of rejecting a manuscript without dejecting its author.

That knack is necessary in all the walks of life, and not merely in the dealings of editors with contributors.

It is often necessary to say "No" to advice, plans, methods, suggestions. Advice is easy to give, and it is not always carefully weighed before it is given. Always the person in the midst of a set of conditions knows more about those conditions than anyone outside them can know. Frequently a suggestion that seems eminently wise to the maker is manifest nonsense to the recipient.

But advice is usually meant kindly, even when it is nonsense. A harsh rejection of it is unjust and unnecessary. It embitters the adviser, and sends him forth with a hardened heart.

Go through the world, brother, with the comfortable assurance that most people mean to do their best, by you as well as—of course—by themselves. If you must reject their well-meant contributions to any field of activity, reject them so as not to deject. Add a touch of praise to the rejection; there is something to praise in everything. Add a word of thanks for the offer. If you can, add a bit of hope for the next time.

I have had such rejections, and they actually did me almost as much good as acceptances!

REGENERATION.

New Pictures from Old.

The art of restoring old and damaged pictures is even more delicate than the art of restoring old and injured books. The restorer can take a painting upon a canvas which has become rotten with age, all torn and cracked, and he can actually transfer the film of paint to a new canvas where it appears with the freshness of a new and perfect work of art.

To do this he glues to the face of the old picture a sheet of stout manila paper. Then he carefully scrapes away every particle of the old canvas, leaving upon the paper only the thin layer of paint. Then he takes a new piece of canvas of the size of the old piece, covers it with the strongest fish glue, and presses the paint-covered manila paper very firmly down upon it. After the two are thoroughly united he removes the paper with hot water, cleans the surface of the painting, and behold!—it is as good as new. By this process a painting upon wood can be transferred as well as a painting upon canvas.

If a painting can thus be restored, no one need despair of restoring character. To be sure, we are dealing here with matters infinitely more delicate; but also we are dealing with life, which has its own recuperative power, and we have the help of the great Artist who made the original design. He will show us how to remove the worn and stained material. His patience is endless. His skill is invincible. We can become new creatures under His hand. The old can be taken away and all things can be made new. We can be delivered from the body of death that adheres to us. We can be transformed by the renewing of our minds. We can save the only thing worth saving, the image of our Lord which has been imprinted upon us; and we can carry it over into a strong, pure, fresh existence. This is the miracle that is known as regeneration, and it is within the reach of even the most abandoned sinner.

RELIABILITY.

Steel That Will Not Rust.

At last, after many decades of waiting, a steel has been made that will not tarnish or rust. Knives made of it stay bright without polishing, even when they are used to cut acid fruits. There is no need any longer to plate the steel with silver or nickel, no need to galvanize it and paint it. The vast advantage of this in steel-frame buildings, in bridge work, and in numberless machines is at once apparent. It has been estimated that every year no less than one million tons of steel are lost through rust in the United States alone. The value of this steel in the crude state is from thirty to forty million dollars.

The new metal was developed in the famous steel district of Sheffield, England, and arrangements have been made for its manufacture in this country. It is a strong steel, with twice the

breaking strength of ordinary bridge steel, and it may be forged or worked like ordinary metal; but, unfortunately, it cannot be welded.

We speak of honest men as being "true as steel," but hitherto the comparison has had this flaw, that steel is not always true, for rust renders it treacherous. We have been told to look forward with delight to heaven, "where rust doth not corrupt." Often men "true as steel" have been known to fail under temptation, and such men are doubly dangerous to their trusting friends. Would that this new discovery could be applied to character, so that the "true-as-steel" men might be guaranteed against the development of moral flaws. Indeed, there is a process whose results are sure, the process of regeneration. Men become "true as steel" only as they are born again into the life of Him who is the Truth.

RELIGION.

The Puzzling Fireplace.

The fireplace in a new house was very disappointing. The owner had anticipated the pleasure of sitting by the crackling logs, reading and meditating in the pleasant heat; but he found he had only smoke in which to read and meditate. His eyes became too sore for reading and his mind too fretted for meditation.

He tried a fender of a different shape. No good. Then a hood coming down from above. Still no good. Then a revolving top for the chimney, to catch the wind. Worse than ever. He even had the mason take out the inner bricks of the fireplace. He tried enlarging the opening. Then he tried contracting it. Both were failures.

In despair, he did what he should have done at first, he went to a chimney expert. "Your chimney is too short," said the expert. A foot was added to the top of the chimney, car-

rying it above the high roof near by; and, presto! the wood in the fireplace blazed as merrily as could be desired.

Moral: When your life gets smoky and cold and fretful, try pushing the chimney-top of your soul a little nearer heaven.

The Barrier That Held.

It pays to anchor one's life to the fundamental realities. At a seashore home on the Massachusetts coast the winter storms swept away the shore so rapidly that the owner laid upon the sandy bank hundreds of railways ties, fastening them together with firmly spiked, heavy planks. But a storm of unusual severity drove in a fierce sea which lifted the whole affair like bubbles, broke every tie apart, and carried it all a mile along the shore. Then the owner set uprights deep in the sand and made a fence of heavy planks. This barrier holds against the worst storms, because it is anchored down where the waves do not reach. Just such an anchorage religion gives to a life, that it may hold firm against the battering storms of doubt and failure, temptation and sorrow and fear.

REPENTANCE.

A Joke That Isn't Funny.

Not long ago I saw—perhaps you did—the following quatrain. It appeared in one of the very best and most admirable of the comic weeklies. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I read it:—

"A Christian is a man who feels
Repentance on a Sunday
For what he has done on Saturday,
And is going to do on Monday."

Perhaps the majority of the readers of that periodical chuckled over those lines, and thought them "smart." A large majority, however, were certainly offended and disgusted.

Not that hypocrites do not exist. There are many of them in the church, as everyone acknowledges with shame. But that bit of verse ascribes hypocrisy to every Christian.

Some men's religion is a sham, a mere Sunday pretense, sandwiched in between the sins and folly of Saturday and Monday. But not all men's religion is a sham. Nor most men's religion.

Repentance is a solemn thing. No man that has struggled against any sin but knows that the greatest day in his life was when he truly repented of that sin. It may have been on Sunday—it probably was—and he may have committed the sin on Saturday; but he is not going to commit it on Monday, and he wants no heartless cynic to tell him that he will. If he does, it will be a tragedy, perhaps the final tragedy of his life.

I am not a long-faced, whining critic. I enjoy a joke as well as any man. But in the name of all that is true and manly, let us have no more such jokes as that which I have quoted.

Christians are not ready enough to resent these wholesale slanders on their comrades and themselves. Would the editor of that comic paper have dared to print a similar quatrain aimed at the Republicans or the Democrats, or even at the Presbyterians or the Methodists? Not for a moment.

I do not name the paper, because, so far as I know, this is a first offense. But I shall send these remarks to the editor, and I urge all my readers to address similar communications to every editor who thus defiles the great name we bear.

Profitable Laundry.

Uncle Sam is an expensive individual. Everything about him is so big that what in any other person means an insignificant cost mounts up for him into the thousands of dollars.

For instance, the cloths used to wipe the machines on which our greenbacks are printed. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington actually pays \$8,000 a year to have these cloths washed. They are very dirty, of course, and there are a lot of them, but, nevertheless, it would seem to be a big laundry bill just for cleaning cloths.

Now comes along an economical chap who offers to do it for nothing, and save the government \$8,000. Where does his pay come in? He proposes to get enough ink and oil out of the cloths to pay him well for the washing. He has invented a machine which will remove the oil and the ink as the cloths are washed and place them in separate tanks ready to be used over again, and to make more dirty cloths for him to wash.

Good for this wash-tub genius! I have read much about "washing dirty linen," but I have never read of anyone's making a profit out of the water in the wash-tub.

Really, however, this cleansing gentleman is in strict harmony with the teachings of religion and the experiences of life. It is possible to gain much from every fall into foulness and sin and every rise again into repentance and purity. The experience is full of shame and sorrow and suffering, and it leaves heavy penalties behind it; but much is to be learned from it. We are sadder men, but we may be wiser men also. It is best—ininitely best—to keep our linen clean; but if it is dirty and must be washed, there are some side products that should not be neglected.

REPUTATION.

Paying for Reputation.

I was buying a bottle of Toothklene the other day. Toothklene is my favorite toothwash. I was getting it at one of these cut-price drug-stores where they try to sell their own concoctions

because they can make a profit on them; and I do not at all blame them for that. The clerk did what he always does when I buy anything of him except lime water and a few other things of the sort—he urged me to get something better and cheaper, of the firm's own manufacture. "Our toothwash," he declared, "is just the same, essentially. Indeed, it is a little better. And it costs five cents a bottle less. When you buy Toothklene, you pay for reputation."

I told him I was willing to pay for reputation, that I wanted to pay for reputation, that the reputation of Toothklene was really worth five cents to me, because it had the reputation with me of fitting my mouth precisely, of warding off the dentist and canker and the toothache and neuralgia, and that if he would kindly accept the extra five cents and give me the Toothklene, I would be obliged to him. Which he did, grumbling all the while about paying for reputation.

But really I have learned that in everything it is better to pay a little for reputation. I have found it that way in typewriters, and I have discarded my old machine, made by a very ingenious firm and warranted to combine all the excellences of all the former machines, and I rejoice in a staid old Ritewell. I had to pay for reputation, for the new machine cost more than twice what the old one had cost; but I have made the difference in time and temper. It is that way with soap and tooth brushes and carpets and picture frames and cameras and pretty much everything. I will let the other folks make the experiments. I will stick to the staples.

And now I did think I should get through one talk without a moral, but I find it has to come. Honestly, I did not start out with any such intention. But—*did* you ever stop to think that the greatest staple in the world, the article most widely commended by

strong, wide-awake, intelligent people, is the Christian religion?

Lost!

He had lost it, and knew he had lost it; but the more he looked for it the farther he was from finding it.

It was the most precious thing he owned, and everyone knew he had lost it, yet no one helped him look for it. Indeed, the more persons knew he had lost it, the more hopeless became his search for it.

He had spent many years in getting it, but he was only a minute in losing it.

He did not get it by himself; indeed, it was the joint gift to him of many persons, though he really earned it. And he alone lost it, though all men took it from him.

He grieved over the loss of it, but not over the way he lost it. If he had grieved over the way he lost it, he might have found it.

His loss was widely discussed, but the more widely it was talked about the greater became his loss, and the more evident it became that he would not recover it.

The newspapers were full of accounts of his loss, but he never paid for the advertisements. He would have given much money to keep them out of the papers.

His nearest and dearest friends had an abundance of what he had lost, and yet, though he was in desperate need, they did not share it with him; indeed, they could not.

His mother alone gave it to him, and gave it to him willingly and fully; but, for all her giving, he did not get it back again.

He wanted it back badly, and continually went where he lost it, and did over and over what he was doing when he lost it. If he had gone to an entirely different place, and done something entirely different, he would have found it.

Strangely, he would have found it if he had only gone to work and paid no more attention to it, and had persuaded others to forget that he had lost it. But they always bore his loss in mind, and so it continued to be a loss.

His comrades had suffered the same loss, and you would think that they would have helped him, but it was the reverse. If his comrades had never lost it, they might have helped him find it.

At last he got so that he did not care about losing it, and other folks forgot that he ever had had it. Not until then did his loss become final and hopeless.

Only his mother remembered, and only his mother tried pitifully to force it back upon him.

But not even a mother can work the miracle of restoring to a good-for-nothing his good name.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"Don't Swat the Fly; Swat the Man."

The "swat the fly" campaigns in the summer are a glorious success. In Baltimore, for instance, the Woman's Civic League once paid ten cents a quart for dead flies, and about one thousand quarts were presented for purchase.

Everywhere the people are learning that the "domestic" fly is a savage, murderous beast. It is proposed to rename him "the typhoid fly," in recognition of his deadly dissemination of fever germs by his filth-transportation. Whatever we can do toward the annihilation of the pest is a public benefit.

But, after all, the fly is not to blame. We must kill him, but we ought also to get at "the man higher up." Professor Hodge, of Clark University, puts it, "Don't swat the fly; swat the man who permits the fly to breed."

The time is coming when every man who allows a stagnant pool on his premises, a rain-water barrel that can become the breeding-place of mosquitoes, a refuse pile that can become the breeding-place of flies, any rubbish heap or accumulation of filth, will be punished as a public enemy. It is "the man back of the fly" that must be hit. This principle is a fertile one, applying to much besides flies.

It applies to children. It applies to the bad boys who steal fruit, and break windows, and disturb meetings, and play truant from school, and smoke on the sly, and use bad language, and are the despair of teachers, the pest of neighbors, and the grievance of the entire community.

"Don't swat" the boy; "swat the man" and the woman who allow the boy to become what he is, the father and mother whose ignorance and heedlessness are responsible for the boy's degeneracy. "Swat" them for the unwise and unlovely home life which drove the boy into the more attractive streets. Do not let them remain honored members of society while you send the boy to Coventry. Of course there are exceptions, unfortunate parents to whom these words must never be applied; but in regard to most bad children the sentence is entirely just, "Don't swat the fly; swat the man who allowed the fly to breed."

The principle applies also to servants. It applies to the impudent servants, the dishonest servants, the servants who do not do their work properly, or take any interest in their employer's welfare.

"Don't swat" the servants; "swat" the mistress or the master whose incompetence has bred incompetent servants, whose injustice has bred dishonest and tricky servants, whose harshness has bred impudent and selfish servants.

Of course, in all fairness we ought to go back and "swat" the many gen-

erations of unjust masters and mistresses for whose errors some very excellent and conscientious employers of to-day are suffering; and since that is impossible, we ought not to blame their innocent successors. None the less, "like master, like man; like mistress, like maid"; and, speaking at large, the evils in the employed will not be remedied till the employers learn to be just and kind.

The principle reaches out everywhere. Many a criminal is punished when society ought to take his place behind the bars if society could only be arrested. We point our fingers at many a pauper when they should be pointed at the saloon-keeper who made him a pauper. We blame for stupidity many a pupil when we should blame the pupil's ancestors for four generations back, who gave him a feeble brain in a flabby body. Everywhere we need to learn to bestow our "swatting," not on the fly, but on the man who permits the fly to breed.

It is not easy to go behind the fly to "the man higher up." The fly cannot hit back, and the man can and will. But if you "swat" the fly, you will have more flies, and yet more, and ever more. "Swat" the man who allows the flies to breed, and ere long "the typhoid fly" will rest with extinct animals, beside the dodo and the mastodon.

REST.

Working Them Out.

A trip over the superb establishment of *The Ladies' Home Journal* at Philadelphia is a bit of genuine education in energy and enterprise. I made it one day, under the courteous guidance of a former member of our own staff.

Perhaps nothing surprised me more than the sixteen enormous presses, all busily at work, turning out *Ladies' Home Journals* and *Saturday Evening*

Posts, I am afraid to say at what rate of speed. And I was told that it was Mr. Curtis's plan to begin working the presses all night as well as all day.

"But won't that wear them out rapidly?" I inquired; for I had heard that machinery needed to rest, as much as men. I keep two razors, for instance, that each may have its day off. So do most men.

"Yes," was the unexpected reply; "he wants to wear them out as soon as possible."

The explanation given me was this: all kinds of machinery are improved so rapidly nowadays, printing-presses especially, that it is good policy for a wide-awake man to get out of his machine all the work it is capable of doing, *as soon as possible*. Then he can throw it away, and put in a new machine with the latest improvements.

"Hum!" thought I to myself; "wish I could work my body on that plan."

But I can't, though I confess I sometimes act as if I could. There's no Hoe of the brain-blood-nerve machine, ready to supply a new one on reasonable notice, taking the old, outworn affair as part payment. No; the outfit I have, with that I must manage to get along till I die. *Then*, perhaps, I'll be the happy possessor of a body that never grows weary or worn.

So I suppose I must look after my sleep and my play and my rest days just the same as usual, in spite of the alluring example of Philadelphia progressiveness.

RESTORATION.

Have You a Repair-ship?

The British navy is greatly aided by repair-ships, which go along with the battleships and make repairs that otherwise would necessitate a return to some dry-dock, perhaps a thousand miles away.

The Ark Royal is a repair-ship for aëroplanes. It can patch up any part of these cruisers of the air, and it often carries spare aëroplanes to take the place of those that are under repair.

The Cyclops carries three hundred skilled mechanics, besides its crew, and contains many kinds of repair-shops, besides a complete foundry, which can turn out anything about a ship, even a propeller or an anchor. It has a big steam-hammer as well as forges, smithies, and furnaces.

The Vulcan is a repair-ship for torpedo-boats, and has two immense cranes which lift small boats right out of the water and deposit them on deck.

That is the way a sensible man will do as he cruises on the sea of life, fighting many a battle with angry foes. He gets used up in the process. Of course he does. Sometimes hard work knocks him out. Sometimes hard play. Sometimes worry. Sometimes the hatred or lies of others. Every one of us needs repairs now and then.

And the way of many of us is to wait till matters have got so bad that we must post off to the dry-dock. We must go off on a long and expensive vacation. Or we must go to bed for a month. Or we must take refuge in a sanitarium or the hospital. Or we even sink into chronic invalidism.

How much better to have our repairs made as we go along! How much better to watch ourselves, and, if we see we are below par physically or mentally or spiritually, apply the proper remedy immediately and on the spot! It may be a day off. It may be a little more recreation. It may be an hour longer in bed each day—a trifle earlier in retiring and later in rising. It may be more time with your family. It may be more time with your Bible. It may be more prayer.

These are all repair-ships of the first order. They are as good as the dry-dock. And they are right with you all the time. You can go to them in the

midst of a battle or without interrupting your cruise. With their help you can keep yourself in good trim all the time.

Is it not worth while to avail yourself of their timely aid?

REVIEWS OF LIFE.

Looking Over Old Clothes.

Unless you have the habit of looking over your clothes regularly and with a fair degree of frequency, you will become a scarecrow before you know it. On examining the garments you discover a little tear here, a spot there, a soiled collar, a crumpled lapel, little matters like these, easily remedied now, but not so easily remedied, some of them, if allowed to continue. Moreover, some suits are discovered to be sadly in need of cleaning and pressing. They come back from the tailors looking so nice that all your friends think you have new clothes. The wearing of neat, clean clothes is a business and social asset not to be neglected. You owe it to your own best interests to look over your old clothes.

But I am chiefly concerned here with the parallel practice applied to one's life. Regularly and somewhat often we need to look over the old clothes of the soul! Our work: is it what it should be, or have we allowed ourselves gradually to be loaded up with a lot of tasks that signify little for us or the world? Our thoughts: have we allowed a lot of fears and worries and doubts and sneers to creep into our minds, and do we need to clean them out and bring in a fresh lot of new, enlarging, and revivifying ideas? Our social life: are we becoming self-centered? or, on the other hand, are we becoming trivial? Our religious life: is it becoming humdrum and losing all its original freshness and power? This is the kind of investigation we need to make.

The result may be that we shall

decide on making less money and more character: or, on some definite course of worth-while reading; or, on doing more hard work for our employers; or, on more recreation or recreation of a better sort. Some change in our lives is bound to come, from a suit cleaned and pressed to a new suit altogether and the old suit sold to the rag-man!

The Daily Balance.

In a little country store, where new goods are seldom bought, where the capital is small, the clerks are few, and all operations are simple, it is not necessary for the bookkeeper to take a daily balance. One balance a month will probably give the owner a sufficiently accurate idea of how his business is progressing. But in a large city department store, with enormous amounts of goods coming in and going out daily, with a large force of clerks and many heads of departments, with numerous possibilities of loss as well as gain, the daily balance is necessary. Each night the responsible managers must know just how the business stands, that they may plan wisely for the morrow and for the coming months.

Nor is it otherwise with the business of our living, which in even the simplest lives has more departments than any department store, with interests infinitely more extensive and important. We need imperatively to take a daily balance. Every night we must sum up our losses and our gains. If there is a leak anywhere, we must know it at once. If we are using false methods, we must immediately change them for good methods. Our spiritual bookkeeping must be honest to the least particular, and it must be up to the minute. It is the little dishonesties, the little laxnesses, the little daily failures that lead to bankruptcy in trade, and with equal sureness to bankruptcy in the great business of the soul.

REVIVALS.

Pulmotors.

The pulmotor saves every month an increasing number of lives, as the instrument becomes better known and more widely used.

It is a machine for producing respiration artificially.

It saves those asphyxiated by illuminating gas or mine-gas. It restores to life the drowned and those shocked by electricity. It defeats the purpose of the suicide. It is one of the most useful contrivances that ever came out of the patent-office.

Now if its inventors will only apply it to the resuscitation of moribund churches, etherized Christians, and religious societies in a trance!

REWARDS.

Won by an Inch.

Before me lies a very interesting newspaper clipping, headed "A Most Remarkable Racing Finish." It consists chiefly of a "snap-shot" of the concluding instant in an intercollegiate race—a quarter-mile dash—between Cornell and Harvard. The finishing tape is shown only a few inches in front of the two runners. They are reaching the tape stride for stride. On the face of each is a desperate expression. The foot of the runner wearing a big H on his sweater is advanced slightly beyond the foot of the runner with a big C. Indeed, by a supreme effort, the Harvard man won by barely an inch.

When we think of the intensity of college athletic spirit, this race means more than is at first apparent. It will go down in the annals of the two great institutions. Always it will be told how the runners were so evenly matched that they kept exact pace, and came to the tape virtually abreast. Always, also, it will be told that Bingham of Harvard won—by an inch. If the Cornell man is mentioned, it will

always be with the discount of the vanquished. He was beaten, though by only an inch, and he lost the race for Cornell.

How like is all this to the race of life! We are runners, every one of us, speeding toward competitive goals. Of a hundred civil engineers, one reaches the presidency of a great railroad. Fifty others may be equally faithful. Twenty others may have equal ability. One other may have equal opportunity and equal good fortune—up to the very moment of balloting. He will lose the great prize and the other will win it. Again, here are two novelists, each a genius, and each high-minded and industrious. They find equal favor with the public and meet with equal financial returns. But one day a novel by A pleases a great man—perhaps a President of the United States—who says so with earnestness. A's publisher makes much of the commendation, and at once A's editions mount to the hundreds of thousands, while B's remain where they were. A has won—by an inch.

This favoritism of fortune comes under the observation of every worker, and at first sight it appears very discouraging. It is discouraging, and it seems unjust. With efforts substantially equal and results substantially equal, the rewards also should be substantially equal—not everything for one and nothing for the other, because of the difference of an inch. We feel that this is the way matters will be arranged when society is organized on a basis wholly just.

And the encouraging side of the subject is that this is precisely the way matters are arranged in the kingdom of God. No race run there is won by an inch. Both runners win, in such a case. Both runners receive prizes. "She hath done what she could"—that is the test of the heavenly awards. Effort and not result, purpose and not attainment, fidelity and not success—

rather, effort and purpose and fidelity that are result and attainment and success—this is the law of the kingdom of God. The tape is moved toward the backward runner, if he is using all his strength, so that he crosses at the same instant with the forward runner.

Therefore the Christian can look with smiling complacency upon these races won by an inch. He has learned better valuations. He perceives the futility of such hair-breadth measurements, such superficial estimates. He remembers that the eleventh-hour laborer receives a full day's pay. Serenely he trusts himself to the great Judge, whose eye is keen for the inner as well as the outer merit, and who will award an adequate prize for every honest endeavor.

Prizes and Power.

In the old Greek days, when genius touched many heights, in architecture, in sculpture, in poetry, and in philosophy, that it has never reached since, a simple wreath of oak leaves or olive leaves was the sufficient reward of eminence. To expect to cultivate genius by offers of money would have been considered the sheerest folly, almost an impiety.

In our day, however, the many prizes offered for supreme excellence in various fields of human endeavor imply a common belief that genius can be evoked by dollars, or at least stimulated by them.

The Nobel prizes, of about \$40,000 each, are the most famous illustrations of this tendency. Another example of it is the annual award to be made by Columbia University of prizes ranging from \$500 to \$2000 for essays, editorials, reportorial work, novels, plays, histories, biographies, and excellence in art.

True genius will not be aided by these adventitious proposals. So far as it knows them and is influenced by

them it will be degraded and retarded. What is the connection between the presentation of a high ideal and two thousand dollars? Can we imagine Washington or Lincoln, Frances Willard or Garrison or Phillips Brooks or Lowell or Hawthorne or Edison, allowing for a minute their minds to be contaminated by an admixture of thought of gain with thought of their life work?

It is well to provide for the comfort of the world's great souls, if it can be done without destroying their greatness. It certainly cannot be done by any system of material rewards yet devised. Prizes and power move in different realms.

RUMORS.

"It is in the Air."

The wireless operator of the Panama railroad steamer *Advance*, while off the coast of New Jersey, received the following message: "Magazine of the battleship *Louisiana* exploded off Rio. All on board lost." After a short time another message was picked up, correcting the first by saying that the boilers and not the magazine had exploded. It was not till the *Advance* reached New York that its passengers discovered that the messages were merely jokes. Some "smart" amateur had sent out the messages from his private experiment station, and was chuckling to himself over the dismay he was causing.

That sort of thing was summarily stopped during the Great War. It is too easy to set up wireless telegraph stations. These private experimenters got in the way of the operators that have actual messages to send. Their electrical impulses made hash of the messages that have a right to the air because they are real messages and not jests or frauds.

Of course it goes hard with men to learn that the air is not open to them all around the earth, and yet it must

not be free to them. No man is permitted to run over another's land, or to fire a bullet over it, either; no more will he be permitted to fire electrical darts through the air that does not belong to him.

All of which has set me to thinking about a different sort of wireless telegraphy—a sort that is as old as the other is new, and as familiar as the other is strange.

"It is in the air," we say of an idea or a belief or an opinion which has taken men's fancy and captured men's minds. Perhaps it is an unfavorable judgment concerning someone. Perhaps it is a sense of coming disaster in the business world. Perhaps it is an eagerness for a political change. "It is in the air," we say of any of these matters, thinking that this is a sufficient explanation of it.

No, this is not a sufficient explanation of it. We ought to find out how it got into the air. Did it originate from some trifler's wireless telegraph station? Was it born as an irresponsible joke or a baseless sarcasm or sneer? Is it empty and unsubstantial as the air in which it is? Surely these are questions very proper to ask.

Let an opinion be ever so much "in the air," it has no right to a place in our heads or our hearts unless it is also in truth and in love.

SABBATH.

Nerve Reactions and Sunday.

Dr. Martin and his associates in the laboratory of physiology at the Harvard Medical School have made a study of work and weariness. They have measured the nerve reactions of the first-year medical students; that is, the time it takes for their nerves to respond to certain stimuli. If they respond promptly, the nerve reaction is high; if slowly, it is low; and the time interval is observed with minute accuracy.

These students have a regular routine of school-work for six days every week, and then a Sunday rest-day, which they spend in various ways; but not in school-work, at least, not in the usual way. Sunday, even in the case of those that study on Sunday, introduces a distinct break in the week.

Now it has been found that the nerve reaction is uniformly high on Monday, falls off on Tuesday, still more on Wednesday, and continues to decrease during the rest of the week till on Sunday it is at its lowest. But on Monday, after the Sunday rest or change, it uniformly leaps up again to its high character of the preceding Monday. In other words, Sunday has restored the "nervous tone" of the student.

To a Christian God's command to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy needs no re-enforcement from Harvard Medical School or any other institution of learning, and yet it is well to have this scientific confirmation of the value of the Sabbath for the sake of those that do not admit the authority of divine revelation. Many that will not listen to God will listen to Dr. Martin.

SACRIFICE.

Broken Toys.

Some little children were playing with a toy Noah's ark, and filled the bathtub to represent the flood. Then they thought they would go further and represent the sacrifice after the flood. Making an altar out of the soap dish and some pieces of wood, they tried to decide which animal should be offered up. Finally they selected a sheep with two broken legs.

We need not laugh at those children, for they were only too faithful a copy of their elders. We see that God's cause requires sacrifices, if it is to win the world. We know that Christians are the only people to make

those sacrifices. Then we look around for some toy which we have spoiled, or of which we are tired. That will answer famously!

Some day, when we look back from heaven at our earthly treasures, how we shall wish that we had given them all to Jesus while we could!

SAFETY.

"Safety First."

Someone fastened a "Safety First" placard on to the automobile, and at once the various parts began to debate which of them contributed the most to the safety of the machine and its occupants and of the public.

"I do," shouted the horn. "I cry, 'Honk! Honk!' and that lets everyone know we are coming in time for him to get out of our way."

"No, I do," declared the steering-wheel. "When anything is in the way, I turn the machine deftly to one side, and so avoid an accident."

"It's neither of you," the foot-brake asserted; "for in every difficult and dangerous spot, where children are playing, for instance, I slow the machine down, and we pass without doing any harm."

"Pshaw!" the throttle exclaimed. "If I see that there is likely to be trouble, I just cut off the power. You can't run without gasoline, and you can't get gasoline when I prevent it."

"Nonsense!" the clutch interrupted. "When you get into a tight place, I simply disconnect the power from the wheels, and then you can turn on the gasoline as much as you please, it will not budge the machine an inch."

Then the emergency-brake squeaked out: "That's all very fine, but you forget the inertia of the car. It is heavy, and it has been going fast. It will dash into other cars, and trees, and people, in spite of all your feeble contrivances, unless I get busy. But as soon as I place my powerful hands

upon the wheels, they stop, and they stop at once. The axle may snap, the passengers may fall forward into the wind-shield, but the car stops short. If you want to be safe, use the emergency-brake."

And the others had not a word to say.

Wasted Life.

Everywhere in Boston, as we write, the motto, "Safety First," stares at one.

It is to be seen in big letters on the walls of buildings. It appears in shop-windows, on the street-cars and steam-cars, in the pay-envelopes of employees. Automobile chauffeurs, truckmen, the drivers of delivery-wagons, railroad men, street-car employees, and many other classes of workers have received instructions regarding the public safety. Special attention has been paid to the school children.

All this is part, and only part, of an extensive campaign waged by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. It is the intention to lessen the number of easily preventable accidents, and the business men at the head of the movement are manifesting by this work not only their tender humanity but their shrewd business sense. For wasted life is wasted wealth, as well as unutterable sorrow.

Unsafe Safety.

The cars on a certain trolley-line in Connecticut are equipped with a safety device which will shut off the current from the car's traction the instant the motorman's hand upon the controller releases its pressure. While the device is in operation, the only way to keep the car in motion is for the motorman to continue this pressure. The idea is to prevent serious results if the motorman should faint away, or have an attack of heart-

disease, or in any other way become incapable of controlling the car. In that case the car would simply come to a standstill.

But it is possible to tie this device down so that it has no effect, and that is just what a motorman did on this Connecticut line. He did it in order to relieve himself of the necessity of exerting that continual pressure. Now he wishes he had not done so.

For he was very tired, and fell asleep while the car dashed on at full speed. There was a terrible wreck. Nineteen lives were lost, and many persons were injured. Many homes were thrown into mourning, and the motorman was plunged into lifelong horror and remorse. All because the safety device was tied down and the motorman indulged in a little rest.

Ah, friends, every one of us is in charge of a swiftly moving car, the electric car of our own life. We have safety devices in plenty, the commands, warnings, and wisdom of the Scriptures. Shall we tie them down out of the way, forget all about them, and go madly on to destruction?

SALVATION.

\$1,900 Refused.

We have all read the standard story of the man who for a wager stood on London Bridge all day, and tried to give away a tray full of gold sovereigns, assuring everyone of their genuineness. He had succeeded, by night-fall, in persuading only two persons to accept the coins, and they took them for playthings for their children.

We are all abnormally suspicious. We have our reasons, based upon sad experience; but the reasons sometimes—often, indeed—do not apply.

Once in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, a Westerner approached the sophisticated cashier of the restaurant and offered to pay a \$14 luncheon check with a gold brick.

It was a genuine gold brick, worth \$1,900, but the cashier indignantly refused it, and promptly summoned the hotel detective.

That officer soon learned that the "green-goods" stranger was a wealthy miner, whose millionaire friends had "stumped" him to sell that "brick" in New York at any price.

The lesson is a plain one. It reaches far beyond the warning not to be over-suspicious.

For here is the greatest of all wealth, the riches beyond price, that for which some day we shall be glad to barter everything else, if we have it not,—the salvation of our souls.

And Christ offers to give it to us. Nay, He presses it upon us. And how many millions are contemptuously refusing it!

Is not this, after all, the world's supreme folly?

SAVING.

Your Estate.

It should be the ambition of every man to leave some goodly property behind him. The industry of a lifetime should manifest itself in a substantial accumulation. We work hard enough, we Americans, to have something to show for it.

It is said, however, that eighty per cent of the population of the United States leave no estate at death. Of course a large number of these are not at all to blame, but rather society is to blame in allowing men and women to work for insufficient pay. Greedy employers are sometimes to blame, but oftener a greedy public, unwilling to pay for goods as much as they are worth, and perpetually hunting for bargains. Sickness and similar misfortunes account for other cases of failure to leave estates.

But after all these discounts are made the remainder is far too large. It means that most of our people that

should save, if only a little, and save regularly, do not save at all. They lavish upon the day the entire proceeds of the day, careless of their own future and the future of their loved ones.

Saving is not easy, especially in this spendthrift age. It requires forethought, will-power, and self-denial. But these qualities are well worth cultivating in themselves, even aside from the happy result of a comfortable account in the savings-bank.

And the best of prudent saving is that thereby you are enabled to give.

Our Big Little Savings.

It is said that the national Bureau of Engraving and Printing uses every day from twenty to twenty-five miles of twenty-two-inch cloth just in wiping surplus ink from the plates used in printing bills and postage-stamps. After a single using, the cloth must be thrown away. But now a company in Virginia buys these discarded cloths, and gets from them every year 3,500,000 pounds of fine ink, black, green, red, and orange. These inks the company transforms into pastes and ready-mixed paints of all colors, and turns a handsome penny by the operation, besides enriching the United States government.

This is a lesson we all sadly need in our daily lives, the lesson of economy. How much waste time we wipe off of our daily work and play! How much waste effort we throw into the scrap-basket of our lives! How much waste emotion, waste thought, waste manhood and womanhood, goes on to the rubbish-heap from our heedless years!

It is because we do not plan carefully and wisely. We do not husband our resources. We print our hours and days from a lavish press as if paper and ink were ours from an exhaustless storehouse and at no cost. Then, the first thing we know, a stag-

gering bill is presented. Perhaps we find bankruptcy facing us,—bankruptcy of health, or of ideas, or of courage, or of faith. There are many bankruptcies worse than the financial kind.

Let us save the waste ink. Let us save all the odds and ends. Let us utilize the fragments. As in Christ's miracle, they will make twelve basketfuls, and they will feed us for many days.

The Tree I Saved—and Who Wants It?

We all were very sorry when the tree died.

It was a great oak, the best tree in the yard, because it stood close to the southwest corner of our house and sheltered it in the hot summer afternoons. We could have spared any other tree more readily.

And there seemed no reason why it should die. Insects had not attacked it, on the outside or within. When we came to cut it down, we found it firm and solid, through and through. Yet on successive years its leaves grew fewer and turned brown earlier, till at last we became certain that the tree was dead.

The cutting down was a long process, as I insisted upon the digging up of the roots. The tree, too, was so tall that even after the lopping of branches it greatly injured another tree in its crashing fall. And as for the sawing and splitting, that was a tedious and laborious task.

But our only comfort in all this, our only recompense for the loss of our old friend, was the prospect of burning him up! We gloated in the thought of a full cellar, and of abundant supplies for our hearths. Now we could have cheerful wood fires without a thought of the cost. We exulted in visions of bursting flames and beds of glowing embers just right for the pop-corn. Our pleased anticipations

increased as the great piles began to stretch across the cellar, ceiling high, and rank upon rank. And when all was done, and the last chip gathered, we gazed upon our stores with the feeling of millionaires.

That was five years ago, and, if you will believe me, that wood is in my cellar yet, practically untouched.

We have enjoyed many a wood fire in the early fall, but as soon as steady cold comes, we must have the central furnace, and the whole house must be warmed; a hearth fire here and there will not answer. Besides, to tell the truth, carrying armfuls of wood up from the cellar ceases to be fun after a very few days of it.

The cutting down of an occasional small tree, or the cutting off of a limb here and there, together with the copious leavings of carpenters making repairs or alterations in the house, have added to the cellar stock of wood quite as fast as the wood fires have diminished it, so that our cellar is still choked to suffocation with our old friend, the Tree. Windows are darkened, passageways are blocked up, there is no room for barrels or boxes or tools. There was not a week, probably, in the past three years, in which I did not heartily wish that we had made a bonfire of that tree, or sold it, or given it away—anything rather than save it.

It is so hard to know what to keep and what to discard! Our attic is crammed with old furniture, boxes of cloth neatly rolled up, trunks full of memorials of other days, and bushels—literally—of newspaper clippings. And my mind and my life are equally full of useless lumber, bits of unused information, abilities gathering the dust, memories and inspirations unutilized, plans never carried out and friendships merely stored away for a possible season of enjoyment.

As I attempt to work in my cellar I labor with a stifled feeling, with noth-

ing of the ease and freedom that come from simple and unfretted surroundings. And I feel just the same way when I get into the workshop of my mind. My life is packed with odds and ends, hoarded in the thought that they may come in handy, sometime.

Shall I ever have the courage to clear out my cellar, and my life? to start fresh, with a wide sweep of open floor and with newly whitewashed walls against which nothing is piled? It will be a glorious day when I do.

For hoarding is not prudence, and gluttony is not thrift, and all that is stored but never used serves merely to clog the circulation of the life, and render all its activities more sluggish and cramped. It is a great thing to know how to save, but it is even greater to know how to throw away wisely.

SELF.

The Fight for the Light.

Facts are constantly stranger than fiction. The newspapers once printed in an obscure fashion the story of a desperate encounter in a lighthouse. It contained all the elements of deep tragedy.

It was in the light of Stratford shoals, that guides the big steamers of Long Island Sound. Two men were keepers of it,—Merrill Halse and Julius Coster. One day the latter became violently insane.

Coster made a fearful weapon,—a razor lashed to the end of a long pole. Thus attacked, Halse got the better of his frantic antagonist. For two days his life was a running battle against a frenzied foe.

Then, Coster turned his mad rage against the light itself. Halse found him one afternoon with a hammer and chisel trying to cut away the lighthouse walls. "That night," the account goes on, "the light suddenly

stopped revolving, and its keeper ran to the lamp-room to find Coster with an ax about to destroy the lenses. He fought his way into the room and saved the light, but from that time, or for fully five days, doing two men's work, the brave keeper was forced both to guard the lenses day and night and to fight many times for his own life."

In those tragic scenes you may read an epitome of human life—of your own life. You are set to guard a light. Every life should be a lighthouse. And often—how often!—you are obliged to struggle for the light with a madman.

You know who the madman is—your other self, your worse self. He tries to batter down the house. He tries to smash the light. He tries to kill your better self. It is a running fight with him. Sometimes the fight is for years.

But lo! over the smiling sea comes a lifeboat! The Inspector is in it, and a force of the coast guard. He will grasp the situation at a glance. He will overpower the madman, and carry him away in chains, to imperil your lighthouse no longer. Until he comes, keep up a bold heart, and—just hold on!

SELF-DENIAL.

The Commonest Plot.

It was at one of the delightful meetings of the Boston Authors Club. The purpose of this meeting was the reading of manuscripts, followed by kindly and helpful criticism; and one of the members of the club had just read a remarkably strong tale, which had received the usual friendly overhauling.

At the close of the discussion I was moved to say that, though the story was admirably told and was well worth telling, it fell under a category avoided by all editors that handle many manuscripts; namely, it was a self-denial story.

The commonest of plots, among the stories sent in to my editorial desk, depicts a hero (or heroine) who wants something very much, and is on the point of getting it after long waiting, and right at the moment of receiving it meets someone who needs it more, and thereupon heroically hands it over to that person.

Perhaps this is not the most common plot submitted to secular editors, but I am sure it is the commonest in the office of religious periodicals. Indeed, one editor of my acquaintance once printed a circular for her contributors outlining plots that they were *not* to use, they are so worn-out; and this self-denial plot stood at the head of the list.

To be sure, most of us print two or three self-denial stories every year. I am sure I do, for some are so good that I cannot send them back; but I confess I do it with a silent protest every time. "Give us a change," I groan.

It is not that the action depicted is not most praiseworthy. Indeed, as the chairman of that meeting (a Roman Catholic editor, by the way) remarked, "Self-denial is the theme of the Greatest Story of all." It is not that I do not want folks to give up for others. I do want them to, and I want to do it more myself.

My protest is against the one-sided view of religion that is indicated by the predominance of this plot. The implication is that, if there is any great good for which you have been longing all your life, as soon as you come up within reach of it religion will make it your duty to hand it over to someone else. Now I want someone to write a lot of stories showing that religion, while it means self-denial, means also self-realization, the satisfying of innocent desires, the fullness of joy that Christ said He came to bring. Who will write such stories,—at least a few of them?

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Overhauling Our Lives.

Few are determinedly bad, compared with the host that are carelessly bad, but the results in the latter cases are just about as wretched as in the former. We are not strict enough with ourselves, we do not examine ourselves often enough. Once a year an automobile should be overhauled. This overhauling is more than the casual garage repairs which are likely to be required throughout the year; it means the removal of the body of the car, the taking apart of the machinery, and the careful inspection, cleaning, repair, and readjustment of all its more than one thousand parts. Gears become worn. Electric contacts become fouled. Pipes become clogged. Screws and nuts get loose. Oil leaks develop, and gasoline leaks. Joints need packing in grease. A car that is not overhauled, regularly and thoroughly, soon goes to the scrap-heap. And so does a man.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

How to Hear One's Self.

You can do many things with a telephone; but the phonograph came first, and it hasn't yet been superseded. There are some unexpected uses of the phonograph, and one of them is this,—it teaches us the defects in our own voices.

Burns longed (or wrote that he longed) to see himself as others saw him,—a sight that would have been very edifying the evenings he got fou. But not even Burns dreamed of the possibility of hearing himself as others heard him.

Perhaps he didn't think that was necessary. Perhaps you yourself have no idea but that you know your own voice; but you don't.

The proof of it is this: let a group of friends, you among them, talk one

after another into the phonograph, and listen to the tones that issue forth again. You will not think your own voice is natural, but your friends will. On the other hand, your friends' voices will all sound natural to you, but not, in any case, to the person who originated the tones.

So well is this now understood, that singers make use of the phonograph to discover for themselves the faults of their singing, hearing themselves, actually for the first time, through the aid of that vibrating disk of metal.

And the reason for the superiority of the phonograph as a reporter to you of your own voice? It is because, when you speak, the sound comes to your ears not only through the air, but through your teeth, your jawbone, and your skull. It is so modified by all these, that when it reaches you through the air alone, just as it reaches your friends, you won't own it as yours.

I hardly dare to tack a moral on to this, the point is so obvious. It is this: never be sure that your own idea of yourself is the correct one till it is confirmed by some unprejudiced echo from the outer world!

SELF-PUSHERS.

Form a Line!

Anyone that wants an illustration of the selfishness to which mankind are prone may find it most readily by taking his stand in any place where men and women are waited upon. The speedy tendency is to crowd up close around the person that is doing the work, whatever it is, and still to crowd tighter and tighter, each eager to get ahead of his neighbor, and be waited upon as soon as possible.

You see this at the window of a bank teller. Up they come in both directions, and in they push. If some official of the bank is at hand, he will

say, "Form a line, please," and he will enforce courtesy with a stern hand. If he is not, then—push, growl, jam!

Women, I am sorry to say—let us hope it is their inexperience—are most frequent violators of this simple rule. If a line is formed, and a woman comes in, it is altogether the exception to see her go to the foot of the line and await her turn. Quite invariably she tries to push in at the head. If she fails in that laudable effort, she remains there, glowering at the beasts of men until she perceives that they will remain beasts and will not make room for her. Then, with heightened color, she goes to the foot of the line—which, in the meantime, has already lengthened and placed her farther from the window than she would have been if she had gone there at once. Not all women do this, you will understand; but the majority of them do. Ask any bank teller.

It is the same way at the stamp-window of the post-office and at the cloak-room for a public dinner, and at the lunch-counter of the railroad restaurant, and at the ticket-office of the railway station, and at the baggage-room—everywhere, indeed, one notices the reluctance to fall in line and take one's turn.

In the large things of life the tendency is even more strikingly manifested. There are positions to fill. There are salaries to get. There are honors to receive. In the natural course of events your share of these will come to you if you do your work well and fit yourself for them. But no; the most of us find it far too tame a process to form a line and wait our turn for the good things of life. Push ahead! Rush in! Hustle! Crowd! Jam! Help yourself, and the devil take the hindmost!

Ah, that is no out-of-date saying: the first shall be last and the last shall be first! If one could only get the world to believe it!

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Heroism in the Philippines.

Here is a quotation from *The Mindanao Herald*, which is worth printing in large letters in every American newspaper, and placing before the children on the walls of every American schoolroom, and reading from the pulpit in every American church:

"The action of the Magay Moros who put out to Santa Cruz with cholera aboard rather than take chances on infecting this city should be published to every native on the island with suitable appreciation of the high-minded and heroic conduct of these men. To steer directly away from their homes and friends and from medical aid with their dead lying in their boats, for the sake of the city, reveals a measure of heroic self-sacrifice than which the most enlightened people can boast of no greater. These men should be given gold medals lettered in their own language that their fellows may know the esteem in which we hold such conduct. This episode furnishes an eloquent comment on the work of instruction that has been going on since the epidemic of 1902."

The Filipinos are not yet American citizens; but if such conduct, or the possibility of such conduct, is at all typical of them, they deserve that citizenship and would honor it. The forgetting of self, and the manly devotion to the welfare of others—of one's city, one's State, and one's nation—it is this that qualifies a man for true citizenship in a republic. Without this capacity and exhibition of self-sacrifice a man is no true citizen, though he pays taxes on ten million dollars' worth of property, can read five languages, and stands at the head of the political machine in his State. Those Filipinos in totally disregarding themselves for the sake of their city were American citizens of whom all America should be proud.

SELFISHNESS.

A Frank Millionaire.

A unique address was once made before the Chicago City Club by Joseph Fels, a Philadelphia millionaire.

"I have made my money," he declared, "by robbing the people.

"Under present conditions no one can grow rich in a lifetime without robbing the people through a monopoly."

His firm, he said, was still robbing the people.

He spoke of his millions as "swag," and said that, now he has found his conscience, he is going to use this swag to do away with the accursed system that made it possible.

Mr. Fels is a firm believer in the single-tax theory, and holds that the adoption of the single tax on lands would prevent the wrongful amassing of wealth, which is the great sin of our times.

This is wild talk, of course. Not all, not even the majority, of the great business enterprises of the day are robbery, or anything like robbery.

That there are many grave injustices, however, in all forms of money-making is undoubted, and nothing is more cheering than to see a rich man joining with the poor man and the independent thinker in an effort to discover these wrongs and remedy them.

There is only one business rule that is not open to the charge of robbery, and that is the Golden Rule. When a business man can honestly say that his gains have come from the use of methods that he would gladly have all men apply in their dealings with himself, then that man need have no fear of the condemnation in which Mr. Fels included himself.

It is this extension of the Golden Rule from individual to social affairs that is the key-note of the great reform movements of modern times.

Cutting In.

The State Motor Vehicle Department of Connecticut has issued a review of its records of automobile collisions, and says that the commonest causes of them are cutting corners, cutting in ahead, and trying to pass from the rear in unsuitable places, such as on a curve or at the top of a hill. In all of these circumstances another automobile might very likely be approaching hidden from the view of the imprudent driver.

"Many drivers," says the review, "seem temperamentally unfitted to stay in the rear of any vehicle at all, or until a proper opportunity to pass is presented." In other words, they are temperamentally unfitted to run an automobile, for the driver of these swift machines must above everything else be patient and prudent.

Still more disastrous, however, is the result of "cutting in" on the immaterial highways of life. One salesman "cuts in" ahead of another, or a merchant "cuts in" ahead of his competitor, or a politician "cuts in" ahead of other legislators, and the mischief done is incalculable. Society, school, even the church, witness these shameful feats of "cutting in."

It is all most unchristian. It is all a violation of the command "in honor to prefer one another." It is all a bold denial of Christ's promise that the last shall be first. "Cutting in" is born of selfishness, and greed, and pride. "Cutting in" is one of the devil's arts. "Cut it out."

Jailed at Home.

Foggia, Italy, in the year 1898, contained a wealthy gentleman, a landowner, named Raimardo Pace. Mr. Pace had a servant, and also an irascible temper. One day the two, the servant and the temper, came in conflict, and the result was the murder of the servant.

Pace was tried, and condemned to ten years' imprisonment. He was not present at the trial. The police could not find him, and it was supposed that he had escaped, finding an asylum in a foreign land.

And now he has been discovered in his own house, where he has been all along!

He has attended himself to the little affair. He made a cell in his basement, appointed a servant to be his jailer, and had him bring him bread and water once a day. He did not stir from his narrow quarters.

He told the police, when they burst in upon his voluntary imprisonment, that after two years more of that life he intended to petition the king for his pardon.

But unfortunately for Mr. Pace, the law prefers to see to the execution of its sentences its own self. The eccentric gentleman's private arrangements will not be honored by the court. Mr. Pace must go to prison just like anyone else, and he must begin on his ten-years term as if he had not been in confinement a day.

That, whatever you may think about it, is the story the newspapers are telling. Believe it or not, you will believe the little lesson that the tale teaches me.

Many a man, many a woman, is jailed at home. There is no visible cell, but there is a very real one. The table may be heavy with good things to eat, but the real diet of the occupant of that house is bread and water. It is the house of the man or the woman that has no interest outside of his or her selfish life.

Pace comes, probably, from the Latin word for Peace. But it is a misnomer. There is no peace in such a house. It is a prison, the darkest of dungeons. There is no peace, says God, to the wicked. And the essence of wickedness is selfishness. Every selfish soul is its own jail.

Urbanity and Suburbanity.

Dr. R. F. Horton wrote for *The Congregationalist*, more than a decade ago, a very fetching little essay on urbanity and suburbanity. The two words suggest a pointed contrast. "Urbanity" comes from the Latin word for city. Polite comes from the Greek word for city. When people are crowded together, rough angles are worn off. Urbanity is one of the prime virtues of civilization.

On the contrary, suburbanity may ruin all this. The suburbanite tends to selfishness. His life is a grand rush, from bed to breakfast, from breakfast to the train, from the train to the office. Then back again. He has no time, or thinks he has none, for social amenities, for the little kindnesses that make home a blessing, for church life, for the common interests of his suburb. He lives essentially for himself, or at any rate by himself.

The suburbanite's problem is to become urbane. He must plan for leisure. He must cultivate serenity. He must practice unselfishness and love.

All this requires determination. It takes time. It may lose a little money, but it will gain what is worth all the wealth of the world.

For to be a suburbanite, in the sense described, is to lose one's own soul.

Auto Capacity.

Often I see automobiles, great, comfortable automobiles, whizzing along occupied solely by the chauffeur and a pig.

Of course the passenger is not always a pig. He or she may be on the way to pick up three or four passengers. There may be other good reasons, such as sickness, or reasonable haste, why the owner is all alone in the big auto.

But usually it is just plumb selfishness.

The automobile-owner has forgotten old Mrs. Sanderson, confined to the house for sixteen long years.

And the Brewster sisters, too poor for even a street-car ride.

And the family of six jolly children in the Comstock house, no one of whom has yet had the felicity of an auto-ride.

And old Mr. Grant, whose acquaintance with local geography has not for ten years extended beyond a hobbling walk to the post-office.

And a whole lot of others.

I am not saying, mind you, that there are not many times when an auto-owner is justified fully in being by himself in his car. His mere desire to be by himself is often enough. I am only calling attention to the fact that some auto-owners are pigs.

Automobile manufacturers talk much about the carrying capacity of their cars. Auto capacity, however, is usually a matter of heart capacity.

Within Four Walls.

A rich woman—at least, people called her rich because she had a million dollars and more—died the other day, who had not been out of her house in twenty years. She lived alone. She did not even own a hat. She never had seen a trolley-car. She was not an invalid, and if she had chosen, could have gone out every day. But she did not care enough for anything outside her own four walls to cross the threshold for it.

Physically, that seems a strange way to live. But mentally there are plenty of people who never go out of the four walls of self. Nothing outside of their own feelings and desires is interesting to them. They stay shut in, by their own wills, to selfish isolation.

Christ came to take men out of themselves, to give them larger lives, full of love and unselfishness. Are we

following Him out of the house of self into the wide air of His Kingdom?

SENSE.

The Post-hole.

He was a vigorous worker, and he was digging a post-hole in the bed of a river. A post was to be placed in it, as part of the extension of a wharf.

He worked hard, and got rapidly deeper and deeper.

He struck stones, but he reached down and pried them up.

He got thoroughly soaked, but he grinned cheerfully.

He sung at his task, and was an inspiration to all the other workmen.

Five o'clock came, but he faithfully finished his post-hole, though it took him ten minutes longer. He was no time-server.

Then he climbed, dripping, out on the bank and walked home, happy in the consciousness of good work accomplished.

But he did not put a post into the post-hole, and when he came back the next morning he found the hole filled again with mud, and completely obliterated.

However, he cheerfully went to work again, singing as he labored, and dug the hole once more.

And the company paid the bill.

Moral: Cheerfulness is good, zeal is better, but a bit of brain is best of all.

"Sense First."

The wise slogan, "Safety First," needs to have back of it the stern command, "Sense First." Most accidents are due to a lack of good sense, ordinary common sense. Men, women, and children are killed every day by the score because other persons are fools. And the fools themselves for their foolishness come to their death.

For instance, an automobilist encountered two railway-crossing gates,

and when the gateman refused to raise them in answer to his demand he rammed his car through them, was grazed by a passing train, and barely escaped with his life. Again, a boy driving an automobile truck defied all warning signs and struck the middle of a passing locomotive. On a single railway, a short one, during half of a recent year sixty-two lowered gates were broken down by impatient and reckless automobile drivers. These are only samples of what is happening everywhere.

Is it any wonder that we cry, "Sense First"? There can be no safety while fools are at large.

SENSITIVENESS.

Floating Mines.

Do you remember the anxious time that ships' captains had—those, I mean, that were bound for China, Japan, Korea, or anywhere near—just after the Japan-Russia war? For floating mines had been strewn along those coasts with a liberal hand, and it was known that some of them—no one knew how many—had broken their moorings and were ranging the seas, portents of death for the ill-fated vessels that came in their way. It is a wonder that more great ships were not thus destroyed by accidental contact with stray mines. Doubtless some day an international arrangement will restrict or abolish this peril.

But there is another kind of floating mine that cannot be abolished so easily. Very likely you have struck many of the mines I mean in your own sailing along the ocean of life.

You will be talking innocently and gayly in a mixed assembly when suddenly a change will come over the company. Faces will look horrified. Others will look amused. Others will look sorry or angry or perplexed. All brightness has left the scene. And the transformation was instantaneous.

What have you done? You have struck a loose, floating mine.

In other words, you have hurt someone's feelings. You have stumbled upon the theme of a neighborhood quarrel, perhaps. Or, you have offended someone who is notoriously oversensitive or prejudiced on some point. Altogether unconsciously, you have "put your foot in it." And the "it" is something that should never have been in the way of your foot, or any foot.

Brethren, let us ignore these floating mines of the ocean of life. You can't ignore the Japanese kind, but these are destroyed only by disregarding them. Do not be easily offended yourself, and do not pay much attention to the supersensitiveness of others. Let a cheerful good sense free the high seas of conversation from these explosive and mischievous traps.

SERENITY.

A Whiff of Eternity.

One of the most foolish conditions into which a man can fall is a state of nervous hurry.

Every one of my readers—at least, every one of my American readers—knows just what I mean.

The brain is out of breath. There is a conflagration of the will. The air presses heavily upon you. Waiting tasks hang on your shoulders, leer in your face, scream into your ears. The universe is one big scramble, and you are right in the focus of the biggest scramble of all. Oh, it is horrible!

I am learning, when I get into such a plight, just to stop and shake my soul.

"You silly soul!" I say to it, "what's the rush? How much time have you, anyway, you little idiot? Ten minutes? Half an hour? Half a day? Fie! You have ten years, half a century, a hundred million ages!

"You are living like a gnat," I say to my soul. "You are fussing as if you were to vanish to-morrow into

nothingness, and had only to-day in which to work and live.

"Nonsense! You have eternity in which to work and live. Get some of its serenity into you now. Live in its long spaces now. Behave yourself as its citizen now, and not like a citizen of Bubbleton.

"Take a long breath, soul! Orient yourself, soul! Get in touch with realities, soul, and stop fretting yourself with mirages! Why, soul, you are immortal, and yours is all the leisure of the endless years."

Having thus addressed myself, I turn to my work, and calmly turn off lots of it—until I forget again.

Out to the Propeller.

We were down in the engine-room of a great ocean steamer,—a small party of us,—and we were greatly confused by the clamor there, as well as smothered by the fierce heat. Up and down, backward and forward, around and around, great masses of steel were whirling and flashing and plunging, with spitting of hot oil and flashes of steely glitter.

It was a great relief to be led away from that pandemonium into a long, low, dark gallery, quiet and comparatively peaceful. It stretched through the ship, far back, scores of feet. We walked along a narrow plank, and at our side was an enormous, continuous steel shaft, supported occasionally, which extended from the central machinery the whole way to the stern. We were led to the very end of the ship, and were told that only an inch or two of steel was between us and the ocean. Right through this final steel plate passed the shaft, and became a part of the little propeller outside, that powerful screw which was pushing the gigantic boat so swiftly through the water.

For that long steel shaft, through all its scores of feet, was in rapid but quiet

motion, and was communicating to the propeller the power generated by the central engines far back in the heart of the boat. Out of that turmoil and heat where it was born the power passed, swiftly and surely, by way of that placid steel rod. Without the shaft, the engines would move all vainly. The ship would stand still, the sport of the waves.

That is the way I want my life to work. I suppose there must be in it a lot of bustle and noise and heat. I suppose the force-generators must be hot and clamorous. But out of the midst of whatever confusion and turmoil may be necessary I want the power to move, along some definite and determined line, to some fixed and clear application, and steadily, quietly, serenely, as that propeller-shaft. Along that line, rapidly moving though the power-transmitter may be, I shall find rest, and peace, whirling machinery at one end and foaming water at the other; but between, my gallery of quietness!

Oh, for a heart at peace! Oh, for a life whose hidden motives and essential being are unfretted and serene!

"Screamers!"

I have often wondered why it is that printers have such an aversion to "screamers."

Perhaps you don't know what a "screamer" is. In printing-house phrase, it is an exclamation point. The term itself expresses contempt—"screamer!"

There is no doubt about the fact. No one can have much to do with proof-reading for various offices without noting that compositors emphatically dislike that emphatic punctuation point. I don't know why, but they do. You write, "What a state of affairs!" and the proof reads, "What a state of affairs?" or perhaps, "What a state of affairs." But no "screamer."

Of a piece with this aversion to "screamers," but more explicable, is the general objection to italics. One can understand this. Italics mean a visit to another "case." They make trouble. Besides, they break up that beautiful uniformity of the page, so dear to a printer's eye. But none of these things is true of the "screamer."

I have concluded that the secret resides in a more or less conscious adherence to one of the fundamental principles of wise living: "the golden mean," "in nothing too much." I have decided that the printers consider a "screamer" hysterical. They want a dignified poise. They want the simple life. No bombast, if you please.

In the old day our books toppled over with italics in every line. They bristled with "screamers." Sometimes one was altogether inadequate to express the author's harassed feelings, and three or four marched in line. Now, plain Roman, and sedate periods. No "screamers."

How I admire all this. What a debt we owe to the disciples of Gutenberg and Faust. And oh, how serene the world will be when the regions outside the printing-office have learned this typographical lesson.

The Art of Quiet Motion.

Not the least of the advantages of the newly introduced turbine engines is their freedom from vibration. This is especially grateful on ocean steamers. The up-and-down movements of the engines are largely responsible for those unpleasant sensations which, resulting in seasickness, do so much to neutralize the enjoyment and the physical benefits of an ocean voyage.

Where the ship-builder does not wish to introduce turbines, he is devoting more and more study to the problem of diminishing the vibration of the machinery. Vast improve-

ments have already been made in this respect. But a German engine-designer, Otto Schlick, has invented an instrument that will lead to still further improvement. It is called a "pallograph," and by means of it Mr. Schlick is able to register and measure the different rates and directions of vibration of different parts of the ship.

The problem would largely be solved if the engines and the hull could be put entirely out of harmony. The hull has its own natural rate of vibration, just as truly as a violin string. Whoever has read Kipling's wonderful story, "The Ship That Found Herself," will understand what I mean. To discover what this is, and so far as possible to put the engines out of tune with it by increasing or diminishing their speed, is not at all easy; but when it is done, the passengers will ride with far more comfort.

It is not difficult to apply this bit of ocean lore to our daily and hourly voyages on the stormy sea of life. The human vessels that journey along with the least jar and the most comfort are those that have regard to this principle of compensations and balances. There is a plenty of vibration in such lives, a large amount of energy, and they do a lot of work. Look at them, and you will see that they are making progress right along. They are forging ahead through whatever waves oppose them. But they are doing it quietly, without a jar.

It is because they do not allow themselves to vibrate all over at the same pitch. They stand apart from the exteriors of their lives, and know a peace and a self-control that are independent of toil and possessions, failure and success. They live two lives, as it were, one in the material world and one in the spiritual world. These are practically united for the doing of their work in the world of men and things; but a disturbance in one is not allowed to extend to the other. Thus under all

circumstances they have rest and peace.

Do I seem to arrive at a very mystical conclusion from a very practical beginning? I assure you that, of the two portions of this little talk, by far the most practical portion is the last! Try it, and you will agree.

Those High-backed Seats.

The South Station in Boston is, according to Boston brag, one of the largest and finest in the country. However that may be, it has many excellent points, and one of the best of these is the superb waiting-room.

This waiting-room is so large and so well proportioned that merely to look into it gives the hurrying traveler a dim sense of peace. I do not remember to have seen a single person running through it or even walking fast. It is one of the most dignified spots in that dignified city.

One feature that contributes much to this feeling of dignity and quiet is the arrangement of the seats. They are placed in a long row away off to one side of the room. There are forty-two of them, back to back, and they will easily accommodate 420 persons,—half a regiment. Each alcove thus formed is lettered with the name of some Massachusetts county, so that you can agree to meet your friends in the Middlesex section, if you please, or perhaps in the Berkshire section, and you will find them there.

This plan is necessary, for you could not find them otherwise except with considerable difficulty, because the seats have high, solid, wooden backs more than a foot higher than a man's head as he sits down; so that, though 420 might be sitting in those seats, the room would seem quite empty; scarcely one of them could be seen. I have been in the room when it must have contained more than five

hundred people, and perhaps a score of these were visible, at the ticket windows and going to their trains. That was all.

Of course, it is needless to say that no trains are called in this dignified place. There are two monster clocks at either end to be read from any seat, and the meaningless clamor of the train-announcer is dispensed with.

Well, do you know, there are some happy men and women that know how to arrange their lives after precisely this model. They put their various tasks away in high-backed compartments. Each is labeled, and they know just where they all are, but each is out of the way and out of sight. There is no worry, no bustle or hurry. Each task goes quietly to its compartment, watches the clock, and, when it is train time, gets up and goes to business. The man or woman seems always at leisure; the life seems spacious, almost empty. It is a lovely way to get along.

I wonder if I can ever do that way myself.

Cutting Out the Cut-out.

The cut-out is the part of an automobile which, next to the horn, makes the most noise; in fact, it is sometimes used instead of a horn to signal the approach of a car.

The exhaust from the gasoline-engine—that is, the refuse gas left after the explosion—goes to the rear through a long tube. This makes a back-pressure on the engine, to relieve which the cut-off opens the tube near the engine, thus affording the exhaust an easy, quick, and—noisy mode of escape.

In most towns motorists are forbidden to use the cut-off, and few drivers now use it on the road, even to assist the engine in getting up a hill; for present-day engines are so powerful that this aid is too trifling to count. Now comes the National Automobile

Chamber of Commerce and decrees the elimination of the cut-off altogether from new cars, as being unnecessary and as constituting an annoyance to the public. This is a noisy age; it is good to note at least one noise so satisfactorily suppressed.

Now if we could only cut out the cut-outs from all modern life! If we could all of us study to be quiet! If we could realize that one test of a wise plan, a well-ordered establishment, a skillful organization, or a noble life, is its unobtrusiveness! Bluster defeats itself. Brag merely advertises its own worthlessness. Self-booms are boomerangs. The worker who accomplishes his tasks with the least noise, steadily and modestly but efficiently, makes a success which in time is recognized gladly by all. Let us follow the automobile manufacturers, fellow toilers, and cut out the cut-outs.

SERVICE.

Wanted, Round Wheels.

A certain street railroad in Massachusetts asked the Public Service Commission to approve of a fare increase from six to seven cents. The towns served by the road objected to the change, but said that they would not object if the company would fit up its cars with round wheels. They asserted that passengers were sometimes jolted clear of the cushions when the cars merely crossed the rail joints.

Generally speaking, Americans are willing to pay liberally for good service, but they are not willing to pay anything for bad service. "Keep up the quality" should be the motto, in hard times, of all who serve the public. If economy is necessary, do not let it interfere with service. If prices must be advanced, do not let quality go backward. Satisfaction is half the battle when goods—or labor—must be sold. Keep the wheels round.

Mr. Stead's Motto.

One of the most beautiful and significant of the Christmas cards I have received was from the famous British publicist and author, the editor of *The Review of Reviews*, Mr. William T. Stead, who went down in the *Titanic*.

It is printed most charmingly, in delicate pinks and greens and blues and yellows, and it represents two angels bearing a scroll on which are the words:

*"The union of all who love
In the service of all who suffer."*

That was Mr. Stead's motto. Throughout his life his great heart went out in sympathy with the poor, the wretched, the oppressed, of every land. Now it was the miserable waif in the London slums or the brazen, heart-slain outcast on the streets. Now it was the desolate Armenians. Now it was the Boers. Now it was the denizens of "Darkest Chicago." But whoever it might be that Mr. Stead pleaded for, or whatever hideous iniquity he attacked, the deed was always done because some were suffering, and because he loved them.

Nor was he content to do this work alone. He always sought a *union* of *all* who love, in this service of all who suffer. That was the meaning of his "rosary," his list of like-minded friends all over the world for whom he daily prayed, asking that they would daily pray for him. He knew too well, even by the hard experience of imprisonment, the awful power of evil in the world; and he knew that only the union of all who love, and their union with the Father, can suffice against it.

Here is a union that all can join. It is a labor union indeed. It has its rules, and they are strict ones. It has its assessments and its fines, and they are not light, and they must be paid promptly. But the head of the union

is the great Lover of the universe, who has said that whatever we do for His suffering children on earth we are doing to His blessed Self.

No Figureheads Wanted.

No more figureheads on the warships of our navy! One more opportunity for stirring verse is lost to the poet, and one more chance for picturesqueness is lost to the artist. But our navy is properly anxious, not that it shall be picturesque, but that it shall be serviceable; and it has been found that figureheads shining in gold-leaf furnish brilliant objects for searchlights to pick out at night. When ornament thus gets in the way of safety, ornament has to go.

Many of the figureheads were presented by States and cities to the ships named for them. Now those figureheads have been returned by the Navy Department to the States and cities that gave them. They cannot be given back outright, but they are loaned, and they will probably never be asked for again.

Well, having gone thus far, let us abolish the figureheads in connection with our ship of state! Sometimes I think it carries a large number of figureheads, not only at the prow but all along the ship's sides. The fact that they are human figureheads makes it all the more dangerous, and all the more difficult is it to get rid of them. Every such figurehead, however, makes it harder for our nation to win in its great fight with the forces of corruption and misrule that are constantly attacking her.

Yes, and while we are knocking the figureheads off the ship of state, let us knock them off all our private ships, the millions of vessels that plow the sea of life. The figurehead is imposing to look at, but he is absolutely useless, and his uselessness easily degenerates

into a positive peril. Gold paint and all, let us split them into kindling-wood, and make them do their first real service feeding the furnace fires down in the bottom of the boat.

The Two Locomotives.

A big passenger locomotive was bragging in the roundhouse, puffing out the words loudly enough for the whole yard to hear. "I pull the Twentieth Century Limited," he boasted. "My cars are the acme of luxury. The diner is like a hotel. The parlor-cars and sleepers are palatial. No one but nabobs can afford one. My last trip I carried Mark Moneygrub, head of the beef trust. Time before that, Senator Bullion, head of the sugar trust. J. P. Golden, the great banker, always goes with me. See how big I am! See how I shine! Hear the grand sounds I make! I am the emperor of the rail, the monarch of transportation!" Just then, as he stopped to get breath, a freight-engine, over in a dark corner of the roundhouse, spoke up in quick barks that all the yard could hear, and this is what he said: "Pooh! pooh! you are for show, but I am for service. You carry the head of the beef trust; I carry the beef. You have the head of the sugar trust lolling on your cushions; I have the sugar itself, ready to sweeten your apple-sauce. It is not necessary that your men and women should travel, but it is necessary that they should eat. Where would Golden and Bullion and Moneygrub be if I didn't bring them shoes and coats and eggs and butter and beefsteak? You may cut a shine, but the world could get along without you much more easily than without me." Thereupon there arose such a clamor of approving whistles and bells and exhaust-pipes that the reply of the first locomotive, if he made any, could not be heard.

The Best for the Worst.

In New York City John Washington, a friendless negro, was brought before the courts charged with murder in the first degree. It became the duty of the court to find a lawyer for him. It has been the custom to assign such cases to young lawyers just starting out in life and with no engrossing set of clients.

The New York bench, however, was making a determined effort to uplift the criminal courts, so that the judge appointed to the case of this friendless negro one of the great city's most prominent corporation lawyers, William B. Hornblower, who responded willingly to the call. Other big lawyers entered into the service in the same generous and public-spirited way.

This is what is needed all along the line in the domain of charity and Christian helpfulness. There is no child of God, however humble, however degraded, however undeserving, but is worthy of the ministry of God's highest and best. That one sentence, "Ye did it unto me," is sufficient to ennoble every service, by whomsoever rendered and to whatever person. That the ablest men and women of the world are hearing and heeding this call of Christ is the most encouraging indication of the coming Kingdom of heaven.

Show or Service?

A music league was organized in New York City for the purpose of encouraging and aiding worthy young musical geniuses. This league conducted an examination to discover what young men and young women were worthy of its assistance and backing. There were 196 candidates—singers, pianists, and violinists. Of these only sixteen were accepted. These sixteen will be brought before the public, through concerts in private

houses and in other ways, till they are thoroughly "tried out."

But that leaves 180 unfortunates—what of them? Most of these, probably all of them, have spent hundreds of dollars upon their musical education, besides years of time. They have virtually spoiled their lives for work in which they might succeed, for they have wasted upon something quite different the time and money necessary for a more hopeful preparation. Most of them will struggle on with pathetic grit for years, making half a living or depending altogether upon their friends, till at last they give up the fight and settle down in some poorly paid position for which they are poorly fitted, and are sad, discontented, and ineffective the rest of their lives.

And the cause of it all? Misplaced ambition, the longing to do something big, to get into the limelight, to be admired, to make large sums of money and make them easily, to wear beautiful clothes and live in beautiful houses and ride in beautiful automobiles and have the world at their feet. Or, some of them may have a real devotion to "art," a genuine love for exquisite tones and harmonies, but quite forget that the love of a beautiful thing does not at all mean the power to create it.

Now music, poetry, drawing and painting, elocution, and all other forms of artistic expression make charming and profitable avocations. They are admirable for one's private enjoyment, or perhaps the enjoyment of one's friends, provided we do not, without genius, make them the main reliance of our lives. To do this—without genius—is tragedy; often it is tragedy even with genius.

You can easily learn, if you have common sense, whether you belong with the sixteen or with the 180. Get yourself placed, before you make the fatal mistake which those 180 made.

And then, having found your place, accept it with sweetness and contentment. That is the way to live a happy and a useful life.

For "show" means sorrow, but "service" spells success.

Are You a Hodcarrier?

Frances E. Willard was once sitting in a business meeting. Looking across at the famous Woman's Temple, then reaching its thirteenth story, she saw a hodcarrier with his heavy load walking slowly along the outer wall. No one in the street was noticing him; nevertheless he was a vital factor in the erection of the great building. "That is the way with character," Miss Willard remarked. "We build it in little, and without observation. That is all there is of character-building, or temple-building, or probably of planet-building, or of universe-building—just to keep right on putting in our time and effort to the best advantage possible at the moment."

We may think it a disgrace to be a hodcarrier; but that is what Shakespeare was, only he bore a superior sort of mortar. That is what Moses was, and Paul, and Luther, and Phillips Brooks. God is the Architect and the master Builder. It is enough for us to be, in any humble capacity, workers together with him.

SHIRKING.

"Slackers."

One of the new words invented by the Great War is "slackers." It is an eloquent word, full of biting sarcasm and burning indignation. It points the finger of scorn at a man who is slack in his duty to his country. Fundamentally, a slacker stays at home when he ought to go to the war.

The sarcasm is deserved, the condemnation cannot be too severe.

But there are slackers in other causes than patriotism, and these, too, should be condemned both now and when we reach the days of peace.

Slackers in the office and shop, who let others do the hard work while they take the soft snap.

Slackers in the home, who evade their fair share of the family work, care, and responsibility.

Slackers in the school or college, who grub along selfishly by themselves, leaving others to keep up unaided the school spirit and the school enterprises.

Slackers in the church, who lightly shift to the shoulders of others the committee work, the prayer-meeting work, the Sunday-school work, the church finances.

Slackers in society, who will not go out of their way a step to make life pleasanter or easier for the awkward, the lonely, the sick and poor and blundering.

Slackers in civic life, who escape all jury duty, all party duty, all care for the strength and purity of community, State and nation.

The slacker in the present dire situation of the world is a despicable object. Let our abomination for him extend with vigor to the slackers in all spheres of human activity.

SIMPLICITY.

Pervasive Principles.

Nothing is more marvelous to the thoughtful mind than the endlessly varied applications and effects of simple natural laws and principles. The Creator is infinitely versatile. From the one agency of light he derives a wealth of beauty which all artists and poets find it impossible to exhaust. From the one agency of chemical attraction and repulsion he gains the stupendous interest and usefulness of the minerals, the plants, the animals. His single power of gravity is applied

equally to the circles of the planets and the flight of a gnat.

We go far in the conduct of life when we discover that here also simplicity reigns, with infinitely varied effects. Once admit to your heart the principle of unselfish love, and all events are transformed, with all circumstances. Allegiance to the truth, absolute, unfaltering, is another endlessly effective principle. Devotion to Christ is a single impulse, but it changes every hour of every day. Thus we are not obliged, in order to be happy and strong under all circumstances, to study all the shifting elements of existence. We have only to do a few things, only to accept a few laws. They will then do their work, pervading every corner of our being and transforming for us all the world.

Mixed Up with Things.

We "fixed over" our parlors a few months ago, and we thought—my wife and I—that we would try a few Japanese theories. Simplicity—that was our watchword.

For the walls, just cartridge paper, of a cool green. No border, but running clear to the top, with a plain white molding close to the ceiling; an admirable background for pictures.

For those pictures, very few; no more than half of the pictures that had clashed and crowded before. Hardly more than one on a wall-area.

As to bric-à-brac, very little of it. Just a vase or something of the sort, here and there, and those the best we had. Gew-gaws sent to the attic.

As to floor covering, the simplest of rugs, with no striking patterns.

For furniture, the unobtrusive sort, with quiet upholstery. Nothing in the two rooms but is restful, harmonious, and simple.

Well! in the first place, the two rooms, which connect by an archway,

look twice as large as before. I tread the amazing space, and think I am in a palace instead of a very modest little abode.

In the second place, the rooms give a luxurious sense of ease. There is nothing in them that clamors. There is no confused appeal for attention. They are harmonious and soothing.

And in the third place, they are far more easily kept clean and in order.

Why have I related this household episode? Partly, I confess, for the bit of advice to other households that it contains; but far more for the sake of its application to life.

Our lives, in these days, must be strenuous, I suppose; but they need not be crowded and confused.

If you want to live finely, live simply. Don't get mixed up with a lot of *things*. Don't allow your individuality, that for which you should stand in the world, to be smothered by a mess of clamorous interests. Clear out the bric-à-brac. Cultivate large spaces of thought and survey and planning. My word for it, you will think you are a new being, in a new world.

SIN.

Insistent Corns.

No one need be troubled with corns if he will take care of his feet, especially by wearing shoes of natural shape and large enough. But if anyone does have even one corn, he is to be pitied. The hard little intruder in the soft flesh is very tiny, but it claims more attention than all the rest of the body. It smart and throbs and stings so agonizingly that its victim can think of little else. When it is removed, the man feels like a new creature.

The comparison to a little sin is irresistible. However small the sin, as men measure sins, it seems to fill the entire life with pain. There is no peace for its miserable owner till he

gets rid of it, and then his whole life is transformed. The most important part of the comparison is that these corns of the spirit also are wholly unnecessary. Wear the shoes "of the gospel of peace," as Paul advised, and you will have no such trouble.

How Do You Clean House?

The ancient cliff-dwellers of Arizona had a queer way of cleaning house. The smoke of their fires filled their odd stone dwellings, and covered their walls with a black layer of soot.

When this became intolerable they did not wash or scrape it off, but calmly went to work and plastered over it a fresh coat of white mortar. Investigators have found no fewer than eleven such coats of soot and mortar, one above the other,—eleven housecleaning days, no one knows how many springs apart.

We smile; but those that live in precisely such houses should not throw stones.

I do not mean to say that our spring housecleanings are conducted in just this fashion, though I know of communities where it would not be impossible to find four or five layers of wall-paper, one over the other.

But what I do refer to is the way many of us clean house in our souls.

Instead of making a thorough job of it, rubbing and scraping and digging and washing until every least fault and every familiar sin is removed and carted to the dump, we whitewash ourselves just as we are.

The whitewash is made of carelessness and forgetfulness and conceit and presumption, and it leaves the sootiest soul a fine, glaring white. But scratch it anywhere, and—faugh! the black underneath!

Some day, under the fierce sun of God's anger, all this whitewash will peel off, and such soul-rooms will be

black, black, nothing but black, and black forever.

War! War! Extra!

Many names have been proposed for the stupendous war that involved nearly all the world. One of these names is "the Great War"—a name that would answer finely if we were quite sure that the world would never suffer from a war still greater.

But the clear thinker knows of a war that is greater, infinitely greater. It is the war between good and evil, between Christ and Satan. The war began as soon as man began to sin. It has continued in full force through all ages down to the present minute. The World War is to be reckoned only an episode in this greater war. It involves all nations, the United States as well as Germany, France, and England. It involves every person—even little children are in the trenches. Some think that this war is growing more intense, more terrible, every day.

No question is more important for anyone than this: Am I on the right side of the Great War, and fighting as hard as I can?

Three-foot Falls.

A workman in Boston was killed by a fall from a staging, and the fall was only three feet. In falling he struck his head, and was unconscious when his fellow workmen reached him. The ambulance came and carried him away, but before he reached the hospital he was dead.

Many a man has been killed by a falling brick, by a slight bruise, by a tiny white pill, by a little lead ball. It is not the big things that are most dangerous always; or, indeed, often. A fall of three feet may do as much damage as a fall of sixty feet.

And so with the moral falls. A little sin may equal in its deleterious effects

the worst of the sins called "deadly." Strictly speaking, there are no little sins. Sin is a departure from the right way, and you have departed from it if you go from it an inch as truly as when you go from it a mile. It is easier to get back from the inch than from the mile, but you must get back. If you don't, the inch will be your moral ruin as much as the mile.

Here is where men make their fatal mistakes. They dally with the little sins as they would never dream of dallying with the great ones. When it is too late they discover that they have been playing with the great ones after all. They have fallen only three feet, but it has killed them.

The Castle Window.

A great and angry army tried to get into the Castle of the Body, but it seemed impregnable. At last, one dark night, they found a little window left unfastened, and in slipped a Germ. The Germ speedily flung open the great door of the Castle, and in rushed, pell-mell, a raging Fever, a Headache, a throng of cruel Pains, a crowd of Agonies, Deliriums, Aches, Chills, Dangers, Complications, Abscesses, Wastings, Contagions, Surgical Operations, Hospital Beds, Ether, Cocaine, Knives, Saws, Bandages, Sleeplessness, and scores more of varied troops. They took possession of the Castle for days, weeks, months, and it was only after a long, long counter-siege that they were driven out, and the Castle of the Body left free again. All because of the one little unfastened window. That window was a sore place, not a fourth as large as a penny, left heedlessly to take care of itself.

Fifteen-feet Profanity.

Last year a judge in Missouri decided that in order to constitute a

breach of the peace profanity must be audible for at least fifteen feet.

That may answer for the legal offense, but—how far can God hear?

Men's consciences are too often gauged to material standards. Christ said that the lustful thought constitutes adultery; the test of purity is the heart and not the outward act. The tenth commandment places covetousness at the end of the list of sins as if it were the climax, worse than adultery or murder. Indeed, it leads to both. And covetousness is of the heart, and may never go further. Christ tells us that if we hate a man we are his murderer, though we never lift a weapon against him.

In short, the doctrine of fifteen-feet profanity, however it may be regarded in earthly courts, seems to have absolutely no standing in the court of the Great Judge.

Spirits in Prison.

Thirty-five years ago a man committed murder in a drunken fight, and only a few weeks ago his good conduct obtained for him a release from prison. He did not want to be released; he had formed the prison habit. Now that he is out, he is not really out. He spends his time walking just as for all those years he walked in the prison yard, nine paces down, eight paces across. The prison has become ingrained, he will always take it with him. His spirit is in prison, though his body is free.

That is the way with sin, always. It makes its own jail. It is a jail. And only the divine Pardoner can give release.

Drowned in a Puddle.

A cow in Greenwood, Me., met with a remarkable accident. She jumped over a fence, stumbled on the other side, and fell on her head. Her horns

ran under the root of a tree, and thus her head was held down. Her nose was submerged in a little pool of water, only an inch or two deep; but she was held to it, and it was as dangerous as an ocean of water would have been. She was found dead, drowned in a puddle.

I have read of a similar accident that happened to an old lady. She was very feeble, and, while tottering out one day, she fell, with her mouth and nose in a tiny puddle. She was too weak to turn over, and thus she also died.

Now anyone may see that this drowning in a puddle is a very common occurrence. Though of course I do not mean the literal happening, but its spiritual counterpart.

For it does not need a big sin to drown a soul. We often think it does. We often think that, so long as our sins do not run in black waves mountain high, or stretch out in a devastating flood, or descend in the irresistible plunge of Niagara, we are perfectly safe. The little, trifling sins,—who need trouble about them? Nothing but mud-puddles, and an hour of purifying sunshine will dry them up!

Ah, but if we are held down in them! Ah, but if our wills grow weak, and we are unable to turn away from them! Only a film of the liquor of sin suffices to shut out the life-giving air of heaven. I know many a soul that is drowning in a mud-puddle.

In the Ice.

On July 14, 1865, that terrific peak, the Matterhorn, was climbed for the first time. The ascent was made by four men, with three guides. As they were descending, exultant, one of them slipped, and carried three others along. The famous mountain-climber, Edward Whymper, had just time enough to plant himself firmly. The rope snapped, and he, with two guides, were thus saved. The others fell from

precipice to precipice, a fearful fall of four thousand feet. The bodies of three were recovered, but that of the fourth, Lord Charles Douglas, must have fallen into some chasm of the ice or some pit of snow, for it was not found.

And in 1905, after four decades, his sister, Lady Florence Dixie, issued an appeal to all Alpine travelers, asking them to be on the watch for the body of her unfortunate brother. The exact rate of motion of the glacier into which it fell is known, and the portion which received the body of the young nobleman would that summer reach the valley and there melt away. The body, if found, would be perfectly preserved and easily recognizable. I have not learned, however, that it was ever found.

I could not read this account without thinking of another terrible glacier into which men fall, the horrible, moving ice-field of sin. Dante pictures central hell as a horror of cold. The picture is true. Sin benumbs all life, stiffens all action. Who does not know those upon whom this wintry fate has come?

Oh, that the Sun of Righteousness may melt away the ice! Not dead, then, as in the terrors of the Alps, but still to be revived, still with the possibilities of love and life eternal, they will be seized by their rejoicing friends, and the glad news will be flashed to the farthest reach of heaven.

A Quarter of an Inch.

Brooklyn once saw a very remarkable real-estate transaction. There was made what is probably the largest payment ever made for land, proportionately to the size of the piece. That payment was no less than one thousand dollars for a quarter of an inch.

The way it came about was this.

There is a piece of land on the southwest corner of Fifty-fourth Street and

Seventh Avenue, South Brooklyn. It is one hundred feet square. The title to it had been transmitted in two deeds, one calling for twenty-five feet, one and one-fourth inches of the property, and the other calling for the rest of it.

Now when the property was transferred from the original owner, a woman, that one-fourth inch was omitted from the deed. The land passed through several hands, and in the course of this transmission the extra inch was dropped from the deed.

Then came along a real-estate company which bought the whole lot, and was about to put up a building covering it, when it was discovered that a man named Fife was still the owner of one inch right in the middle of it, and the woman was still the owner of that quarter of an inch. Mr. Fife compromised for \$300, but the woman held out for \$1000 for her quarter-inch, and got it; for the land could not be used for the building without that fourth of an inch.

All of which, as I look upon it, is a very pretty parable. It reminds me of the way some hearts are transferred from the control of the world to the control of God. The deed is made out, and signed and sealed by church-membership. But lo! a quarter of an inch is reserved from the instrument.

There is some little sinful pleasure. It is sinful; but then, it is so little! Only a quarter of an inch. Certainly that trifling omission cannot make the least particle of difference.

But it does. Oh, it does!

Some day we want to erect a noble building in our lives. We wish to "occupy" the ground, as the Gospel has it. And we find that we cannot. We find that Satan's title, though to only that tiny fraction of it, is prohibitive of our enterprise. And we find that it is not easy to buy the devil off. One thousand dollars? That is a mere nothing compared to the time, and strength, and tears, and sorrow,

before the adversary is got out of that bit of ground.

And it would all have been so easy if a complete transfer had been made in the first place!

Shot His Rescuer.

The newspapers report, in three bald sentences, an incident that reads strangely.

An old man in Taylorsport, Ky., saved a man from drowning. Within a short time the rescued fellow approached the old man, asked him if he was his rescuer, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, shot the old man through the heart.

Though many indignant bystanders fired at him, the murderer escaped.

This incident seems too strange to be true, unless the murderer was a lunatic. No sane man would or could do such a deed. It is against human nature.

So we say, and so we instinctively feel; and yet is this horrible act essentially different from the way in which persistent sinners treat their loving divine Saviour?

Getting Used to Poisons.

For a long time the wise men have known that certain poisons harden the body against themselves. The first time a boy smokes a cigar, for instance, the poison in the tobacco makes him deathly sick, but after a while he can puff away proudly, with no unpleasant effects—to himself, whatever we may say of the poor people that must be in the same room with him. Of course, the poison continues to do its deadly work just the same, but the boy or the man does not realize it.

Alcohol is similar. An "old soaker" requires more and stronger liquor to make him drunk than a beginner on the downward way, though all the time the alcohol is killing him. Ar-

senic, morphine, cocaine, and many other poisons act in a similar manner.

But recently it has been definitely proved that there are poisons that act in just the opposite way. Instead of their apparent effects becoming less with each successive dose, they become greater. Such a poison has been obtained from the sea-anemone. Give a dog a very small dose of it, and he will be sick for a few days, and will then recover. Then give him a does only one-twentieth of what you gave him before, and he will be dangerously sick at once. The poison has made the dog more sensitive to itself.

As I read of this I asked myself, "To what class of poisons does sin belong?"

The answer is, of course, "To the first class." A sin that would terrify a young boy and would be impossible for his pure soul becomes, to the man hardened in crime, nothing but a matter of course.

And then I asked myself, "To which class of poisons does temptation belong?"

The answer is, of course, "To the second class." Yield to a temptation, and it becomes easier to yield to it the next time. Only a whiff of the odor of brandy is enough to set a toper's brain on fire.

And with both, of course, the only safe way is to avoid the first dose of the poison. The nicotine kind or the sea-anemone kind—both are deadly in their time, and the fact that one is slow about it and the other rapid, that one works under cover and the other in the open, makes little difference to me. If I am offered my choice of a stiletto or a bludgeon, I will take—neither.

Look Out for Eels.

Something rather interesting took place in the notable witch city of Salem, Mass., in the house of the

former mayor of the town, Mr. John F. Hurley.

All of a sudden the water supply ceased. They got lamps and peered around in all the dark corners to which the water-pipes go. They pried and they probed, they hammered and they dug, but they could not discover the cause of the stoppage.

At last, after several hours of this work, they learned the cause of the trouble. It was a big eel. His slippery highness had made his slimy way from Wenham Lake, five miles distant. He had glided through the mains till he reached Mr. Hurley's house. Then it occurred to him to explore the smaller pipe, and in he went. He did not go very far in, however, for he was too big. His head went in and a few inches of his body, and there he stuck. The plumbers had to take him out a bit at a time.

Then the faucets began to work as usual, though perhaps the folks did not begin to drink the water right away.

And now, why have I told this not wholly pleasant story?

Because I am reminded of other pipes more important even than the water-pipes of a city. I am reminded of the channels of blessing that reach down to us straight from the pure reservoir of God's bounty, up in the everlasting hills. How freely flow the streams of His goodness! How faithfully they flow, and how endless is the supply, day and night, winter and summer, ever the same!

But no! sometimes there is a stoppage. Sometimes the faucets are dry. Perhaps in a moment they change from abundance to emptiness.

And what is the matter? An eel in the pipe, every time! The trouble is not the pipe. The trouble is not at all the lake up in the hills. The trouble is the eel, and our carelessness in letting him get there.

And the name of the eel is SIN.

When the Cable Breaks.

Somewhere out in the Atlantic there is a steamer whose crew is eagerly feeling around on the far-off ocean bottom, trying to hook up the broken end of a cable.

It is the southern Western Union cable, and the search has gone on for two months and more.

Already the steamer has had to come back to port for more coal and supplies and additional lengths of cable.

One end of the broken cable has been picked up and fastened to a buoy, but the other end has thus far eluded them. A dozen times the grapple has caught hold of it, and every time, before it could be brought on board and secured, the cable has parted again, being broken off by the high waves.

This has happened so often and the breaks have been so extensive, that now there is a gap of no less than forty-six miles between the broken ends of that cable. It is like Cyrus Field's early struggles over again.

That break was a matter of a minute. Repairing it is a matter of two months already, and no one knows how many more.

It is like broken health. An overstrain, something snaps, and it is bed for half a year, and perhaps semi-invalidism for the rest of life.

It is like "making a break." A tactless speech, a hasty burst of anger, a foolish blunder, and you have made a rift between your life and another that years may not suffice to heal.

It is like a broken heart. Hearts are easily broken. A discovery that may be made in a minute may break a heart. A deed that may be performed while the clock is ticking may break a heart. And the heart may never get mended again.

Ah, these life cables, beaten and tossed by the surges of so many violent seas! God give us grace and wisdom

to fashion them in strength, so that they will not break at all; and if they do break, let us have the satisfaction of knowing that at least it was through no fault of our own.

A Trachoma Parable.

Miriam Zartarian is a pleasant-faced, attractive young Armenian girl, who was kept in the detention-pen of the Boston Immigration Station for nearly two years. What was the cause of this long imprisonment? That disease of the eyes, trachoma, which is so properly dreaded in this country that those afflicted with it are not permitted to land. Miriam was a victim of the disease, but she could not be sent back to Turkey because her parents lived in Boston, and she was coming over to them.

Well, for two years Uncle Sam has been a foster father to this Armenian girl, and you may be sure she has had the best of care. She came to love the immigration officials and the attendants at the station, and they came to love her. At last it was thought that her eyes were cured. A medical board of special inquiry was constituted by the Washington authorities. The newspapers aroused public interest in her case, and the verdict was eagerly awaited. At last a telegram was received bearing the good news from Secretary Straus. The Armenian captive was free, and all Boston rejoiced.

Now I see in this incident a striking illustration of the conditions that bar souls from heaven. There is only one prohibition, only one thing that cannot enter there,—the terrible disease of sin.

No one charges the government of the United States with tyranny because it forbids the coming of trachoma. The law is reasonable and necessary. The people would insist upon such a law if there were none.

It is even more reasonable and necessary that sin should be shut out of heaven. Sin is a disease far worse than trachoma. It is more contagious. It is more hurtful. Heaven would not be heaven if it were admitted.

And just as all Boston was glad when Miriam Zartarian's eyes grew better so that she could come in, so there is joy among the angels of God when one sinner repents, and enters it to the blessed citizenship of heaven. Whether admitted or excluded, it is all of righteousness and it is all of love.

A Case of Camera Conviction.

I have just clipped from a Boston newspaper the account of a curious incident. Not even Sir Conan Doyle could devise a more ingenious way to catch a criminal—rather, to make the criminal catch himself.

Three men in South Boston posed for a traveling photographer. They then refused to pay for the pictures, beat the itinerant artist severely, and tried to smash his camera. Then they ran away, chuckling over their exploit and ridiculing the plight of their victim. But the photographer had one resource which the three rascals had quite forgotten—the undeveloped plate in his camera. This he developed, and turned over to the police. By means of the tell-tale bit of paper the three men were speedily recognized, and arrested under a charge of assault and battery. The newspaper account left them secure in the grasp of the law.

The incident is a fair history of every bad deed we do. It never fails to take its own picture. It always manufactures its own condemnation. For witness against it the great Judge does not need to turn to anything outside itself. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

It is pathetic to watch men running away from the scene of their wrong-

doing, as those men in South Boston did, quite forgetting that their wrongdoing was nothing material, that it was an affair of thought, of the soul, and that as soon as the crime was committed all the universe heard about it. "If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me" (A.V.)—every sinner should know that psalm. It is true of the God of justice as well as the God of mercy.

The sinner's own memory is a camera whose picture of the wrong done is unflinchingly faithful. It is probable that our brains never forget what is once brought to their attention by eye or ear, even though we are not conscious of the impression at the time. How certainly is this true of those terrible crises, our sins! To the great Judge our memories are open books. Out of our own hearts he can condemn us. Memories long dormant he can revive for our conviction. He needs no other witnesses than our unwilling recollections.

Modern science discloses to us a marvelous camera in the very constitution of the world around us. The words we speak pulsate out forever through the air, and the angels may well have ears to hear them a thousand years after we are dead. Every act we perform leaves an impression on our body, literally changes it in some permanent way, so that our lives are veritably written out on "the fleshly tables of the heart." The entire globe is wonderfully bound together, so that we can telegraph across the ocean without wires, and even, by the mysterious force of telepathy, communicate with some dear one at the antipodes. Therefore no one dares to say how widespread and how profound is our influence upon mankind. All the world, we are coming to understand, is a camera recording our every deed and thought.

Live your life, then, as before a sen-

sitive plate that is ever exposed, ever ready, ever faithful. Admit no thought, do no least deed, that you would not have recorded. This fact of the universal camera is a terrible fact; so live that you will make it your friend.

Automatic Locks, and Our Friends.

It happened in Boston. Three young men worked late in an office building one evening, and as they passed out to go home two of them went ahead of the third. Noticing in the hallway the vault of the building, used for storing valuable papers, and seeing that the door was open, they thought it a good joke to elude their companion by popping inside. The third clerk, however, discovered them and clapped to the doors of the vault. To his dismay, and to the horror of the two fellows entrapped, he found that the doors were automatically locked.

He flew to the telephone, called up the police department and the fire department, and told them of the trouble, bidding them hurry to the aid of the prisoners. The protective department sent an automobile full of men and tools. The fire department sent a ladder captain with two of his men. The police department sent an inspector who is a safe expert. Patrolmen from the nearest police station ran to the building. Soon the hospital ambulance arrived with doctors and with a pulmotor to restore the men from the anticipated suffocation.

But the inspector failed to open the safe, and a safe expert was summoned from a northern suburb. He rushed for the spot in a taxicab. Another taxi was dispatched to a southern suburb after the janitor. The expert went briskly to work with his tools, but without result. It seemed necessary to force the door.

The two men had been imprisoned for two hours. The practical joker

outside was frantic with anxiety. At first he kept calling to his friends within, and they responded. Toward the end of the two hours they ceased to reply, and he feared the worst. He begged the safe expert to make all speed and burst the safe.

Just then the janitor arrived. He knew the combination, quickly made the necessary revolutions of the knob, and the door opened. At the entrance of fresh air the two victims immediately revived, and stepped out of their dark cell little the worse for their alarming experience. It was an old-fashioned type of vault, or they would have been dead long before.

It is safe to say that none of those three men will fool again with an automatic lock. At least they will not fool with an automatic lock of steel; but will they extend their experience into a warning against the far more dangerous automatic locks of the spirit?

Take the automatic lock of a bad habit. We enter this vault in jest. We mean to stay there only a minute. We were never there before, never will be again; but—just for a joke, just to see how it feels, what's the harm? Clang! The door swings to, the bolts shoot out, and you are a prisoner! Beat against the door till the crack of doom, but you cannot get out.

There is the automatic lock of an angry word. You know this vault is black, but you do not think of the blackness as you plunge in. You have heard of vault dangers, but you forget them. You do not think of anything, in fact, but your passion. Out flies the ugly word like the steel bolts of a combination lock. You are shut away from your friend. You are shut in with misery. You try in vain: you cannot break out into the light.

These dark vaults of the spirit are on every hand. They are greatly varied in shape. The doors are often

concealed by flowering plants and we are inside before we realize our peril. But the lock is always there, and it is always automatic.

Of course, there are policemen. Of course, there are hospital doctors and safe experts and firemen. They will rush for you and do their best. You will hear them fumbling around outside, and tapping at the lock. They will call to you now and then. But still you will be in darkness, and the drowsiness of death will steal over you.

But there is One that knows the combination! There is One that can let you out of any prison vault of the spirit. Within every such vault is a telephone leading straight to Him. He will hear, and He will answer at once. Alas that so many remain back of the lock, and never summon Him to the rescue!

Typhoid Carriers.

(See "Typhoid Mary," page 372.)

The Journal of the American Medical Association reports a remarkable case of a typhoid-carrier. A typhoid-carrier is a person who, not being himself sick with typhoid fever, and being in excellent health, yet harbors in his body the germs of the dread disease, which he communicates to others.

In this case the typhoid-carrier is called Mr. A. He had typhoid fever, but recovered from it, moving into another State. Six months afterwards his three sons and his wife came down with the fever. An exigency caused a neighbor's family to stay in Mr. A's house, and soon the neighbor, his daughter, and his two sons had the fever. Mr. A's niece was in the habit of spending the week-end at his house, and she also had the fever. Mr. A's sister visited him and came down with typhoid. Mr. D took supper at Mr. A's and promptly went to the hospital with the fever. Two young men working at Mr. A's home contracted

the disease. The sister of Mrs. A and her son visited in the family and became victims. So the story continues, with visitors and neighbors and friends and acquaintances whom Mr. A visited—in all, twenty-one cases. Some of them died, and all of them suffered greatly.

Suspicions were naturally aroused, and microscopic examination showed that Mr. A was a typhoid-carrier. There was no other typhoid fever in the neighborhood except what Mr. A thus brought there, and the water supply of the town was found to be above suspicion. The case was clear.

It must have been horrible for Mr. A to discover how much sickness and death he had caused, and what possibilities of further harm he still carried around with him, but the physical ills he brought about were as nothing compared with the spiritual ills which many spread abroad unconsciously.

For there are unconscious carriers of the seeds of sin as well as of the seeds of bodily disease. The sin-carrier may have committed the sin in his youth, and, though he commits it no more outwardly, he still harbors the inner liking for it and tendency toward it. He is terribly likely, while thus unpurged of the inner reality of the sin, to set others to sinning after the same sort.

Perhaps the carrier of spiritual harm is a retailer of gossip and slander. He may be only careless (only!). He may not cherish a malicious or a hateful thought, but merely pass along the evil tidings out of empty garrulity or the desire to seem well-informed and to entertain or impress his hearer. But the seeds of evil are spread abroad as surely and as widely as if the sin-carrier were the most malicious person in the world.

Perhaps the carrier passes along the specious arguments of infidelity. He does not himself believe them, he does not expect his hearer to believe them,

but he likes to pose as a man of an open mind, he enjoys a hot debate and will take any side, and he wants to see what his auditor can say in response to the arguments. Thus many a seed of doubt is sown, which multiplies and becomes denial and despair and spiritual death!

Ah, better be a typhoid-carrier to the last minute of your life than be a sin-carrier for a single day! The typhoid-carrier transmits the direful germs by handling food or utensils. He can protect others by avoiding such handling. But the sin-carrier transmits the deadly evil by any chance word, by his every act, even by his bearing and by the expression of his face. His whole life becomes a fountain of disease.

It is possible for the system of a typhoid-carrier to be purged of the germs and rendered safe for the community; but always he will bear watching. Thus also let every one of us study his own heart, and make sure that the germs of evil are not lurking there without his knowledge. It is impossible to be too careful about our secret acts, our innermost feelings and impulses. For out of the heart are the issues of life; and not of your life only, but of the lives of all whom you happen to meet.

Look Out for Lions!

It was in Chicago. In a dimly lighted freight car in a railroad yard was a lions' cage, holding five young lions and their mother, Trilby. The animals belonged to an actress. They were supposed to be quite tame and harmless.

Two young men entered the cage boldly and without weapons of any kind. One was a young athlete who was the assistant of the owner of the lions, and, it is said, engaged to be married to her. The other was his assistant.

Accidentally, in the poorly lighted cage, the athlete was knocked down. Instantly the lion instinct was aroused. The six beasts flung themselves on the prostrate keeper, tore him to pieces, and began to devour his body. His assistant could not save him, and fled for his life.

In rushed the police, who wanted to shoot the lions at once; but the athlete's assistant dissuaded them, saying that the firing would rouse them to such a frenzy that they would burst through their cage as if it were paper.

It is easy to see, after the tragedy, how it might have been averted. The cage should have been well lighted. The two men should have carried weapons, and should have kept one hand upon them. Above all, they should have guarded against stumbling. But now it is too late for precautions.

Look out for lions! They may appear tame, but they never are tame. They may seem mere cubs, but the cub grows up. A lion is a lion, savageness incarnate. The wildness may be dormant, but the smell of blood or the sight of a man at their mercy will instantly wake it up. Never trust a lion.

"No," you say; "I am not such a fool."

Are you not? Look back over your life. Have you never raised the cub of a bad habit? A lion's cub is a fascinating pet. It is jolly in the extreme, a charming playmate. But look out!

Once an English officer, in Africa, I think, had such a pet. It grew slowly from day to day, and the officer still thought of it as a harmless cub. But one day he lay asleep, his hand over the side of his couch. Along came the young lion and began to lick the hand, playfully and affectionately. The rough tongue of the lion drew blood, and the taste of the blood awoke the cub's lionhood like a flash. With a

growl he seized the hand. The officer awoke, perceived in a startled instant what had happened, reached under his pillow with the other hand, and promptly shot his pet dead. The cub had become a lion.

That officer may have been cherishing the lion's cub of a bad habit. If so, lucky for him if he had a pistol at hand when the cub awoke to the meaning and power of fangs.

Look out for the lions of sin. There is no such thing as a tame lion. No one can afford to be on familiar, easy terms with a lion. When you deal with a lion, keep a revolver in your hand and your finger on the trigger. And never choose a lion for a pet.

SIN COMMUNICATED.

Disease-spreaders.

As I write, the country is in the grip of gripe. Hundreds of thousands of persons all over the land are suffering from the torturing plague. There are many deaths, especially of the aged and of those previously enfeebled by other diseases.

In some places laws have been made against expectoration in the streets, and against unsmothered sneezes and coughs, prolific sources of the gripe. On a single day 140 persons were taken into court in Greater New York under the anti-spitting ordinance, and fined from \$1 to \$5 each.

The ordinary person is abominably careless in the matter of spreading disease. We all know that colds are contagious, yet we go on sneezing and coughing in the midst of crowds, making no effort to cover it up. The result, in many cases, may be as terrible as the result of taking into a crowd a case of smallpox.

All this is bad enough, but still worse is men's carelessness in the transmission of spiritual plagues. They tell indecent stories. They show indecent pictures. They pass along

indecent books. They make a parade of infidelity. They do not try to check profanity. Diseased in soul, terribly diseased and well aware of it, they seem to enjoy communicating the taint to as many as possible. The spreader of grippe is a saint compared with such persons.

Can we ever enact laws against them? Can we ever bring them into court and fine them severely for each offense? Some day, perhaps, we shall do this, when we come to regard immortal souls as highly as perishable bodies. But whether men ever take this cognizance of the sin or not, there is a Court that will take account of it, and the fine will last for all eternity.

SIN'S CONTAGION.

"Typhoid Mary."

Mary Mallon is again back in quarantine. Who is Mary Mallon? She is "Typhoid Mary," the germ-carrier. She is not suffering with the dread disease, but wherever she goes she brings it. Her powers as a carrier of typhoid germs are so well known to the doctors that for the past three years she has been kept on North Brother Island, New York City, in strict quarantine. Released, she became a cook in the Sloane Hospital, New York. Promptly twenty-five women came down with typhoid fever, and two of them died. No wonder she was taken back to North Brother Island; the only wonder is that she was allowed to leave it.

Typhoid Mary should have our deep sympathy. Her plight is through no fault of her own. She is kept a prisoner, not because of her misdeeds, but for the safety of the public. She is an innocent menace.

There are other germ-carriers, however, that are not so innocent. There are persons who spread moral contagion wherever they go and are quite

unconscious of it, though they should not be.

One carries around with him an atmosphere of flippancy regarding the most serious subjects. He is full of jokes on the Bible, on missions, and ministers. He thinks he is a sincere Christian, and would be shocked if he could know what harm he does. But he should know.

Here is a moderate drinker. He is actually a moderate drinker. His physical and mental make-up is such that he can really "drink or let it alone." So he goes through life treating right and left, and sending upon the downward way scores of young fellows who have not his will power or his cool physical temperament, and who cannot, like him, "drink or let it alone."

Look around you and you will find, however small your circle of acquaintances, that it contains several "typhoid Marys" or "typhoid Johns." Would that they could be quarantined as effectively as Mary Mallon!

SIN FOUND OUT.

Chicken Detectives.

The Los Angeles *Times* tells how the strange actions of a lot of chickens led to the discovery of a supply of opium much wanted by the police. For days the police had been searching the neighborhood. They knew that someone there was selling opium, but could not find it. At last they noticed that some chickens in a certain yard were acting queerly, as if they were horribly sick. Two hens were scratching aimlessly at a half-buried can, and this can, the detectives found, was full of opium. The secret of the woman who owned the hens was out, and she was promptly arrested.

My brother! Chickens are scratching in every spot where you have buried a sin, to gloat over it in secret, to take hidden pleasure in it, and get

fancied gain from it. Chickens are stalking around, ready to cluck your secret to all passers-by. Chickens are silly-seeming birds, but they are shrewd in disclosing folly. "Murder will out" is a wise maxim. "Be sure your sin will find you out" is another one. No one is ever so fooled as the man who expects to cheat the Judge of all the earth.

Trapped!

A Boston shoplifter was caught in a comical way. He had stolen a muff in a department store, and ran with it to the escalators; but instead of boarding the one going down, in his haste he took the ascending stairway! He tried hard to run down, but was confronted by the ascending passengers, while all the time the merciless steps were rising. Finally, in spite of his frantic efforts, he was borne back to the head of the stairs again, where he found a policeman awaiting him!

This is a just picture of the difficult ways of sinners. They try to escape with their booty, but they find all the ways of providence running against them. Everything conspires to their discovery.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." The sinner is his own detective. If there is no policeman at hand, he will arrest himself. If the police-wagon is out of commission, he will run to the courtroom. Remorse is sterner than any judge, and a guilty conscience is more terrible than any prison.

Be certain of this: if you sin, the entire universe will become an escalator, going the wrong way!

SIN IN NOVEL SITUATIONS.

The White-pine Blister.

The white-pine blister rust, discovered in the Eastern States and Canada, will, unless it is speedily

exterminated, utterly destroy the chief timber tree of the northeast. Many foresters think that the danger from this forest enemy is as great as from the gypsy moth or the chestnut blight.

This disease occurs on white pines brought from Germany for replanting our forests. In Europe it is a very dangerous plant disease, and it may easily prove more dangerous still in this country. In general, a pest or a disease is far more virulent when transplanted than it is in its native home, because there it is kept down by many natural enemies that have not been developed in its new home. Such was the rabbit in Australia, and the English sparrow here, and the measles in the Pacific Islands. There is every reason why the States already attacked by the white-pine blister rust should be most active in fighting the intruder, and the States which it has not yet entered should maintain a vigilant outlook against it.

This botanical invasion is not unlike the experience of our country with imported frivolities, vices, and sins. French fashions are more abominable here than in Paris. German infidelity takes on here a worse virus than in its Fatherland. Russian anarchism goes to greater lengths in the United States than even in Russia. We need to remember this in framing our immigration laws. It is as important to examine carefully imported race stocks as imported tree stocks.

And, applying the same principle to ourselves, we need to watch our lives with extreme care whenever we are brought into new situations or novel employment, whenever the restraints of familiar surroundings are removed from us. At that time we must be on the watch most strictly; for we have no longer the safeguards of home, and our lower inclinations may more easily have free swing. There is a blister rust of the soul, and it flourishes best under unfamiliar skies.

SIN'S PERILS.

Fighting the Plague.

Some years ago that terrible disease, the Black Plague, got into California. Prompt measures were taken and there was no epidemic. There was one case of the plague in 1913, and another the following year. That is all; and yet the State and the nation continued hard at work for fear the disease might yet gain a foothold through the rats and squirrels that were still infected, and that might at any time pass it on to human beings.

In a single week, for example, 7,200 bits of poisoned food were placed in the Exposition grounds at San Francisco, and 1,800 elsewhere in the city; 200 rat-traps were set on wharves and vessels, and more than 1,000 squirrels were taken and from sixty to seventy rats.

A case of the plague was discovered in New Orleans a year before the present writing—none since; and yet, still, in a week recently twelve tons of coke and a ton of sulphur were burned to fumigate vessels, 6,000 rats were taken, and 11,000 premises were inspected. Nearly one hundred buildings in the city were torn down, and 96,000 were rat-proofed in the course of the campaign. In that one week 6,000 rats were received at the laboratory and only one was found to have the plague out of 1,800 examined. In all 500,000 rats were caught and 250,000 examined, only 250 of which had the plague; but those 250 were capable of terrible havoc.

In Honolulu there has been no human case of the plague since 1910, and yet 1,000 traps are set every day. It costs about twenty cents each to catch the rats, and still the work goes on. It means life or death to millions.

If men are so careful about a disease of the body which, at the most, can kill what is only temporary and

comparatively trivial, what should be our care against sin, that fearful disease which slays the immortal part of us and dooms us to endless death? Bad habits and evil social conditions are worse than all the plague-infected rats in the world, yet men do not get excited about them or set traps for them or spend much money in combating them. The main business of this life is to lift us up into the realm of the spirit and make us realize the power, beauty, and joy of holiness. How are we following the main business of life?

SINS UNSEEN.

Smokeless Powder.

One of the notable inventions in the grim series that was supposed to be making war so terrible that it would be impossible was smokeless powder. The old-fashioned powder was in one way a merciful device. It raised a tremendous cloud, so that each set of combatants was speedily prevented from seeing the other set through a thick veil of its own making. A blessed halt was necessary ever and anon, till the wind bore the clouds away.

But smokeless powder prevented all that. It kept the air clear, so that our side (for instance), having located the enemy, could fire away at them quite indefinitely without obscuring their own vision. And the enemy would have no smoke whereby to discover our batteries.

Now, however, comes the discovery that the flash of smokeless powder may be discerned easily through red glass, while the other features of the landscape are dimmed thereby. The commanding officers have now merely to arm their field-glasses with red screens, and they can point out the sharpshooters before they have done much damage. Thus are inventions balanced by inventions.

I am not much interested in the literal question of smokeless powder. Some day, I hope, the world will relegate all such matters to the dark ages of which they are the unworthy survivals. What I find of interest is the application of all this to the spiritual life.

For how often we think to use smokeless powder in our dealings with our fellow men! We shoot out against our neighbors thoughts of envy, of covetousness, of malice, and we think that no one sees; there is no smoke from that fire. We pass along a bit of gossip or a piece of slander; but it is smokeless powder we are using, and we are safe. No one will discover us. The ball will speed on its deadly way. Happiness will be slain, fortunes will be battered down, reputations will be torn to pieces by a bursting shell. But no one will suspect us. No one will spy us out.

Ah, there is One to whose vision smokeless powder is as plainly marked as powder that comes out and declares itself openly! There is a Captain on the field that knows all secrets, pierces all disguises, perceives all ambushes. There is no smokeless powder in the world of clear seeing where He dwells!

SINCERITY.

"Very Cordially Yours."

Many a letter ends with a white lie.

For example, shall we close an epistle with "Yours truly" when we are not his or hers, or when the letter or the relation between us and our correspondent has any element of untruth?

Shall we end the missive with "Very sincerely," if we have not been thoroughly sincere? Or with "Very cordially yours," if we do not feel cordial toward our correspondent? Or with "Heartily yours," if our letter is not hearty? Or even with "respectfully yours," if we do not entertain a

real respect for the person to whom we are writing?

In short, are these epistolary terminations wholly perfunctory, merely formal, so that we are not required to examine into their truth or falsity, but simply use the one that strikes our fancy, or is deemed to accord best with the dignity and station of our correspondent?

No!

If we do not feel affectionate, let us not say "Affectionately yours," even to a near relative.

Let us not write white lies with black ink.

I suppose we must end our letters some way, not to seem curt, but let us choose the way that is honest.

"Yours" will answer well enough, because no one attaches its literal meaning to it. "Your friend," if you *are* his friend. "Yours truly," if your letter is true (otherwise, the waste-basket!). "Yours sincerely," "Yours respectfully," "Yours lovingly," "Cordially yours," "Yours heartily," "Ever yours," "Yours with warm regard"—each of these as it exactly fits your feeling and your relation to your correspondent.

For nothing is too small to affect character, and an honest soul will send forth nothing that is dishonest, even through the post-office.

SLOTH.

Maimed by Laziness.

One day a revolting sight was to be seen in the Ohio State penitentiary. It was a convict, standing on a box in the blacksmith shop where hundreds of visitors passed by him during the daylight hours; and on his back and also on his front was a sign which read:

I CUT OFF MY FINGER TO GET OUT OF WORK.
--

That is just what he had done, and his punishment was to stand there, thus labeled, until his finger healed. He spent about six weeks in that position, a scorn and abomination to all who saw him; for who does not despise laziness—in other people?

And yet, as I read of the affair, I thought to myself, "How closely similar to what I see around me all the time!" The world is full of self-maimed finger-cutters.

For here is a young fellow, able-bodied, quick-witted, well-trained; and his family need the money he might earn. But when his entrance on some gainful occupation is suggested, "Oh, I never could do that!" says he. "That needs a smarter man than I am. My ability, such as I have, does not lie in that line." So he cuts off his finger to get out of work.

Yes, and here in the church is a Christian of social poise, mental vigor, and business success. Some work needs to be done. It may be the chairmanship of a committee that is vacant, or the Sunday-school needs a superintendent, or a new deacon is to be elected. Then ensues a spasm of modesty. With one slash of the depreciatory hatchet, off comes a digit. "I never *could* do that! Why, it would be impossible! It's altogether out of my line!" He has cut off his finger to get out of work.

The world is full of that sort of folk. They stay home from meetings, lest they be nominated to some office. They hide their access of wealth, lest subscription-papers find them out. They refuse to cultivate their powers of noble action because they are too sluggish to act. They are like the cowards of Civil War times who blew off their thumbs that they might not be drafted. They are like the Buck-eye convict who cut off his finger to get out of work.

Pah! how disgusting all this is—in other people!

SLOWNESS.

The Two Automobiles.

The Racer: Glad to meet you, friend. How many cylinders have you?

The Pacer: Six, which is ample for my purposes.

The Racer: I have twelve, and I go like the wind and as smooth as thought. How fast can you go?

The Pacer: My best point is my slowness. I can run less than two miles an hour on the high gear.

The Racer: Proud of your slowness! That is a new virtue in an automobile.

The Pacer: A very useful quality, for my owner has to drive frequently through the crowded streets of cities; and a car that will crawl along and not stop is just the car for him.

The Racer: But what does he do when he gets out into the country? Why, I could pass him without trying!

The Pacer: And he would let you without trying. He covers the ground fast enough to suit him, and what cares he how fast others may go?

The Racer: So it seems that slowness is sometimes as useful as speed.

The Pacer: Yes, and in many other matters besides automobiles.

SLUGGISHNESS.

The Foot-and-mouth Disease.

The terrible foot-and-mouth disease that swept over our country during one year meant an enormous loss in animal life and in money to the farmers and dealers, as well as to all that are concerned in any way with the side products of the great industry. Massachusetts was by no means a heavy loser compared with many States, and yet in this State before the disease could be conquered 2,104 head of cattle were killed, 5,703 swine, 77 sheep, and 11 goats. These were worth \$230,000, of which the national government paid half and the State

government half, while the farmers paid many a loss that could not be covered by any appropriation. This fearful slaughter of infected and exposed animals which went on all over the country, together with the strictest quarantine, was the only possible way of ending the plague.

I have been set to thinking about the foot-and-mouth disease to which men are subject. The foot—it will not go on God's errands; the mouth—it will not speak God's messages. Sloth is one cause. Fear is one cause. Selfishness is one cause. These must be slain in the heart before the disease can be conquered. No quarantine avails. Indeed, this strange disease is often made worse by isolation. Get out and go to work—that is the best cure.

Have you the foot-and-mouth disease in your church? Or perhaps you have it yourself.

What are you going to do about it?

SMOKING.

"Tobacco Helps Win Battles."

This was the heading of a newspaper article exploiting the work of an organization whose purpose was the furnishing of tobacco to the Allied armies during the Great War. More than \$1,000,000 was raised for this object, representing millions of packages of tobacco and cigarettes. This organization actually supplied to the soldiers more than 150,000,000 cigarettes and 300 tons of tobacco. As an adjunct to the Tobacco Trust it proved highly effective.

Does tobacco help win battles? We can easily see how a tobacco-poisoned system would be ill at ease without its accustomed drug; but no poison helps win battles, and nicotine is a deadly poison.

Tobacco loses battles. It has lost many a battle in the warfare of life, and it does its full share in the loss of

every battle where strength of heart, keenness of eye, clearness of brain, and bodily endurance are factors.

That newspaper heading was all wrong.

"The Health Pipe."

I saw it in the window of a tobacco store the other day, and I decided at once that it is a good thing. Since it is a good thing, I want to "push it along." I didn't stop to inquire of what material it is made, or what wonderful compound is to be smoked in it, or by what marvelous means it gets the poison out of the weed so that it can be sucked with safety into the human system. There are some things that are better off without an investigation, and probably the health pipe is one of them. At any rate, I shall take its claim for granted, and give it a puff. I am speaking metaphorically.

Doubtless the health pipe is so arranged as to make no smoke, because if it did, however good it might be for the health of the smoker, it could not be called a health pipe, because it would be bad for the health of everyone else. I, for instance, have never yet been able to remain for ten minutes in a tobacco-laden atmosphere without becoming sick, my head giddy and aching, my eyes smarting, the most distressing nausea. I know of many others,—men, and, of course, women, poor things!—that are troubled the same way.

Possibly the health pipe *does* emit smoke, but possesses some subtle influence over its owner, making him unselfish, and sending him off into some desert place to smoke by himself, and forcing him to air his clothes before he enters decent society again; but that is almost too much to imagine.

One would expect from the health pipe, as you will at once agree, results

precisely the opposite of those that attend the use of the ordinary pipe—the *unhealthy* pipe. The skin of the fortunate smoker will not become pale and sallow, but more brilliant. The head will cease to ache, and the brain power will be increased. The eyes will no longer be bloodshot, and the vision will actually be improved. The heart will not beat with less regularity, but will have a better tone. Indeed, the entire system, instead of being poisoned, will be fed and rejuvenated—by the health pipe.

Let us give it as presents to our mothers and sisters, our sweethearts and our wives. Let us introduce it into theological seminaries and kindergartens. Let us throw open all passenger cars to its use. Let us give the inventor a permanent patent, and call upon the pipe to canonize him.

Let's see; what would be a good name for the new saint?

"St. Humbugus"?

A Costly Pleasure.

Dufferin Terrace, Quebec's famous board-walk overlooking the St. Lawrence River, was a mass of black ruins, and so were some of the cottages on the cliff above the thoroughfare. It was an obstinate fire, and it took the fire department three hours to bring it under control. It was believed that the cause of the fire was a lighted cigar dropped under the terrace, setting fire to the wooden supports.

This was one more added to the enormous number of expensive fires started by cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. Many millions of dollars are lost to the world in this way every year, to say nothing of the increased cost of insurance caused by this hazard. Add the deaths of scores of persons and the total is a staggering charge against this costly pleasure.

Let us say nothing about the ruin of

health. Let us concede the doubtful privilege of ruining one's own physical apparatus. Let us admit that a man may with impunity befoul his own home atmosphere. Yet all considerations of public policy combine to urge the prohibition of smoking off one's own property.

I cannot, during the dry season, even burn a pile of dry leaves in my own back yard, still less take that pile into the park and burn it there; but I am at perfect liberty (if I choose, as I certainly do *not*) to light a fire on the street or in any public building, provided I put the dry leaves in my mouth and puff the abominable smoke into the face of every lady I meet. Such are the consistencies of civilized society.

Every such event as that in Quebec brings a little nearer the day when the non-smoking majority of the community will refuse longer to be injured and tyrannized over by the smoking minority. Property owners have rights which even cigarette fiends will ultimately be required to respect.

Pure Air and Life.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, for a long time urged upon the Senate the adoption of a resolution forbidding smoking during executive sessions of the Senate, and finally the resolution was adopted by unanimous vote, as it should have been.

Said Senator Tillman, speaking in favor of the resolution, "I am in danger of being driven out of the party and out of the Senate, for my very life depends upon pure air."

In this particular the Senator, so wonderfully restored after critical illness, does not differ from the rest of us, except in degree. Every pollution of the air we breathe shortens our life. The term, "vital breath," is no mere figure of speech.

Smokers, in forcing their tobacco-laden air upon all persons near them, are worse than public nuisances—they are public perils. Those that object to the proceeding object not so much to a disagreeable odor as to a health-destroying contamination. If we need pure-food laws, still more do we need pure-air laws; for the exercise of a little discretion will obtain pure food for us, but no amount of care short of a hermit's isolation will preserve one from the impure air of the smoker.

That law once laid by Christian Endeavorers before the Massachusetts Legislature forbidding smoking in public places was ridiculed by many unthinking persons. Even its friends were likely to make light of it. Every reform has met the same ridicule in its early days. It was once considered a part of individual liberty to throw into the street offal of all kinds. Once it was necessary in walking at night through the principal thoroughfares of many of the leading British cities to keep to the middle of the road, and even hold an umbrella over one's head, if one would not be covered with unmentionable outpourings from the upper floors of the houses. The time is coming when, just as we look back upon those days as unbelievable, we shall read with incredulity the statement that in the twentieth century men puffed tobacco-smoke freely into the faces of the men and women they might meet on the streets.

In this working age we all need to keep our bodies at their best, our faculties unimpaired. Let us banish smoking from all public places and go into universal executive session.

Twenty-five Billion Coffin-nails.

In 1916 the men and boys of this country (and, alas! some of the women) smoked no fewer than twenty-five billion cigarettes. In 1906 only four and

a half billions were smoked. More than a fivefold increase in five years! What an increase that means in sickness, weakness, failures, and physical, mental, and moral flabbiness! Cigarettes have justly been called "coffin-nails." The little white rolls of tobacco have nailed down the coffin-lid for millions of silly devotees.

Why is the consumption of cigarettes increasing at this enormous rate? I wish I could believe that it is because the use of pipes and cigars is decreasing, but anyone's experience and observation will show the contrary. It is because the cigarette, by its seeming innocence, makes millions of new tobacco-users, especially among the boys, and leads to ever-increasing indulgence on the part of confirmed smokers. So slight a thing, men think, cannot do much harm.

That is just where boys and men make a fatal error. The fever-laden mosquito can enter through a very small opening. A mere scratch in the skin may issue in deadly blood-poisoning. The small amount of tobacco, like the small amount of alcohol, is not only harmful in itself, but it fixes upon its victim a habit which is almost unbreakable, and which leads on to ruin. If any tobacco-user questions the power of the weed over his will, let him try to break that power.

There is need of an anti-tobacco crusade alongside of the anti-alcohol crusade. The forces of health and righteousness cannot afford to wait for the latter victory before they seek the former. Every year finds King Tobacco more firmly entrenched, his resources vaster, his followers more numerous, their chains more firmly riveted. Every year we delay makes the warfare more difficult. There is immediate need that the churches take determined action. The enemy's progress has been at the rate of 500 per cent in a decade. What has been ours?

SOCIAL INTERESTS.

Christian Camouflage.

I am much interested in accounts of a novel art practiced in war. It is called camouflage, and consists of painting objects so that they can hardly be distinguished from the landscape. For example, a soldier taking observations in a tree will wear garments painted skillfully to imitate the foliage of the tree. Army automobiles, ambulances, guns, and gun-carriages are painted with the colors of the forests, farm-lands, rocks, whatever is their background. What seems from a little distance to be a ruined brick building may be in reality a gigantic howitzer. What looks like a pine woods may be an extended aeroplane-shed. A dead horse lies in "no man's land" between the warring trenches, an object familiar to both sides. In the night a hollow painted model of the horse is substituted with a soldier inside who takes close observations of the enemy all day. Stumps are removed from the same location and painted stumps take their place as shelters for sharpshooters. Once, to fool the German air-men, several miles of roadway were painted on canvas and stretched across the country over the real road, so that beneath it troops and batteries could be moved to the battle-field unsuspected. This camouflage is an interesting and valuable art, by means of which some of the best artists of France have been "doing their bit."

As I read of all this, I wonder if there is not a Christian camouflage to be practiced by those of us who are in civil life, during the war and all through the days and years of coming peace.

It is wise for every worker to identify himself with the circumstances in which his lot is cast, the providential surroundings of his life. The teacher, preacher, lawyer, physician, editor, should throw their lives heartily into

the life of their village or city, and incorporate themselves with the interest around them. So should every farmer, every clerk, every housemaid, endeavor to "fit in" as well as possible, not alien to the community or shop or household in which they are at work, not toiling for dollars alone, not mere industrial hermits, but vital factors in their little corners of society.

This is Christian camouflage. By means of it one is protected against many a sharpshooter of the Devil's army,—against Pride, against Selfishness, against Loneliness, against False Ambition, against Ennui, against Hatred and Prejudice and Greed. Merged in the common good, the soul widens out to the whole commonwealth. It is a noble art of peace as well as a useful art of war.

SOCIETY.

Feed Them In!

An engineer who was having the tender of his locomotive filled with coal in a Michigan town the other day was horrified to see a man's body roll in with the coal. The man proved to be not dead but unconscious. Only an hour before he had been buried in a slide in the coal-pit, and fortunately the coal into which he fell was called for immediately. The man was resuscitated and will recover.

This is not true, however, of many of the millions of unfortunates who are fed into our modern social machinery. Fed into the trades that pay starvation wages. Fed into the sweatshops. Fed into greedy speculations. Fed into grinding toil and hopeless drudgery. Fed into ignorance and obscurity. Fed into superstition and blind hatred and sensuality and intemperance and infidelity.

They roll into our untender "tenders" with the coal. The locomotive of our progress moves swiftly. Feed them in, faster, faster! Sixty, eighty,

a hundred miles an hour! Speed it up; who cares, while human fuel is so plentiful and cheap?

The Unsafe Foundation.

A certain builder was erecting a house where it was necessary to drive piles into the sandy soil in order to get a proper foundation for the structure. These piles were all driven in the usual manner, but in one corner a quicksand was encountered into which the piles sunk with only a few blows of the pile-driver, and almost of their own weight. The builder frowned when he learned of it, but told the masons to go ahead with the foundation, "because," said he, "the greater weight of the building comes upon the other piles; it is lightest in that very corner."

So the building was completed, and looked very handsome.

But, alas! that particular corner, though, as the builder said, it carried the least weight of stone, since the edifice was lower there, yet soon came to carry the heaviest weight of contents. An immense safe was loaded upon it, together with massive office furniture. Immediately yawning cracks appeared, and the building began to settle dangerously. The occupants moved out in a panic. The structure was condemned, and it was necessary to tear down that corner and place beneath it, at a very great expense, a new and safe foundation.

Thus it is that weights and stresses shift in our social structure, and the only safety is to see that the whole foundation is strong and true.

SORROW.

Fiddle-Dee-Dee.

It was some time ago that I saw the advertisement, and in mentioning it I do not think I am advertising any play that is now being produced.

Though if I were, I do not believe the theaters would make much profit out of the advertisement!

It was a big wall poster of the play called "Fiddle-Dee-Dee"—whatever that play may be. I read only one line of the announcement, but that line stayed with me, for it was this: "Fiddle-Dee-Dee—a sorrow-dispeller."

The man who wrote that advertisement knew his business. He understood that what mankind wants more than anything else in this world is a good, reliable sorrow-dispeller. He knew that most folks would call the price of admission to his theater cheap if thereby they could have the use, though only for two hours, of a genuine sorrow-dispeller. And so he applied that term to "Fiddle-Dee-Dee."

Now I know nothing about the play "Fiddle-Dee-Dee." It may be no better or worse than the average of the plays performed in our American theaters. But I know that not the best play of them all—not even Shakespeare in the few instances in which Shakespeare appears on our American stage,—can honestly be advertised as a sorrow-dispeller.

There is no balm for sorrow in the mock representation of other folks' sorrows or joys. There is no panacea for grief in the sight of fifty painted ladies and gentlemen pretending, with more or less success, that they are fifty other ladies and gentlemen—or fools and villains, as the case may be—who died a century ago, or who never lived at all. Sorrow is a very real thing, and it is not to be dispelled by shams.

No; if you want a sorrow-dispeller, there is only one Book to which you can go, and that is not a book of plays. There is only one Person to whom you can go, and that is not Irving or Terry or—Sara Bernhardt. "Come unto Me, all ye that sorrow and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The rest that He gives is not such as the world

gives, in its theaters and ball-rooms. It is the rest that comes from noble labor. It is the surcease of sorrow that comes from dispelling the sorrow of others.

For there is only one medicine for grief, and that is the cup of sacrifice which Christ drank, and which in turn He hands to each of His willing disciples.

All other sorrow-dispellers are disappointments and shams. They are "Fiddle-Dee-Dees."

SORROW'S GAINS.

Subway to Elevated.

At a railway station where I often go there is in the platform a big, black hole. Over it is a sign, "Subway to the Street." You go down a flight of stone steps into a black tunnel. The tunnel bends and there is no hint of where it comes out, or that it ever does come out. But if you follow along the tunnel you speedily find yourself in a lovely, tree-bordered road, with a river on one side, and tennis grounds, and an elegant club-house.

In Boston it is still more striking; for there, if you want the "Elevated," you must go down into the subway. You must go far down beneath the street, and be whirled through a mile or so of tunnel before at length the car speeds up a long incline and out upon the trestlework, and you find yourself journeying along on a level with the chimneys. It was very damp and gloomy in the tunnel, but the change is instantaneous to fresh air and bright sunshine and wide views. Exhilaration and good cheer flash upon the soul as this transformation is wrought in your surroundings.

Thus often, in our journey through life, we must go down before we can go up; take the subway before we can reach the elevated. Down we must go into gloom and worry and depres-

sion of spirits, down into sickness and pain and peril, down into poverty, down into obscurity, down into loneliness, down into fear and doubt and profound misery.

But if our Guide goes with us in this descent, or if we call Him to us out of the depths, He will conduct us through the tunnel. Darkness will flash into sunshine, peril will become safety, turmoil will quiet into peace. Nothing in all the varied experiences of life is more glorious than this passing, under Christ's guidance, from the subway to the elevated.

SOUL INJURIES.

The Harm of Stone Bruises.

The United States has four million automobiles, which means more than sixteen million tires, probably at least twenty million. A very little carelessness in the use of these twenty million tires mounts up very soon to an incredible aggregate.

One of the commonest forms of carelessness results in what are known as stone bruises. These bruises are caused by hitting loose stones or fixed projecting stones while going at a high rate of speed, say from twenty-five miles an hour upward.

No cut or opening is made in the tread of the tire, no harm appears on the surface, but soon the motorist has a blowout while running, perhaps, over a perfectly smooth road. What has happened? The heavy car, moving rapidly, bumped over that stone with an impact equal to a hammer-stroke of about ten tons. The tire was bent inwards with great violence. It rebounded and almost instantly resumed its shape, but the inner fabric was broken. This break weakened the other layers of fabric, and soon the rent spread. Gradually a gap was made clear through to the inner tube, and the tire could do nothing but col-

lapse. That unnoted stone bruise was fatal.

It is like much that happens on the rough roads of life. We get many soul bumps, especially when we go too fast and too carelessly. Before we know it, our spirit is broken. "A broken heart," it used to be called. We have lost our old resiliency. The spiritual rent spreads. The integrity of our mental fabric has been ruptured. Our character is not the firm and gallant whole it once was. Then comes the break-down.

Temptation, unresisted, makes a stone bruise. Any sin into which we rush gives the soul a stone bruise. Pride, greed, envy, jealousy, hatred, all make stone bruises.

Ah, brother motorists, consider not merely the outer surface but the inner fabric! Go prudently and wisely over the cobblestones of life!

SPEECH.

Sidewalk Rubbish.

Caspar Careless kept a general store in Centerville. One day he swept a lot of dirt and miscellaneous rubbish from his store on to the sidewalk.

Along came Newton Neat, one of the street commissioners, and noticed the rubbish.

Entering the store, Mr. Neat accosted Mr. Careless. "Sweep up that stuff on the sidewalk," he said, "and put it in ash-barrels in your cellar. If you don't I'll have you arrested. There's a city ordinance against it."

Said Mr. Careless: "I am no worse than others. I have a dozen friends who sweep out their rubbish in the same way. With Jones it is complaints of poor health; his symptoms are tossed out wherever he is. With Brown it is profanity. With Robinson it is vile stories. With Smith it is gossip and slander. With Alexander it is business worries. With Symonds

it is family troubles. With Masters it is office quarrels. With——"

"Dry up!" commanded Commissioner Neat. "All that is merely mental rubbish, very different from the litter on your sidewalk."

"Not so very different," said Mr. Careless; "only worse."

But the commissioner summoned a policeman, and Casper Careless had to give up. My own opinion, however, is that his argument had something in it.

"Well, Be Good!"

The first time that I heard that slang form of farewell, "Well, be good!" I was startled. The words sounded like Sunday, the tone was of Friday. I have grown accustomed to it now, and am no longer astonished by it even when it appears in the fuller form which is perhaps the original form, "Be good to yourself!"

Is this a permanent addition to our stock of farewells? At any rate, it is better than "Ta-ta!" Anything is better than "Ta-ta!"

We have two lovely forms of adieu. "Farewell" itself is a prayer: "May things go well with you." "Good-by" is another prayer: "God be with you." But we have so few forms that we have imported the French "Adieu," for the sake of variety, and some of us would like to import the German "Auf wiedersehen," "Till we meet again" or "see each other again." Perhaps it will be well enough to add another to the collection, and "Be good!" will answer very well. It will supplement "Good-by"—"God be with you"; being good is the result of that.

But what I set out to say is this, that it behooves a thoughtful man not to use carelessly any form of speech, still less a form so often used as those of salutation and good-by. Let us know what we mean and say what we mean. Few things are more con-

ductive to mental honesty than a knowledge of the exact meaning of words. An instructed person, if he were absolutely sincere, would hardly be able to say "Good-by" other than reverently, and as for jerking out "Be good!" in a flippant adieu, he would as soon jerk out his tongue.

Am I too strict and old-fashioned?

Well, there is nothing more old-fashioned than truth, and truth is pretty good company to keep.

The President "Called Down."

President Wilson, making a long shot on a Washington golf-ground, incautiously sent a ball whizzing dangerously near the head of another player. This man, ignorant of the identity of the culprit, rebuked him in no measured terms; in the words of the reporters, "cussed him high and low." Without a word, the President left the links. The irate player was overwhelmed with confusion when he discovered whom he had abused, and sent President Wilson a most humble letter of apology, to which the President courteously replied that his correspondent was within his rights according to the rules of the game.

Doubtless both men received a lesson from the incident: next time the President will look before he makes his plays, and the other man will look before he makes his remarks.

Making an Impression.

You are making a carbon copy on your typewriter.

You are in a hurry.

You slap together the front paper, and the sheet of carbon paper, and the back paper.

You roll them all into the machine, and you begin to hammer away.

Tap, tap, tap, rattle, rattle, rattle, ting, ting, ting, one line, two lines,

half a page, a whole page, and you whirl the completed sheets from the machine with a gratified sigh. So much done.

But, alas! it isn't.

The back page is a beautiful blank, unsullied as when it entered the typewriter.

The front page is very much written upon, a neat copy on one side, and on the other a copy reversed, like Alice's looking-glass writing.

What has happened?

Few, in these days, need to be told. You put the carbon paper in wrong-side-to; that's all.

Such a mistake, absurd and provoking as it is, rendering necessary the wearisome duplication of the work, is nevertheless a pleasant affair compared with a like error in another sort of effort.

You are making a speech.

The speech impresses you very much. As you run off its neatly turned sentences, you purr to yourself, you pat yourself on the head. "Good boy!" you say to your inner consciousness. "Good boy! Not everyone could do that," you say.

And, of course, you want to impress your auditors.

In fact, you think you *are* impressing them. You haven't a doubt of it. When you are through, you look for that impression with the greatest confidence.

And you don't find it. Minds a perfect blank. Evidently couldn't tell a thing you have been saying. Evidently don't care, either.

You have been making all the impression on yourself. You have turned the carbon paper the wrong way.

Analyze this embarrassing occurrence, and you will find that you have been thinking of *yourself* in the process of preparing that speech, of *yourself* in the process of delivering it, and that, in fine, the usual attitude of your mind is inward rather than

outward. The carbon paper is turned toward yourself, and not outward, away from yourself.

Therefore, if you want to make an impression in the world, THINK OF THE OTHER FELLOW.

Stop, Thief!

Stop thief, before you steal any more of the time of the next speaker!

You are in full swing?

In the old days you would have swung for it; they hanged thieves then.

You haven't reached your main point?

The man who is to follow you hasn't reached his first point.

The audience wants you to go on?

Then they are *particeps criminis*. And only one man of the audience has any right to invite you to go on. And he isn't doing it. Not very much.

In justice to your subject, you really must make one more observation?

In justice to your successor, you really must stop right where you are.

You didn't realize that thirty minutes was so short?

Poor fellow! I suppose you have no watch, to practice by!

It isn't late, anyway?

But it will be late, by the time the next speaker gets through; and he isn't the last.

The next speaker can encroach on the time of his successor, as you are doing?

No, he can't. He happens to be an honest man.

The programme committee ought never to have given so big a subject (and, inter nos, so big a man!) so little time?

But you made the bargain, didn't you, and with your eyes open? No, sir! These excuses are empty folly, every one of them. What you are doing is stealing. S-t-e-a-l-i-n-g. Understand English, hey? Stop, thief! Not another word.

STOP!

Street-cars and Prayer Meetings.

The company which runs the Boston street-cars teaches its conductors proper enunciation. This Boston idea is appropriate to the modern Athens, but would be valued if transplanted to other cities. The instruction given applies as well to public speakers under all circumstances; for instance, in our prayer meetings. The directions say, for instance:

"Speak to someone.

"Speak to the one farthest away.

"Breathe before speaking.

"Keep the lungs and throat as open as possible when speaking.

"Keep the muscles of the face, the jaw, and the throat relaxed.

"Speak with decision from the front or tip of the tongue.

"Find the natural key to your voice.

"Study yourself, how you can speak most easily and pleasantly; and always face the person spoken to."

These suggestions are as good for the King's business as for the street-car business.

Right Side Up.

My fountain pen likes to talk. It is not easy to shut it up. It will talk in my hand to a sheet of paper as long as I will let it, and then, if I will permit, it will keep right on talking after it has left my hand.

You don't know what I mean? You would know if you had ever put your fountain pen away in your vest-pocket, or anywhere else, *upside down*. Every jerk of your body as you move is an invitation to the all-too-willing fluid, and out it pops, a little at a time. Take off the cap of the pen, and fie, what a sight! Ink everywhere—ink on the pen proper, and all around it, and filling the cap, and all over your hands, too, by that time; and you are lucky if it has not also got on your clothes and the carpet. That is what happens when you let gravity aid your

fountain pen to keep right on talking after you are through with its talk. That is what happens when you carry your fountain pen upside down.

I ought not to blame my fountain pen when it acts that way. I ought not to scold it or even look at it crossly, for it is so like its master! My mind is a fountain pen, you know,—a full reservoir of notions that want to express themselves; and the tip of my tongue is the nib of the pen. And—dear me!—how hard it is to carry my mind right side up! How hard it is to talk only when I ought to talk, and keep still when I ought to keep still! Sometimes I wake up to the fact that I have been carrying my mind upside down. My tongue, for no one knows how long, has been running on in an irresponsible fashion quite by itself. I have been spluttering out a mass of spiteful thoughts, and mischievous thoughts, and silly thoughts, and poisonous thoughts, and ignorant thoughts, and boastful thoughts. I am all covered with them, and I have spattered them all over the people around me. What a mess! That is what happens every time when I carry my mind upside down.

Fountain pens are fine contrivances. It is good to be able to write so easily without having to dip into the ink-bottle twice in a sentence. But there are disadvantages even in a fountain pen, and one disadvantage certainly springs from this very facility. When your old goose-quill was wiped dry and laid up on its support, you felt sure of it. Nothing more would be heard from it till you dipped it again in the inkwell. But no one can wipe a fountain pen dry. The more you wipe it, the better the ink flows. The only way to hush up a fountain pen is to turn it nib uppermost.

And what a wonderful faculty is speech! And what a faculty still more marvelous is thought! And how miraculous is our ability to think

and talk quite automatically, without being obliged to ponder every word and run to the dictionary for its meaning! What if it were as difficult to extract a thought as a tooth, and what if squeezing out words were as hard as squeezing a lemon!

Let us rejoice in our common mercies, and not the least in this readiness of thought and speech; but let us remember that the more powerful and facile the agent, the more carefully it should be watched and controlled. Let us keep a strong hand (as it were) on our tongues. When this fountain pen of our minds has said what it ought to say, and what we want it to say, let us turn it right-side up, nib determinedly away from the center of gravity, and let us keep it stoutly in that position until we are sure we have something more that really has to be said. For there is almost nothing a man can do that is quite so silly and mischievous as to set his tongue going, and then run off and leave it alone.

The Shutters That Would Not Shut Up.

Once the shutters on a certain window got an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and resolved to impress themselves upon the world.

They said, in the words of a famous orator, "We will be heard!"

And so they slammed, and banged, and pounded, and rattled, all day and all night, and many days and nights.

The owner of the house tinkered with their fastenings, but did not stop their noise. He stuffed newspapers back of them. He stuck slips of wood into their fastenings. He even, in despair, nailed them to the side of the house. Still they slammed and banged and pounded and rattled, all day and all night.

"We will be heard!" said the shutters. "We have a future! Perseverance wins!"

But at last the owner took the shut-

ters down and put them up attic. "I never used them on that window, anyway," said he.

Moral: Those whose only way to get a hearing is by their much speaking are not, in the end, heard at all.

When Nearly Dry.

However you may explain it, it's a fact that my fountain pen pours out the ink most freely when it is most nearly empty. Perhaps it is because then the ink has the most air behind it. Perhaps there's no vacuum holding it back, sucking it up into itself. I state that reason with becoming modesty, not being a physicist, even in elements. Correct me if you want to, wiseacres. Anyway, it's so.

The superior fluency of my pen at such times is frequently annoying to me, because those times so frequently occur. It has cost me many a blot, many a manuscript spoiled as to looks and occasionally as to thought. For, though one desires a certain fluency in a fountain pen, one does not want it to be *too* fluent; one does not want all its ink at once.

I am the last of men, however, to rebuke my fountain pen. For I do precisely the same thing.

When my head is nearest empty, that is, then my tongue runs the most freely!

The demons are in it; for you see I myself recognize the danger, and try, in my feeble way, to guard against it. I've got into too much trouble already from the tendency. I have no desire for another experience. And yet I am quite sure that the very next time I have thought least on the topic under discussion, and have observed least, and am least sure of my ground, and have, in short, the very least to add to the discussion, I shall plump in voluminously, a big flow of confident sentences, and the first thing I know there will be a perfectly ridiculous blot on

my reputation (if I have any) for common sense and good judgment.

So I'll not scold my fountain pen for the trick; at least, not yet.

Clean Fire.

Bituminous or "soft" coal is a very good thing, but when it is poorly burned it is a very bad thing.

The strike in the anthracite region greatly increased the use of it in Boston, until now the city burns annually more than a million tons.

The result is—ugh!—*smokel*

Not that Boston is a Pittsburgh yet, by any means. Our air is still breathable, and our buildings still give indications of their original color. Our parks are still open to the sunlight, and our suburbs have the blessed country air. Our pictures are not yet ruined, our books are not yet smirched, our window curtains are clean at the end of a day and even a week, and it is possible to wear a collar down street all day and look quite presentable on the way home at night.

How long this will last, however, no Bostonian knows, for the clouds are settling down upon us, and denser every year.

Therefore we are all praying our legislature to pass a certain measure. It requires the various boards of health to bring action whenever "dark smoke or dense gray smoke" is discharged from a Bostonian chimney, and it fines the owner of the offending chimney \$100 a week so long as the nuisance is maintained.

The fact of the matter is that smoke may be prevented, by proper firing, proper furnaces and chimneys, and the use of smoke-consumers. And, when smoke is prevented, it means a decided saving of fuel, every time.

And the moral? (You know I never talk without a moral—don't believe in it.)

Don't smokel

I don't mean that you should abstain from tobacco (yes, I do mean that, too!), but that you should live a life so ardent, clean, sufficing, that it shall not be a nuisance to the neighbors.

There are some folks, you know, that you cannot approach without becoming wrapped straightway in a dense, choking, acrid, gaseous cloud of their worries, their fears, their doubts, their animosities, their dislikes, their piques, their frets, their anxieties, their forebodings, their misanthropies, their weariness, their whinings, their trials, and their woes! You know the kind I mean. Don't be that kind.

And as for those disagreeable folks, we can't pass a law referring them to some spiritual board of health; but would they might be made to realize how much they are wasting, of time and strength and courage and character, in thus pouring out smoke instead of burning all their carbon in the furnace of a glowing faith!

An Anti-slang Society.

Is that California anti-slang society still in existence? I hope it is, and that many other societies of the same purpose have sprung from it.

Surely our country is the slangiest on the face of the earth. We are fairly free from the dialects that perplex the visitor to England, but our slang constitutes an outrageous dialect which varies within the narrowest limits, and changes incessantly. It is only by shrewd guesses that one can catch the drift of the conversation of many college boys and girls. Many of our newspapers and not a few of our popular novelists would be unintelligible to Dickens or Scott. It has become a matter of pride with innumerable persons, young and old, to rattle off the latest language enormities as if they were born to them. There is a new

lingo every year, and each is more absurd than the last.

Some slang, of course, out of this abominable mess is bound to survive into permanent English and even to become classic; but our language does not need enriching in this fantastic way, and gets more harm than good from it. The devotee of slang, indeed, speedily and surely loses his sense of good English. He ceases to value it, even to understand it. Correct usage sounds affected to him. He is out of his element when he is with slangless people. He has exiled himself from the society of the thoughtful and refined. He has become an intellectual sot.

Test yourself, and see whether this description applies to you or not. Doubtless you use slang; are you its master or its slave? Can you speak correct English with entire naturalness and comfort? Is it your meat and drink, and the slang only an occasional glass of soda-water? If not, then form an anti-slang society of one, and keep it in continuous session! Determine that you will be a follower of Benjamin Franklin rather than of Chimmie Fadden.

Stop Boring.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana once attended a Fourth-of-July celebration in Indianapolis where the orator spoke for three mortal hours and a half-hour thrown in for good measure.

Later in the day he was asked how he liked the oration.

"Well," answered Beveridge, "they have a saying in Adams County that I'd like to call to this orator's attention. The saying runs, 'When you've struck ile, stop boring.'"

That would be a tip-top motto to print in gold letters wherever men exhort their fellows,—yes, even above the pulpit, and certainly in the prayer-

meeting room, not to speak of the lecture-platform.

The orator's is a noble art, but he is responsible for a sad amount of suffering. He can uplift, but he can powerfully depress. He can exhilarate and cheer, but he can weary to the verge of frenzy. When he bores, he is a dreadful bore. Striking oil is sufficient warrant for it, but if he strikes oil and still continues to bore, he ought to be treated as oil-wells sometimes are treated; he ought to be—shot.

Someone is said to have invented a platform which can be depressed by marbles running in grooves from the seats of the listeners. As each listener comes to the conclusion that the speaker has talked long enough he quietly inserts his marble. When enough of these have accumulated a lever is moved by them, and the speaker swiftly disappears beneath the floor.

A grand contrivance! The climax of our inventive centuries! Put into operation, it would soon work a noble reform. In fear of the marbles every orator would soon become as considerate of his audience as is Senator Beveridge himself, and would earn the twentieth-century beatitude, "Blessed is he that speaks briefly, for he shall be invited to come again."

Advice from Mrs. Wickersham.

Mrs. George W. Wickersham, wife of a former Attorney-General of the United States, proposes some "don'ts" for the conversation of women. They are beautifully alliterative. Don't talk about

disease,
descendants,
domestics, and
dress.

There is a fifth "don't" which Mrs. Wickersham would doubtless have

added, if she could have brought it into her scheme of d's, namely,

gossip.

Certainly when women cease to discuss sickness and symptoms, their children, their "help," their dress, and their neighbors, the millennium will have arrived in full force.

A sarcastic editor asks what women are to talk about, if not these things? What else, he inquires, do they know about? Art? Theosophy? Philosophy? "No, no, madam; it is unthinkable. Let us cling to the things whereof we know."

I am more gallant; rather, I am more truthful. There are five topics for women's conversation which are the themes of the future, though no one would venture to say that they are the predominant themes of to-day. But women will grow into them, and that before long. And they are all allied to the topics which Mrs. Wickersham condemns.

Instead of disease, health. Women are the natural prophets of hygiene. They will come to talk eagerly about foods and food values, about the proper care of houses, about the avoidance of sickness by wise preventive measures.

Instead of petty anecdotes about their children, women will come to talk wisely and shrewdly about the best manner of educating them, the right course of studies, the true way to bring them up to manly and womanly maturity.

Instead of domestics, the whole range of social relations. Women's insight is sorely needed to solve the problems of labor and capital, which are difficulties of the heart more than of the head.

Instead of dress, the beautiful adornment of the home, the town, the community life. Women are the natural guardians of beauty, and in time they will turn their minds from the mere

adorning of themselves to the beautifying of the world.

Instead of gossip, politics. Politics in the widest sense, the sense of civic duties, of world-wide responsibilities. It is a fascinating field, which only few women as yet have entered. It is the field of growth, of power, of delight, of the larger life. As women enter it, they will for the first time receive with men their share of the inheritance of the world.

These are my "do's" to place alongside Mrs. Wickersham's "don'ts."

Oil That Spoils.

What is the purpose of lubricating-oil?

To save friction and the wear it causes, and so to increase speed and preserve machinery?

Yes, if you have the right sort of oil; no, if you haven't.

For instance, some *aéroplanes* were to fly from Amiens in France to Paris. One of the aviators was approached by some rascal with lubricating-oil to sell, and he bought a supply. He had enough without it, but gave some of it to two comrades. The latter used it on their motors and sailed off. Both of them were obliged soon to examine their motors, perceiving that something was wrong. They discovered them to be badly eaten and seriously damaged. A strong acid had been mixed with the oil.

It is fortunate that the trick was discovered in time to prevent an accident, with the loss of life quite certain to result.

Since reading this I have been thinking that there is another kind of oil that may be mixed with acid. I mean the oily words of praise and consolation and advice and alleged friendship that some folks present to us,—words that seem all right on the surface, but have eating acid in the heart of them.

You know just what I mean, for

you have suffered from it more than once: approval, to be sure, but sharpened by just a whiff of unjust criticism; advice, to be sure, but advice that depresses instead of inspiring; consolation, to be sure, but comforting that leaves us more disconsolate than before; friendship, to be sure, but friendship that, we feel, goes no deeper than the top layer.

O, it is such a joy to purchase, without money and without price, the gracious oil that is soothing all the way through, that preserves and lubricates, and sends us speeding on the way of life!

SPEECH OVERDONE.

Talking Folks Blind.

The late Sir John Blundell Maple, one of London's best business men, once told a very shrewd anecdote. A traveling salesman for a very promising novelty complained to him that he was not succeeding very well. "The machine," he said, "has wonderful points, but I cannot make people see them." Knowing the young man's weakness, Sir John replied, "How can you expect a customer to see your point, George, when you talk him blind?"

I have known more than one young man in business with everything else in his favor, but doomed to comparative failure because he never knew when to stop talking.

Some folks are slow-witted themselves, and think all others are equally slow in their mental processes. They need to go over a matter many times before it is clear to them, and they cannot understand how others can see a point at the first glance.

Some folks are in love with the sound of their own voices, admire their own readiness of speech, and go on talking for selfish joy in the performance, totally oblivious of the fact that the listener is terribly bored.

Say a thing and let it go—that is a good motto for all that seek to persuade others. If you see later that the first saying has not done its work, that it has not been understood or has been forgotten, then say it again in a different and perhaps a better way.

It is said that the most horrible torture ever invented is simply the constant falling of drops of water on a man's head. A torture quite analogous is the constant fall of monotonous words upon the ear, words to which you must listen, or pretend to listen, but words whose meaning you long ago comprehended fully.

We are not heard for our much speaking, on earth any more than in heaven.

SPEECH PLAGUES.

Deadly Dust.

A Londoner once made an estimate—it seemed to be made with care—and concluded that if the flying of dust in London streets could be prevented, or even measurably reduced, a million cases of sickness would be saved to the community every year, and ten thousand deaths, that would otherwise occur, would not occur. Estimated in money, that would be a saving, he reckoned, of at least fifty million dollars.

Now without debating those figures, I think we shall all agree—all, at least, who know anything about modern discoveries of disease germs and their prevalence in dust—that the almost constant assaults of this dust upon city people is one of the most serious menaces to life in our modern days. Consumptives, and those suffering from other diseases, expectorate in the street, and the following day the dried effluvia are borne on the lightest breeze into fifty lungs. Post-mortem examinations, conducted on a large scale in many cities, make it certain that few inhabitants of cities but have

had tuberculosis at some time, though most of them have been unconscious of it, and have had vitality enough to expel the dangerous intruders, and heal the wounds they have made.

But with the demolition of old buildings, the shaking of rugs, the crowding of cars and of public halls, and many other common operations of our cities, the unsanitary processes go merrily on. Until we wage war with dust and its allies, our campaign against the great white plague will be a succession of defeats.

But, important as all this is, I am not saying it primarily with a physiological or hygienic purpose. Other dust may be raised, as deadly as any that may be laid by a watering-cart; and the dust I mean cannot be laid by a watering-cart.

I mean the dust of spiritual friction, the dust of debate, the dust of unkind criticism, the dust of stinging sarcasm, the dust of malicious slander or thoughtless gossip. It all swarms with poisonous microbes. Rather than live in such dust, I would breathe my lungs full of air from a pest-house. It would be better for my bodily health, and far more comfortable to my soul.

There are those who are continually kicking up this dust. Avoid them as you would the plague.

And oh, live dustless lives yourselves! Move gently. Speak not raspingly. Judge not harshly. Pour oil on the dust that others raise. Live such a life, beloved, and we shall seek your presence as men go with parched and gasping lungs out of a fevered city, to breathe the pure and vivifying air of a mountain-top.

SPEED.

Slowly! Slowly!

The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court once settled a case in a way that pleased me very much. It was an action brought on

account of the death of a boy who was run over by an electric car. When the boy was on the track, the car, it was proved, was far enough away for the driver easily to check it and prevent the accident, but instead he put on more power and rushed toward him all the faster. In awarding damages of \$3,000, the court asserted strongly the right to the streets possessed by others than the street-car drivers. When a car is so far away that, if kept under control, a collision may be avoided, a man may cross in front of it without being guilty of contributory negligence. If this were not the law, during the "rush hours," when cars run closely together, the streets might well become legally impassable by pedestrians.

The beauty of this decision is that it offers a formidable protest to the hurrying of our times. "Slow up!" cries the judge. "Your pace determines the pace of others. Even if one had the right himself to take 'the pace that kills,' he has no right to force others to take it. An employer has no right to rush his clerks to death. A railroad has no right to make its men work seven days in the week. Neither has a newspaper. A congregation has no right to demand more from its preacher than a human constitution can stand. A school board has no right to pile upon its teachers labors that are beyond their strength. A parent has no right to drive his child through school and college at the expense of shrieking nerves. You may be seized by the electricity of ambition and of greed," cries the judge, "but common, plodding, sensible people have rights that even ambition is bound to respect. Whoa! On your peril, slow up!"

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

Steerage Living.

Every Atlantic liner consists of two worlds as far apart as heaven and hell.

One is the first-cabin passengers, the other is the steerage. One is clean, sunny, healthful; the other is filthy, dark, sickly. One is quiet and orderly; the other is a screaming, shouting, babbling pandemonium. One has a few beautiful and well-dressed children; the other swarms with children, dirty, crying, rolling over the floors, quarreling at the tops of their voices. One has the freedom of the wide horizons, the freshness of the sweet air, the spaces of broad decks for games and promenades and restful gazing and lounging; the other is cramped into packed tiers of humanity, where the air grows foul and deadly and the vision is smothered with misery. Nowhere on earth, I think, are the extremes of human fortune brought so closely together as on shipboard.

Yet let no one patronize the steerage from the promenade deck. Let it not be forgotten that Robert Louis Stevenson came over to America in that fashion. Not a steamer but may bring—*may*, you understand—some genius in the steerage that will quite eclipse the most brilliant luminary of the cabins and the "ship's concert."

In the main, it is not the fault of the steerage folks that they are in the steerage. Change the accident of birth, and most of the first cabin would be in the steerage, and most of the steerage would be in the first cabin. Some, to be sure, would overpower and transform any fortune, would sink from the highest or rise from the lowest; but most of men remain where they chance to be born.

Every shipload, however, is made up of two other worlds, and these also are as far apart as heaven and hell, and these are *not* conterminous with the first cabin and the steerage. I mean those whose souls are steerage souls and those whose souls are living in the first cabins.

If the physical contrast is great, this spiritual contrast is far greater. Some

will be found whose spirits range the broadest decks of the ship of life, command the widest horizons, commune with the loveliest visions. These are the true first-cabin passengers, though their bodies are in the steerage. And others will be found whose souls are wallowing in the dirty, cooped-up pen of greed and selfishness. These are the steerage passengers, though their bodies happen to occupy the finest staterooms on board.

Now it often is not within a man's choice, whether he shall ride first cabin, second cabin, or steerage. A thousand circumstances, or combinations of circumstances, will decide this for him. But it is within every man's power to lift his soul out of the steerage and place it on the promenade deck of the ship of life.

Are you, am I, a first-cabin passenger?

SPIRITUALITY.

Holding the Language.

A young professor was talking with me and giving his experiences in the University of Berlin. He had found considerable difficulty in learning German well enough to understand his teachers in the classroom; but he had been fortunate enough to get into a boarding-house where only German was spoken, so that his progress in the language was, in a sense, forced upon him.

He went to Germany with only college German, not at all sufficient for conversation; but in a few months he became able to speak and understand the language quite readily. He reserved Sunday for visiting his English-speaking friends, and upon that day alone he allowed himself to lapse again into his native tongue. He always found that on Monday he was unable to speak and understand German as well as before Sunday. By the next Saturday he would recover

his knowledge, but the Sunday interval of English always caused some of it to slip away.

I spoke to the professor of Hamerton's boy, who in early childhood, living in Scotland, understood Gaelic, but, being sent to the south of France, the lad picked up Provençal in three months so thoroughly that he not only forgot his Gaelic, but was absolutely unable to speak English, and could not talk with his father when he came on a visit. Later, removing to the north of France, the boy in a few weeks forgot all his Provençal and became able to speak nothing but French. Indeed, Hamerton contends that it is not possible for a person to speak perfectly more than one language at a time.

This consideration has set me to thinking about the language of heaven. For there is a language of heaven, spoken upon earth, quite distinct from any language of earth. It employs the words of earthly languages, but it is a different tongue, for the spirit is entirely different. It is to be heard sometimes in prayer meeting, but not in all prayer meetings. It is to be heard when aged saints hold converse with God in prayer. It is to be heard when two sincere and open Christians talk confidingly to each other out of their inmost hearts. When it is heard, it is perceived at once to be a new language, and a very beautiful one.

Is it possible to speak this language for part of the week, say on Sunday, and an earth-language for the rest of the week? Not to perfection. If anyone would speak it well, he must speak it all the time. He must allow it to drive out all other language. That is the preparation, and the only wise preparation, for speaking it in heaven.

STABILITY.

"Too Fond of Geography."

That phrase was let slip by one of our elevator men the other day. He

was describing a young fellow who had not succeeded in business because he never stuck to one thing long enough to succeed. He was "too fond of geography."

A bright way to put it. Geography is a fine science, a favorite study of mine, but not in that way. I am fond of travel, but I do not care to travel from one job to another. Most travel is educative and profitable; that kind is neither.

Stay put, young man! Take root in your situation! Shut your eyes to the glittering promise of "big chances," "advancing salary," and "possible partnership." Do not make a change from your present work unless you have the very best of reasons—no reasons but the very best.

Remember the wise proverb about the rolling stone. You do not want to gather moss? You would avoid being a mossback? Well, the kind of moss that this proverb means is dollars, and reputation, and friends, and all kinds of good success. You have no objection to gathering these things, I am sure.

Life is cumulative, when it is lived in one place and spent in one occupation. Every removal dissipates influence, and wastes experience, and loses momentum. Stop a cannon-ball, and even if you put it in a larger cannon than it was in before, it must begin all over again, with an entirely fresh charge of powder behind it. Change the direction of the ship, and you lessen its speed. Move, if you must—to another house, another town, another farm, another business. But count the necessity a misfortune; and if you are not obliged to move, be grateful for the opportunity of steady growth.

Gyroscopic Spirits.

A New York inventor, Elmer A. Sperry, and his son have made an in-

teresting application of the gyroscope to the *aéroplane*. The gyroscope is a heavy metallic disk rapidly rotated. It is the tendency of such a disk through the inertia of matter to remain in the plane in which it is rotating. The common top is an illustration of this. If the gyroscope is attached to some unstable vehicle, such as a steamship, it will impart to it much of its own stability. Already the application to the steamboat has been made to a slight extent, and to the one-rail locomotive. Now it has been applied to the most unstable of all vehicles, the air-ship.

Mr. Sperry's apparatus weighs only forty pounds, and measures about eighteen inches across by twelve inches high. It is driven by electricity generated by the engine of the *aéroplane*. There are two pairs of gyroscopes, one pair for stabilizing the elevating planes and the other pair for the lateral planes.

The results are marvelous. The air-ship is automatically balanced, though everything is done to throw it out of balance. The pilot may climb all over the *aéroplane* without disturbing its equilibrium. It is claimed that the contrivance renders the navigation of the air perfectly safe.

Ah, that is what we need in navigating our ship of life amid the dangerous eddies and currents and storms that attack it. We cannot find exterior stability; we must find it within. There is no safety except in a heart firmness that will not yield to the push of this and that temptation, to the many meddlesome calls and incitements that assail us.

And that is what religion does for a man. It emancipates him from the earth gravity that centers in self and places him under the control of higher impulses. To try to live a life without religion is to invite overturn, collapse, and death. To accept religion as a guide in life is to range through the

highest heavens of enjoyment, attainment, and achievement.

With this proviso, let us all become stabilizers.

Too Light.

It is easily possible to make an *aéroplane* too light. It will soar beautifully, perhaps, but it may collapse in mid-air, killing its occupant, as was the case with the lamented Delagrangé.

This Frenchman doubled the weight and power of his engine, but did not strengthen the frame of his air-ship. He got the swiftness he was after, but it was a swift destruction for him also.

Not lightness alone, but the proper curves and the proper arrangement of surfaces produce speed in this new science of air navigation. Some of the heaviest machines, such as the Wright brothers', do the best work. Here is one more case among many where safety need not be sacrificed to rapidity.

There is a life lesson here that is well worth learning, if anyone cares to take the trouble to think it out.

Be a Stabilizer.

President Wilson, addressing an important body of Methodists in a very strong speech, spoke of the invention of stabilizers for *aéroplanes*—contrivances for counteracting the gusts of wind and the irregular air-currents and keeping the air-ship on an even keel. Such stabilizers, he said, are the stanch, conservative body of church people who keep affairs moving steadily while certain folks—fortunately "light-weights"—try to rock the boat.

Now, to be a stabilizer one must not be sluggish, for a stabilizer must be quick to adapt itself to every changing need. One must be sensitive as well as sensible. One must be courageous as well as calm. A stabilizer often has to rebuke the excitable mischief-makers.

The Problem of Smokeless Powder.

Smokeless powder has revolutionized the art of gunnery. It has done this not only because of the absence of smoke, thus enabling the gunner to see his target clearly and constantly, but its enormous power has greatly increased the range of our guns and the accuracy with which they may be fired, and the effect of the impact when they hit the mark at which they are aimed.

But all of this has not come about without disadvantages. A modern man-of-war is about as dangerous to its occupants in time of peace as in the midst of a battle. More than one great war-ship during recent years has been blown up by the stupendous explosion of its powder magazine. The terrible accidents that have occurred in target practice in our own navy are familiar to all.

The fact is that this new agent of destruction, smokeless powder, is a chemical compound in a state of unstable equilibrium. Heat is certain to decompose it, with the result of a disastrous explosion. But often when it is kept very cold the elements of which it is formed are liable to separate, with the same terrible result. It is possible to keep the magazines cold by means of refrigerator plants supplying air at a very low temperature, but this chemical decomposition has not yet been remedied, though very likely some day it will be.

What is wanted in all kinds of warfare is a powder that combines great energy with great stability.

In all kinds of warfare, I say; for in men, as in this tremendous but risky form of matter, those that possess great strength and force are only too often in a state of unstable equilibrium. They are liable to "go off" at wrong

times, and when there is no enemy in sight. They do not "keep cool." Their impulsive, unexpected explosions scatter about them a mass of wreckage which, though it is spirit and not matter, is quite as ruinous as any that ever littered the decks of a war-ship.

Sometimes—for the secret has been found in men though not in things—sometimes we see great spiritual force united with great spiritual stability. And then we have a man to whom the world bows down.

STANDARDS.

Standards That Need Standardizing.

They have discovered that even the British standard weights and measures, to which all other weights and measures in the empire must correspond, are themselves changing.

It is a very slight change, to be sure, but it is an observable one. The standard yard, for example, has shrunk at Greenwich 43 millionths of an inch; at the Standard Department, 215 millionths; and the other two copies have also shrunk. They are made of bronze alloy, and the greatest pains is taken to preserve them. In the same way the standard pound proves to vary.

Though science may boast over religion, religion may justly retaliate many times. The standards of religion never vary. For three thousand years the Ten Commandments have not shrunk. Christ's words are as accurate measure of perfection now as when they were uttered. While all things else are shifting, spiritual truth alone endures.

STEADINESS.

Cooling Parts.

Electric fans have added enormously to the comfort of humanity. When

we fan ourselves, the exertion makes us hot as fast as the fan makes us cool; but when someone else fans us, especially when the servant is tireless electricity,—ah!

In theaters they have even gone so far as to ice the air, great roomfuls of it at once, and the devotees of the play may easily believe themselves on top of Pike's Peak, surrounded by July snow.

They are going to do that sort of thing more and more, for it is easy and inexpensive. The stores are going to do it next, and we shall see the signs so blissful in August: "Arctic Emporium!" "Blizzard Bazaar!" "The Ice Palace! 42° or less guaranteed!" Then the great office buildings will have to come to it, after the pioneer, the forty-story Cooley Building, has set the pace. Our homes will next become refrigerators, and perhaps even our churches.

But it was not of the literal fact that I wanted to speak.

Brethren, maintain a steady temperature in the soul! Get a bracing spiritual atmosphere even in dog-days! Cool off!

If artificial refrigeration is possible in material affairs, why not in the affairs of the mind? If the summer enervation of the body can be counteracted, why not the enervation of the soul? If they can have cooling plants in theaters, why not in hearts?

An even temper, steady industry, level purposes, no fluctuations of will, 20° below zero to-day, 90° in the shade to-morrow,—this is possible even for the impulsive and the moody. If you are cold and torpid, heat up! If you are relaxed with the heat, wilted, dispirited, brace up! God has furnaces of the soul, but He has also cooling plants, charged with breezes fresh from His seas and mountains. Turn on the current and put yourself in the way of it.

A Safe Average.

A railroad curve is usually laid on the arc of a circle, though recently they have begun to place the rails along parabolic curves. Now of course, as every boy knows, the outer rail must be laid higher than the inner rail, or the train would run off the track in rounding the curve. The sharper the curve, the higher the outer rail.

But also,—and here's the point new to me,—the faster the trains are to run, the higher must be the outer rail. If a curve is laid for a maximum of sixty miles an hour, a train running at seventy miles would shoot off that curve into the ditch. On the other hand, if the curve is laid for an average of fifty miles an hour, then a train going twenty miles an hour on that track would grind the flanges off its wheels.

In other words, to run engines and cars economically and safely, you must keep them pretty steadily at the average rate of speed for which the road was constructed.

Now I understand certain passages in my life. Certain times when I tried to go too fast, and landed in the ditch of a physical breakdown. Certain times when—but no; I never went too slow; no one ever does, now-a-days.

I guess I'll learn for what speed my life-railroad was constructed. Not a hundred miles an hour, I have discovered already. I guess I'll see just how much I should let up on the pace, with cheerful recreation and serene rest. I guess I'll fall into the steady gait God meant for me when He put together the machinery of my body and laid the rails of my circumstances. I may not make a record, but I'll keep on the track, and I'll reach the terminal on schedule time.

Overlying Letters.

The bar typewriter, which is the commonest kind, is able to print one

letter on top of another. This is done when an overhasty or clumsy operator depresses the keys without the proper interval between them. The result is that such words are rendered illegible, and must be guessed from their context.

Thus also in making our life-record we are liable, in our hurry and awkwardness, to make one impression on top of another and spoil the sentences we are trying to write.

"Make haste slowly" is a wise old rule, never more needed than to-day. "Without haste, without rest" is Goethe's version. Press the keys swiftly, but with an ordered steadiness. Keep your head, and your fingers. Be zealous, but calm. Seek not only to make a record, but to make a record that can be read.

Twelve-cylinder Lives.

My automobile has four cylinders. It is not an aristocrat of six cylinders, a nabob of eight, or a super-nabob of twelve; it is just a plain, ordinary, four-cylinder affair. This is the way the four cylinders work.

The cylinder is the part of the engine in which the pistons move back and forth very rapidly, pushing the motor as they move so that it whirls at the rate of perhaps three hundred revolutions a minute. The pistons are caused to move by explosions of a vapor of mixed air and gasoline.

Just after a charge of gas spray, properly mixed with air, has been delivered into the chamber of the cylinder, the piston plunges down on it and thus compresses it. Just as the compression is at the maximum, the electric apparatus delivers a spark in the chamber, and explodes the compressed air and gas vapor, driving the piston back, and turning the motor, which revolves the shaft, which in turn revolves the wheels of the automobile. Next the piston returns,

driving out the products of the explosion and clearing the chamber for a new charge. Then the piston draws back, the new charge of gas and air enters, the piston returns and compresses it, the spark explodes it, and so the series continues as long as the automobile is running.

If you have followed the course of events, you see that the piston has made four movements—two backward and two forward, though only one of these movements has produced motion in the car. The other movements were to allow the chamber to be charged, to compress the charge, and to drive out the exploded gas and air.

Here now is the use of the four cylinders; for the engine is ingeniously contrived so that while one piston is being driven by the explosion, the second is withdrawing for the charge, the third is compressing the charge, and the fourth is expelling the waste gas and air. Thus, at all times, one of the four cylinders is delivering power to the wheels, and so the explosions are nearly continuous, imitating as well as a four-cylinder gasoline engine can, the steady flow of power from steam expansion or from electricity.

It is plain that the more cylinders you can bring into operation in one cycle of the engine, the more rapidly you will give the impulses of power, and the less jerk will be perceptible in the engine. Hence the value of the six-cylinder, and of the more recent eight-cylinder and twelve-cylinder engines. The more cylinders you have in operation, the less likely are you to stall the engine. The makers of these engines talk of a flow of power, quite as if they were dealing with steam or electricity. There is so little vibration in one of these engines, that while the car is standing still, a lead pencil will stand upright on the mud guard.

The more I think about this matter of cylinders, the more earnestly do I

wish my own life to be an affair of eight cylinders or even of twelve cylinders. There is my mental cylinder, doing something all the time, even while I sleep. There is my physical cylinder, my bodily powers, now active, now resting. There is my social cylinder, my intercourse with my friends and acquaintances and business associates. There is my spiritual cylinder, my communion with God. These are the fundamentals of life, just as the four-cylinder engine is the fundamental automobile type.

But how jerkily these four cylinders work in many lives! Long intervals between thinking—real thinking; long intervals between prayers—real praying; long intervals between exercise—real exercise; and long intervals between the acts of social intercourse—really helpful association with one's friends. No constant flow of influence, no steady outgoing of self, but, instead, a life of endless jerks, first to one thing and then to another, and something always left undone.

This is not what might be, what should be. I can "pray without ceasing." I can keep my body always in good condition. I can have my mind always thought-filled. I always can be kindly and loving and practically helpful. I can so bring to bear all the impulses of my being, that there shall be no jar, no jerk, but life shall flow like the river of God.

STEWARDSHIP.

"Paid in Advance."

Miss Grace Dodge, that noble woman whose life of self-sacrifice was a constant example to all of us and especially to those who, like her, are rich, once uttered these fine words: "Those who inherit wealth are paid in advance for the service they are expected to render to mankind."

The truth that is involved in that sentence would end every strike, would

remove the friction between labor and capital, and would diminish some of the sorest ills of the world. If rich men would only heed it, they would add immeasurably to their own happiness and to the welfare of others.

For there is no doubt of the debt in which the rich who inherit their wealth are placed. Say what you will with regard to the sorrows of the wealthy, there are few philosophers but would gladly change places with them. They have their share, to be sure, of the common ills of life. They are not exempt from death. Sickness visits them occasionally. Ingratitude, bitterness, doubt, temptation, poison their lives. But it is easier to be good when one has an assured income, and the ability to command the most skillful physicians and nurses and the most comfortable surroundings for our loved ones when they are sick is a priceless blessing. Yes, money, to say the least, is not an unmixed curse; it has its alleviations!

The man who has obtained his wealth through some great benefaction to mankind, as Edison has obtained his, for instance, has earned the many gratifications that it gives; but those that merely inherit wealth cannot be said to have earned it. They have it by the mere accident of birth. They have still to earn it. They are paid in advance. The chance happening that they have an assured income does not in the least release them from the moral duty of serving the world with the best that is in them and of them. Every year the rich folks are coming to see this more clearly.

And now who are the rich? For I'll warrant that every one of my readers is slapping his knees and saying "Good! Good! That just hits them!" Hits *them*? It hits *you*. For there is probably not one of the well-to-do, comfortable people who will use this cyclopedia of illustrations but is looked

up to as rich by someone, and doubtless by many someones. "Why," said a neighbor of mine once to me, "I can go to the Thingumbob Club and get lunch for only so much," and he named a sum precisely three times the limit I set for my usual midday repast. He does not call himself a rich man, and, as wealth goes nowadays, I suppose he is not rich; but he is rich to me. And I am rich to many others. And they, in turn, are rich to many more.

It is as true of you as it is of young Vanderbilt or young Rockefeller that what you inherit—of money, or ability, or opportunity—pays you in advance for the service you are expected to render to mankind. Are you paying your debts? Are you planning and preparing to pay them? Or are you satisfied with being a miserable bankrupt, heels over head in debt to the world? In the matter of a dollar or a million dollars, friends, let's be honest!

From the People to the People.

In presenting to the University of Minnesota the princely gift of two million dollars for medical education the eminent surgeon, Dr. William J. Mayo, said, "The money came from the people, and we feel it should return to the people."

The principle then expressed applies to all who have received conspicuous overflowing rewards from the exercise of talents which are above the ordinary. Those talents were given them freely by the Creator. They should be used freely for His creatures. The excess of returns is also to be used freely, as a sacred trust. The principle, scarcely recognized till recent years, is coming rapidly to be received and acted upon. Nor does it apply only to great talents and vast rewards, but, in due proportion, to the smaller abilities and fortunes of every child of God.

STRENGTH.**For a Whole Spine.**

In a Philadelphia hospital a wonderful operation was performed upon a young woman's spine. A spinal disorder prevented her holding up her head. The surgeons cut away the faulty bone and tissue of the spine, and gradually substituted fragments of bone cut from her arm and legs. The entire work occupied five weeks. Then the patient was in condition to be removed to her home, and it is announced that a complete cure has been effected.

What a blessing it would be if this triumph of surgery could be duplicated in the realm of the soul! There are so many whose spiritual spines are diseased and weak! There are so many who can hold up their physical heads, but the heads of their spirits are hanging down, flabby, discouraged, cowardly!

Oh, for the transplantation of stoutness from some sturdier soul! Oh, could a few chunks of courage be taken over from some hero! Oh, could some infallible process stiffen these moral backbones, and cause these weaklings to hold up their heads and look the world in the eye!

And I rather think it can be done. I believe this is an operation precisely to the liking of the Good Physician, the great Surgeon of all defects. I believe that Jesus Christ, and He alone, can put stamina into moral backbone and lift up the drooping heads. And the operation need not take five weeks, or five minutes.

STUDY.**Students Forever.**

Ex-Governor Haines of Maine, after leaving the governor's chair, returned to college. He graduated in 1876 from the University of Maine, but, after his governorship, returned to

take a graduate course. For years he had been a trustee of the university and president of the alumni association; then he became for a second time a student.

That is the way with all wise men—they are students forever. Few return to college in person, but all are there in spirit every day of their lives. They never feel that they "know it all." On the contrary, their humility and their sense of ignorance grow as their knowledge increases. The more they know, the more eager are they for deeper understanding.

Books, lectures, substantial study—if a man has got beyond these his education is "finished" indeed, and his progress is finished at that same point.

SUBMISSION.**"Throw Up Your Hands."**

I have been reading a story of Col. A. H. Egan, of Memphis, Tenn. He was accosted by a highwayman. "Throw up your hands," said the gentleman of the road. "How's that?" inquired the colonel. He dropped his valise and package, jumped for the revolver, tore it away, and at the same time seized his assailant by the throat. The fellow turned and ran, while Colonel Egan fired after him with the captured weapon.

Soon afterward the police brought in a nineteen-year-old who confessed that he was the would-be robber, and declared that it was his first attempt at crime. Colonel Egan, who is a railroad superintendent, talked quietly with the young man and persuaded him to try a more peaceful life. He got the judge to let him off, employed him on his own railway, and the two are now firm friends.

But suppose that dime-novel chap had directed his first effort toward someone with less backbone than Colonel Egan, someone who would

weakly hand over his purse and watch and let the robber get away. He would probably have become fixed in a life of crime. For his own sake, of course, but especially for the young man's sake, it was indeed fortunate that the colonel threw his hands out rather than up.

Most men throw up their hands far too readily. They are assailed by corrupt politicians, by social alarmists, by blackmailing slanderers, by legislative and municipal grafters, by neighborhood nuisances, by lazy vagabonds, by blustering bullies, by empty and pompous debaters. "Throw up your hands!" shout all these highwaymen; and up go their obedient hands, the hands of their purses, their minds, their very souls.

Fie, fie! Let's all go to Memphis, and take a lesson from the Tennessee colonel.

SUCCESS.

Put in a New Ribbon.

I remember at one time I sent off a manuscript to a certain editor, and was very much chagrined when it was returned with the curt message, "You need a new typewriter ribbon."

I looked at the manuscript. It did not look very dim. I could read it readily enough. You see, as my ink ribbon wore out, my eyes had gradually grown accustomed to the increasing faintness of the print, and I had made no comparisons.

However, the hint was too plain to be neglected, so at once I procured a new ribbon, and made a copy of my manuscript. Ah, when I set the second manuscript alongside the first, what a difference! The one was sharp and clear in every word. It was an easy pleasure to read it. The other was dull, blurred, weak, and feeble, and every line made the eyes ache. Probably that editor had not read a page, and I did not blame him. I do

not know what was the fate of that particular manuscript, but I do not doubt that the experience was instrumental in selling many a manuscript for me in after days, for never since then have I sent out an indistinct piece of copy.

And, by the way, brother, sister, this is what may be the matter with your life; it may need a new ribbon. Things have moved slowly with you. Rejections have been the rule, and acceptances the exception. The balance has been on the wrong side of the ledger. You cannot see that anything is different from the usual, and yet something evidently is. You probably need a new ribbon.

That is, you need new impressions. You need a fresh start. You need to throw into the waste-basket the old worn-out ideas and notions and plans on which you have been hammering away so long. You need to go out into the world and get a fresh supply. Those old ideas look as if they had much more wear in them yet. It always goes against the grain to throw away a typewriter ribbon. But the copy is growing dull, and you are losing your grip on the editors. What is a ribbon compared to that?

Indeed, I believe that, though no single word can sum up the complicated secret of success, there is one word that comes nearer to it than any other, and that word is

UNHACKNEYED.

The Key and the Lock.

Van Sickles fumbled at the lock of his office door. It was a new office, in a new building. He had not had occasion to try his key before. Always, hitherto, his secretary had opened it; but this morning he was there before her.

In went the key, and around it went. Van Sickles could hear the bolt move back. But the door did not open.

Van Sickles tried again, carefully. The same result.

Then he shook the door, applied the key with extreme care, holding his ear close to make sure it was working. Then he gave a mighty pull. No use. Door as solid as iron.

Van Sickles got mad. He took the key out and glared at it. He thrust it fiercely into the lock and turned it with all his might, using the key-ring for a lever. The obstinate door remained unmoved. Its panels seemed to grin.

Then Van Sickles did it all again.

And again.

Then he went for the janitor, whom he found eight stories below, helping a new tenant move in.

The janitor came up, quietly inserted the key, turned it, then turned it in the opposite direction, and the door stood calmly open.

There were two bolts, and the key operated them successively, with a right thrust and then a left one.

Moral: If the door of success will not open with a turn in one direction, try something in another direction. There is a way.

Making Good.

Among the last words of the lamented Governor Johnson of Minnesota were these, "I just tried to make good."

That the noble governor did more than try, that he made good, is the testimony of the entire nation. He was a brave, sincere, and able executive of a great State, and that under circumstances of birth and hardship that made the achievement an especially noble triumph. Such a life "makes good" in many ways.

What is the implication of this often heard but recently invented phrase, "make good"?

Well, probably the central thought is that expectations are fixed upon us,

and that we are to make *them* good. Our note, as it were, has been given to destiny, and we are not to default payment.

This is true of every one of us, however lonely. Our mother has expectations—how fond and pure!—concerning us. Or it may be our sister, or our wife, or our brother, or our father, or our child, or our friend.

We may be without a relative in the world, and think we are without a friend, but we have dear ones "over yonder" who are following our lives with loving concern, and they have expectations for us which we are to "make good."

Above all, there is our Creator and our Saviour, our infinite Friend, our Elder Brother, our Father in heaven. What hopes He entertains for His child! What sacrifices He has made! What help He holds out!

"Make good"? With all these incentives who should not "make good"?

How Brakemen Call.

It is great fun on "my" railroad,—that is, the road enriched by my daily twenty cents, to notice the different ways the different brakemen take of calling out the stations reached, or next to be reached. Some will wait till the very last minute, when, amid the final jar of the cars as the engine slackens its speed, they will throw open the door and bawl out, "Cogefum" for "Cottage Farm," or "Nunvul" for "Newtonville." When the train takes up its course again, they slam the door with another fierce scream, "Nestay Aundle," which, being interpreted, is, "Next station, Auburndale."

Some brakemen are evidently in the last stages of consumption, and feebly whisper their announcements. Some are thick-tongued, and put unavailing vigor into what might just as well be Choctaw. Some drawl out their calls as if they were pulling a long rope of

molasses candy. Some clip off their calls as if every word were cayenne pepper.

There is one brakeman on my road, however, that delights my heart whenever I am fortunate enough to catch his train. He closes the door quietly, advances into the middle of the car, and sings out cheerfully and with perfect distinctness, "The next station is Allston." This having been accomplished, he retires with great dignity.

Every time this happens I feel like getting up and saying to the young men in the car: "Gentlemen, there has just been enacted before you a parable of success. That brakeman is not afraid to do more than his duty. He magnifies his office, and I shall be greatly surprised if his office does not magnify him. He ought to be a conductor right away, and, as soon thereafter as possible, superintendent of the road. Yes, he ought. He does more than the contract calls for. He gives good measure, pressed down and running over. He takes pride in his work. He rounds off the corners and putties up the cracks. Be such a clerk, young man, as he is a brakeman, or such a typesetter, or bookkeeper, or teacher, or stenographer, or what not, and success is yours. Be——"

But before that sentence, probably, they would have put me off the train.

The Gibson Girl.

They have been interviewing the popular artist—perhaps the most popular of all our artists, C. D. Gibson. In the course of the conversation he well-nigh disowned the famous Gibson girl, that lovely creation of his which has been the model for live American young women ever since.

Mr. Gibson declines to be associated with one type. He has portrayed many and varied types of character, and not a few of them are better done than the Gibson girl. The artist com-

pared himself to Sir Conan Doyle, whom the public persistently regards as a writer of detective stories, though he has done much finer work than that.

But the Gibson girl came first, before Mr. Pipp and the rest of his discoveries, so that the artist became associated with that independent piece of femininity, and will doubtless be attached to her apron strings (*does she ever wear an apron?*) to the end of his days.

Mr. Gibson drew a general conclusion: "Success," he said, "early in the career of any person is apt to be a misfortune, and is an all-but-insurmountable obstacle for such a person to overcome." It binds Bret Harte to his Heathen Chinese and Gibson to his Gibson girl.

So let us be satisfied to make haste slowly. Let us be content to develop our abilities broadly and surely, widening our influence in a circle and not shooting it forth in a straight line. Let us be glad when Providence compels us to live all-around lives.

Physiognomical Hair-cutting.

In the narrow street back of my office—it is more an alley than a street—is an Italian barber-shop. Five or six enterprising sons of Italy are always smilingly on hand in the sub-sidewalk room; and they do good work, for I have tried them.

But what pleases me especially is the sign outside. It is a very neat sign, and it reads, "Physiognomical Hair-cutting."

I suppose that means hair-cutting to fit the face. Not the same kind of hair-cutting for the long-faced man and the round-faced man. A gloomy sort of hair-cut for the solemn-faced man. A cheery sort of hair-cut for the joker, with a mustache, if he has one, comically turned up at the corners. A professional type of hair-cut. A ministerial variety. A special kind

for musicians and artists. Why, a perfect vista of possibilities opens up at the very mention of "physiognomical hair-cutting."

How well my physiognomical barbers do it I cannot tell you. I should need to take my position outside their shop and watch their product for a day or two. Very likely each customer has his own preferred style of hair-cut, and insists upon it, oblivious of the demands of Art. *I* have, and do.

But, just the same, their aim is high. They have fixed their mark. They will be physiognomical hair-cutters, and not the common sort. They will get out of the beaten track. They will develop a specialty. They will become artists in very truth.

And that is what succeeds in any calling—not just common hair-cutting, but physiognomical hair-cutting. Not humdrum school-teaching, but the kind that Horace Mann did. Not ordinary newspaper copy, but the sort that Horace Greeley turned out. It is the little touches that other folks don't think of. It is the extra polish that others do not achieve. It is the pushing of pens and plows and yard-sticks and rolling-pins and flat-irons and scissors to higher than the usual ends, to ends that come as close to art as possible—it is this that ensures success.

If it is ever my lot to be a barber, I shall be a professor of comparative physiognomy.

A Hole in One.

Golf
In the fascinating game of golf the player as he becomes expert is always hoping to make a "hole-in-one" shot. The game is to hit the little ball with the club and send it along the grassy course till at length with several strokes it is propelled into the little hole in the ground two or three hundred yards distant. That is called

"making a hole," and the course consists of nine or eighteen of these holes which must be attained one after the other. To make a "hole in one," the player must shoot his ball at one stroke from the "tee" at the start right into the hole at the end. Of course, only the finest playing, the most steady eye and arm, and the most powerful and skillful muscles can accomplish such a feat. It was done, a few months before this writing, on the Myopia links near Boston, the hole being 265 yards. The player, Q. A. Shaw McKean, made his "drive," and the spectators saw that it was an admirable one, reaching the green around the hole; but when they came to look for the ball there, it could not be found. Before giving up the search they took the precaution to look into the hole, and there was the ball. At the Brae Burn course seven years ago, Anderson, the well-known player, made a 328-yard hole in one shot, but the finish was downhill, which helped. McKean's shot was not so aided.

Rare as these hole-in-one shots are in golf, they are still more rare in life. How seldom do we reach our goals with a single swift stroke! Usually we "foozle," get into rough ground, have to use our niblicks, perhaps lose the ball and a stroke at the same time. We are lucky if we reach the green in four strokes, and then have to put for the hole, taking a stroke or two more. It is all trying work. We long for the dash and the glory of the hole in one.

But what of it, so we do our best? That is golf, and that is the game of life, just to do our best. If we make each shot coolly, with our best judgment and with all the skill we can muster at the time, we have no right to be ashamed of ourselves whatever the score may be. The true sportsman, in golf or in the game of life, is even-tempered and philosophical. He looks at the way he plays more than at the results. He is responsible for the

way he plays; he is not responsible for the results.

SUCCESSIONS.

Relays Required.

The Boston Athletic Association broke the world's record for a four-mile relay-race. They did it in 17 minutes 51½ seconds, the best previous records being 18 minutes 8¼ seconds.

A relay-race is a succession of sprints. The racers are stationed certain distances apart. The first runs to the second, the second to the third, and so on. The result is the aggregate of all their speeds.

That is the way a good organizer will get many things done. It is seldom that one worker can stand continued responsibility, a long tension. The art of management consists in keeping one man at the head as long as he can keep up the pace, and then putting in another man. When the first is rested, put him in again.

Rotation in crops, rotation in office, relay-races along the path of life!

SUNDAY.

Unfair to the Rest.

My friend Jackson (though that is not his real name) is a member of my own church. I knew he was not working very hard at it, but I was astonished the other day at something he said to me in the cars.

"I don't go to church very often," he said, "because I like to go to my office, read the mail, answer my letters. You have no idea how quiet and restful it is in the office when all are gone and I am alone there. I can get a lot of work done, because I have no interruption. I have such a peaceful time that I really believe I am not so tired as I should be if I went to church with the crowd."

I did not say anything to Jackson. Perhaps I should have said something,

but I had a feeling that Jackson is not the sort of man on whom argument makes any impression. There is no use firing shots into putty.

But what I wanted to say is this:

"Jackson, you are looking just about as far ahead as the end of your nose. If you have a right to do this Sunday work in your office, so has Johnson; so has Wilson; so has Harrison; so have all the other 'sons.' If it is so restful for you, why would it not be equally restful for them?"

"But that means, of course, that all your clerks would be in the office with you; that all your competitors would be at their posts; that the everlasting grind would continue all the seven days of the week. You would have no peaceful Sunday in the office, because everyone else would be having a peaceful Sunday in his office or at his desk. Sunday would be gone altogether.

"Don't you see, Jackson," I wanted to say, "what a mean and selfish advantage you are taking of all the rest of us by your Sunday work, the very essence of which consists in stealing a march on all others and enjoying something that you could not enjoy if others enjoyed it with you?"

Of course I am taking Jackson at his word, and implying that he really had a restful and peaceful time and one that was good for him. I am standing on his own ground, or, rather, I am trying to. Really his own ground has no room for anyone else to stand upon but his selfish self.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Four Thousand Hours in the Sunday School.

The entire country should honor Mrs. Sarah Louisa Van Tassel, "the grand old lady of Staten Island."

She died at the age of 91, and her chief glory was the fact that she had taught for 77 years the infant class in

the Sunday school of the Brighton Heights Reformed Church.

She never missed a Christmas celebration, and attended church and Sunday school regularly till three weeks before her death.

Mrs. Van Tassel was active in missionary and charitable work, but nothing she did compares in sustained heroism with these four thousand Sundays with that infant class.

Think of the hours, days, months, even years of preparation for teaching. Think of the calls made, the letters written, the talks with this child and that, the thousands of cares, anxieties, and perplexities!

And think of the glorious rewards, in this world and now in the other world!

Before such a service as this, many of earth's proudest titles fail, and many glittering crowns look tawdry.

SUPERSTITION.

Mascots.

I sometimes wonder whether, after all, we are any less superstitious than they were in the days of the Salem witches. We have not the same superstitions as those of that grewsome time, and our superstitions are less dangerous, perhaps, but I wonder whether they are less numerous.

One of the most evident tokens of widespread superstition is the very common belief in mascots. A mascot is something—generally an animate something—that brings good luck. Usually it is associated with some sport, or sometimes with a mercantile business or similar sedate occupation.

A regiment will have a mascot, which it will sometimes take into battle—some goat, or kid, or donkey. A football team will have a mascot—a little hunchback, perhaps. A writer will have a mascot—some object that must always be before him as he writes, like those grotesque desk ornaments that Charles Dickens took with him wher-

ever he went, to preside over his literary labors.

And if the mascot dies, or is lost or broken, then a shudder runs through the regiment, the football team is demoralized, the writer has lost his inspiration.

You will be astonished if you learn how many of your business acquaintances have pocket pieces to which they attach mysterious significance, how many business firms would not for the world replace the dingy old sign under which they first won success in business, and how many statesmen have their unlucky days, on which they would not think of introducing a new measure.

The ramifications of the mascot idea are many and amusing. Perhaps you, who are reading this with a superior air, are really in your heart of hearts cherishing a mascot and do not realize it.

So rare is real independence. So seldom are men and women willing to stand squarely upon their own feet. So glad are we to lean back upon fate and fortune. O for the man that dares look the universe calmly in the face and say, "Here I am. I will do my best. I will trust in God. I will be my own circumstances."

Lucky Stones.

A very successful "lucky stone man" has just been indicted—successful, that is, in the view of the world. He has been conducting his wretched business for sixteen years, and last year sold thirty-three thousand lucky stones at one dollar each. He sent out last year more than one hundred thousand circulars and letters all over the country, telling credulous people what marvelous fortune would be theirs if they would only carry one of his lucky stones. He cast a little mystery over himself, describing his mythical life "in India and the Orient."

He appealed to cupidity as well as to credulity, declaring that the stones would probably at once increase in value to ten dollars each. He asserts that he has a London office, while his headquarters for this country are Boston. Altogether, he is a fakir on a rather large scale, even for this age of fakirs.

Superstition dies hard. It would be interesting to discover whether it is growing less in amount, and how fast. Certainly if it is not, Christianity can hardly be progressing rapidly, since it is the deadly foe of superstition.

Last year I managed to get through the winter without falling down, and as spring drew near I mentioned the fact to my friends. "Rap on wood!" to a man they immediately exclaimed, and some of them promptly performed the operation for me, being careful to rap on the underside of the nearest table or chair. I had no cold all last winter, and frequently bragged of that, also, with the same result. My friends evidently thought I was running imminent risk of pneumonia if I did not promptly follow my boast with a blow on the under surface of the nearest wooden object.

Now my friends, I would have you know, are folks of more than average intelligence; moreover, they are all earnest Christians. How are we to account for their absurd adherence to an absurd superstition? "It was all a joke," you say? Largely so, of course; yet such jokes have a considerable measure of reality back of them. I am quite sure that most of these friends would feel far more comfortable if they followed such a boast with the rap on wood than if they did not.

Do you remember those little "gods of luck," "Billikins," that were sold in so large numbers two years ago? They were plaster images of a comical little man, with a big head, and with enormous feet sticking out in front as he sat on the ground. The grin on

the face of the image was infectious, and as a bringer of good cheer he might serve as bringer of its concomitant, good luck; but it was advertised that the presence of this "god" on one's desk would insure good fortune in business. It was amazing to see how many desks, even in the most sedate business houses, blossomed out with these amusing images—amusing, that is, if their deplorable implications were forgotten.

Read the columns in your daily paper given over to the advertisements of clairvoyants, mind-readers, palmists, trance mediums, and the like. Have you ever noted how many of these advertisements make their appeal directly to business men? Walk along the streets frequented by the establishments of such impostors, and you will see that the placards in the windows solicit the attention of business men, if any class of persons is mentioned. "Hard-headed business men" is a common collocation of noun and adjective. Should it not rather be "soft-headed business men"?

Science joins with religion in preaching "the reign of law." All thought worthy of the name unites in condemning the very idea of luck. Causes produce effects, it is agreed, and all events have their causes. Use the right means, and you will get the right results, nor will you get them otherwise. There is not a single "happening" in all God's universe. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and all the Billikins and lucky stones that ever were could not make it different.

There is only one genuine lucky stone, the white stone which the Son of Man will give to him that overcometh, and upon the stone a new name written. This talisman is the token of surrender to the All-Wise. It is his pledge of protection and guidance. It bears the new name of our adoption. Its white is the symbol of

our new purity. 'Fortunate indeed is he that receives it, and his good fortune may be anyone's—if he will "overcome."

SYMBOLS.

Symbol or Substance.

The colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, British, were in danger at Isandlwana.

Lieutenant Melville and Lieutenant Coghill rushed forward to save them.

They battled heroically, but both the brave officers perished.

Since that tragedy British regiments no longer carry their colors into action.

Substance is more than symbol, and flags, however cherished, are only symbols of what is cherished far more, our country, which means our countrymen.

Substance is always to be preferred to symbol, is never to be risked for symbol. In a battle the very presence of the soldiers, ready to die, is the substance and proof of patriotism; what need of the symbol?

Regimental bands do not go into action. Battles are exciting enough without the trumpet and drum. Flags also may well stay in the rear. The cloth is precious, but life is more precious.

This principle reaches all through the world of thought and action—through social life, business life, education, and religion. When you have the substance, and know you have, the symbol may go to the rear.

SYMMETRY.

The Long-tailed Bird.

Among all the wonderful rooms of the South Kensington Museum in London, I believe I was most interested in the first exhibition hall, where are arranged so many magnificent cases full of fascinating shows, everything

being labeled with so much fullness, and in such a popular style.

And among all these delightful cases I was most struck with one which contained a specimen of a cock—the Japanese domestic fowl, whose tail coverts reached the absurd length of nine feet. There are Japanese accounts, so the label said, of feathers twice as long. The Japanese fowl of this variety must be a very courageous bird, for it would require about as much strength to face the enemy, as to turn tail or show the white feather to the extent of six yards!

These birds, the obliging label went on to say, are kept in narrow cages without room to turn. In that way only can they be prevented from wearing out their feathers. They are allowed to exercise for only a short time daily, and then only on a perfectly clean floor. Their whole life, indeed, is sacrificed to their longitude of tail.

This unlucky Japanese biped is only doing, *nolens volens*, what thousands of human bipeds are doing of their own free will. The abnormal cultivation of one faculty to the exclusion of the others is a process similar to that which produces eighteen-foot tail feathers. The principle is the same everywhere, though it shows itself in manifestations infinitely varied. Now it is a golf fiend, oblivious to the claims of church, of the Sabbath, and of God, and bent solely upon the lengthening of his drives and the accuracy of his puts. Here is a business man who subordinates everything else, his wife's love, his children's training, his family comfort, his health, everything, to the length of his bank account. Here is a scholar who shuts himself up in the narrowest of cells, and gives himself no exercise out in the cheery world, all that his list of books in the publishers' catalogue may be lengthened an inch or more.

Grow, to be sure, my brethren, but let's grow symmetrically. Concen-

trate, to be sure; take Paul's motto, "This one thing I do"; but remember that that same Paul did a thousand things and did them all well, and made them all contribute to the one thing. Whatever your great central aim in life, it is compatible with being a well-rounded man or woman. Give religion, give affection, give recreation, give the care of the body, their proper share of time and thought, and make them all minister to your one great aim. Remember: there are positions in life that are higher than the glass case of a museum!

SYMPATHY.

The Two Photographers.

First Photographer. Why is it that your work is so popular, while I barely make a living?

Second Photographer. I don't know. What is your theory of our business?

First Photographer. To show people just how they look.

Second Photographer. Well, that is my theory also.

First Photographer. But my customers are always dissatisfied, and say that they don't look at all like that. The fools!

Second Photographer. Perhaps they don't. Do you retouch?

First Photographer. No, indeed! retouching is lying. It is taking out wrinkles and other defects that belong there. It removes character. It shows people as they do not look.

Second Photographer. Does it? Then why are my photographs always regarded as good likenesses? Do you realize that every face has many looks, and that it is your business to bring out the best?

First Photographer. I had not thought of that.

Second Photographer. And do you realize that in the living, moving, speaking countenance blemishes are insig-

nificant that stare out conspicuous in the cold, still photograph?

First Photographer. But they are there, and why should they not be shown?

Second Photographer. Because the life is not there, the play of features that modifies and subdues all blemishes. So you must modify and subdue them in some other way if you would give a just and natural portrait.

First Photographer. That seems reasonable. You have given me a valuable thought. It strikes me that it is true of more than photography. I'll think it over.

"Unhuman."

Chairman Osborne, of the New York Prison Reform Commission, who had himself committed to prison that he might understand the prisoner's life from the inside, said as the result of his experience that the treatment of convicts is not so much inhuman as unhuman. It fails not so much in what it does as in what it does not do. It is not actively cruel; it is only cold, unsympathetic, mechanical.

But in being that it is also inhuman. What prisoners most need is humanity, the brotherly touch. To deprive them of that, to surround them with coldness and with stiff routine, is worse than to flog them. Torture of the soul is more terrible than torture of the body. Unhumanity is inhumanity of the most grinding sort.

Charity and Sympathy.

A great American city, with considerable flourish of trumpets, set up a municipal store conducted by the city in the interest of the poor, and furnishing supplies at cost. Now it appears that it is a failure, for the city comptroller reports that its daily average of business for the first five weeks is only \$9.11.

This is not because the store does not meet a real need. It does, but it meets it in an artificial way. The poor certainly need cheaper food and other household supplies, but they will not, in order to obtain them, allow themselves to be catalogued as "objects of charity." That is what this municipal store does. It does not deliver goods, and persons desiring its benefits must go there and carry away their purchases so that all may see them. It sells only to persons out of work and not owning any property, and a rigid investigation is made of each applicant before goods are sold to him. Doubtless these are necessary conditions. Doubtless without them the store would be crowded with customers that do not need its help. But the conditions keep away the persons that do need to be aided.

For the worthy poor would rather pay more for their food and eat less—they would rather starve—than win the name of paupers. It may be foolish in them, but you would feel just the same if you were in their place. The feeling is part of the dignity of human nature, and sad indeed is it when the feeling departs. Every charitable plan must take account of it. That is, every charity must be based on sympathy, must "put yourself in his place."

That is why the Associated Charities have a bad name among the poor. Usually they do not deserve it. Usually they make as little of investigations and records and statistics as they can and do their work with justice and in wisdom. But they must weed out the unworthy or they will have no money left for the worthy, and the weeding process puts them out of touch.

All this, carefully and lovingly considered, will bring us into the spirit of Christ's commands to give to whosoever asks of us, and to press our coats also upon one that asks us for our

cloaks. It is better to be imposed upon by many than to be estranged from one. It is better to waste alms than to place ourselves in such an attitude than our alms will be refused. It is better to run a risk of pauperizing than of hardening. It is better that ten rogues should be filled than that one saint should starve.

We must find some way to abolish poverty; and it must be Christ's way and not the way of the political economists.

Language Leave.

Some folks have been bringing to light the alleged fact that there are—or were before the war—fewer officers in the army of the United States that speak a foreign language than in other army in the world. This is natural when one considers the isolated position of our country. Other nations have foreign languages almost thrust upon them by contiguity.

One of the army captains suggested before the Great War that certain officers of high standing be given "a language leave of absence" for a year, and be sent to foreign countries to learn the tongues of those lands. Incidentally they could improve their military education in many other ways, but the language drill would be the main object.

Of course, in the case of service in France, innumerable cases came up in which it was necessary to deal with the people of that land, and with German prisoners, and the intervention of interpreters would have been troublesome and even dangerous. There are also foreign-born soldiers in our own army with whom it is a great advantage to deal in their own languages. The reading of foreign books and periodicals would also be helpful to the officer. These advantages are obvious.

And also when I apply the thought to the army of King Emmanuel I have no

question as to the utility of the idea. If there is a soldier in that army that does not know that language of the enemy whom he is fighting, or the friend whom he is helping, I recommend for him an immediate "language leave of absence," to continue till the language is learned.

This is because no one can understand another man or help him till he knows his language. The language of a business man is quite different from the language of a college professor. The language of a hod-carrier is quite different from the language of a business man. They may all speak English, but they speak different languages just the same.

A common language is a great "point of contact," and the "point of contact" is the first necessity in all teaching and leading. Know how to talk with men, if you would influence them. Speak their language, if you would warm their hearts to you. And if you cannot do this, get a "language leave of absence," and go off to the Land of Loving Sympathy till you have learned it.

Will the Match Ignite?

Professor Henry W. Farnam once gave an address in which he told about his efforts to get Congress to pass a bill putting a stop to the use of poisonous phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. This substance was causing much misery and many deaths among the operatives of match factories, who are mainly girls, and there was every reason for forbidding its use.

Professor Farnam had a substitute to propose, and was demonstrating its perfect fitness for the purpose, showing how matches tipped with it could be ignited not only on rough surface, but on comparatively smooth paper. At once the member of Congress to whom he was talking took the

match and rubbed it on the seat of his trousers, after the fashion of most smokers. It would not ignite.

That Congressman, in a flash, or rather in a failure to flash, had exposed the weakness of Professor Farnam's case. Matches are used chiefly by smokers, and smokers prefer to light their matches on their convenient trousers. Any acceptable substitute for phosphorus must conform to this tobacco custom, if it is to hope for success.

I am not excusing the selfishness of smokers. One of the chief indictments of that vice is that it makes many of its devotees heedless of the comfort and even the safety of others. But the incident brings clearly to view a principle that must be observed by all who would influence men for good. They must appeal to men along the line of their habits.

This principle is neglected by the religious worker who tries to win men through what interests him, but is foreign to their desires and enjoyment. Once through an entire summer I watched a succession of speakers address a motley park audience in outdoor evangelistic services, and only one of them caught and held his audience, because only one spoke to them in their own language. The rest spoke a language of the study table and the library that was most grateful to the cultured audiences they were in the habit of addressing, but was simply incomprehensible to the street crowd before them. If you want to reach the woman at the well you must begin talking about the well, and not about the water of life. You will reach that later, let us hope.

This principle is neglected by many a would-be political reformer. He is not "chummy." He does not know how to do hand-to-hand work. He practices no neighborliness with the people whom he would influence. He does not imitate the ward politician in

getting a job for Jimmy, and pleading with the judge for Mike when he is nabbed in a spree. He holds strictly to the issue, is argumentative, primed with facts, properly denunciatory of evil; but he fails to convince and persuade because his match will not light on the trousers. He fails to make contact with the lives of those who must use his advice if it is to be used at all.

This principle is neglected by some editors, who make up their papers according to what they think the people ought to want, rather than assiduously seeking to discover what they do want, and giving them that, with a constant slant a bit higher. Their papers fail because they do not strike fire upon people's minds.

This principle is neglected by those parents who do not put themselves in the place of their children. They forget their own childish likes and dislikes and ways of looking at things. They expect the children to like their own books and pictures and sedate ways. So the children grow apart from their parents and become anxieties instead of joys. The match of parental love is cold and dead; it will not ignite on the children's lives.

Very likely you say that men should not strike matches on trousers; nay, that men should not smoke at all. I willingly grant it; but while you are seeking to remedy the evil of phosphorous poisoning you cannot reasonably expect to destroy the evil of the use of tobacco, especially as the rest of us who do not smoke would still need matches.

Very likely the boys' football is rough, and the people's subservience to the ward politician is inherently selfish, and the tastes of the subscribers are crude, and the children are greatly in need of education and development. But now we are after the immediate need, which is to get into touch with folks. Everything

good may grow from helpful contact with life as it is. Nothing good can come out of isolation. If you want to enlighten the world, you must furnish matches that people will use.

"Put Yourself in His Place."

How can we do as we are often told to do, and put ourselves in the place of the other fellow, thus discovering how our words will sound to him, and how our acts will affect him, and what he really needs from us? No one, the physicist assures us and we readily believe him, can be in two places at the same time. If we want to put ourselves in the other man's place, we must first leave our own place. It can be done only by dropping self-interest, and passion, and ambition, and greed. It can be done only by emptying ourselves, as the old phrase goes. One reason why we have so little understanding of others and sympathy for them is because, though we think we really want to put ourselves in their place, we do not in the least intend to budge out of our own.

SYSTEM.

Standardizing Hash.

It is most interesting to watch the legislatures of the breezy Western States. They are not oppressed by useless dignity, and they are not afraid to do a thing the first time in the world's history.

I am chuckling over a newspaper item to the effect that the Kansas legislature has before it a bill to standardize hash. May that bill become law long before these words reach their readers!

For hash is a noble viand. It is a romantic, adventurous dish. Embarked upon its crisp and choppy expanse, one never knows what will happen next. It is the most democratic

item in any bill of fare. Waiter! an order of hash, with the catchup.

But hash has its detractors. They hint embarrassingly of stale meat and staler potatoes. They revel in dreadful innuendoes regarding fragments and their thrifty origin. I cannot eat hash comfortably except when I am at home.

Now all this is to be remedied in Kansas, I hope, and hash is to be placed upon an immutable foundation, beyond the reach of slander. An age limit will be set for the meat and potatoes and beets and onions and whatever else goes into this dish of the gods. Hash consumers will know just what they are eating, and can look the world in the face—at least in Kansas.

As I read this inspiring news I wished fervently that the Kansas statesmen might get to work upon some of the immaterial hashes of our chopped-up civilization. Every life revels in miscellanies, and would revel in them with a far better conscience if in some Kansas fashion they also could be standardized.

For example, miscellaneous reading. I love to plunge into a pile of papers and magazines, nibble an essay here, sip a poem there, chew a bit of moralizing a little further down, devour a short story, masticate a scientific article. I know the wise men say that I should adopt a "course of regular reading," make out my list of books, and read the volumes steadily through from title page to finis, till the purposeful task has been accomplished. And they are right, solemnly right. Only, may I not enjoy a literary hash now and then? Yes, if I standardize it; if I see that all its components are fresh and sweet and sound.

For another example, miscellaneous listening. I know that courses of lectures are as profitable as courses of reading. I advise them to others, and occasionally I take my own advice. But I own to a vagrant fondness for

hearing whiffs of talk on all sorts of subjects from all sorts of folks. Let it be tariff talk from a group of merchants, and railway gossip from a brakeman, and the merry nothings of a party of schoolgirls, and the fashionable debate of a company of mothers bent on turning out stylish daughters—whatever it is, all is welcome to my brain chopper, and I find the hash delicious and stimulating. Only—here again the Sunflower State—these must all be good, clean, sweet humans, no misanthropes, no sneerers, no revilers, no embittered cynics.

Thus also I like a large and miscellaneous set of acquaintances. I belong to many clubs. I especially enjoy one club made up of seventy-five men of almost seventy-five different occupations, and I gain much mental nutriment from the bits I pick up from this varied assortment of acquaintances. Of course, I also have my choice and chosen friends, and of course also I am careful to standardize in the Kansas way my acquaintanceship hash.

This is a goodly world, my comrades, full of tasty foods to eat and interesting things to see and delightful bits to read and worth-while people to meet. We shall not get far in the menu unless we take much of it in the form of hash. We need not fear to be miscellaneous livers if we will only pass in the legislature of our souls the Kansas law for that noble dish which symbolizes our country and illustrates our country's motto, *E pluribus unum*.

Keep a Clear Desk.

When I work at my desk, it is my habit to maintain an entirely unoccupied spread of oak,—unoccupied, that is, save for the single task that is holding my attention. When I reach the office, I find my desk literally loaded. Sometimes it seems to the nervous editor that folks take a vicious pleasure in slamming things down on

his desk,—proofs, circulars, letters, pamphlets, programmes, cards, books, engravings, papers, magazines, sketches, inquiries, complaints, these things come in from the four quarters of the universe, and a few hours' accumulation is appalling.

It is appalling, that is, if one sits and looks at it all and tries to tackle it all at once. But I do not attempt to do that.

As soon as my hat is hung up and my overcoat off I sweep the whole awful mess out of sight,—into the drawers, on to a table behind me, on to the floor if no better clear space offers; anywhere, if only I cannot see it in front of me. Then, with that beautiful clear desk-top smiling up at me, I breathe a sign of relief, reach out or down and snatch up something—anything—and place it before me.

It is a bundle of letters. Very well. Nothing alarming about a bundle of letters. Open them one at a time, read them carefully, put into the empty waiting drawer those that belong to me and mark for the proper departments the still larger number that do *not* belong to me,—presto! the letters are out of the way before I know it. The clear desk smiles up at me reassuringly. I reach out and grasp some other task.

Believe me, my brother with the heaped-up duties, there's nothing like a clear desk-top. And the value of it is not merely at the close of a hard day's work, but all the way along.

Dressing the Children.

Once there was a woman who had six little children to dress in the morning. She was a very nervous woman, and tried to dress them all at once. "Here, Molly, let me button your frock." "Here, Bess, I'll comb your hair." "Come, Ben, I'll tie your necktie." So she turned briskly from child

to child, till the nursery was in a whirl. It seemed as if the task would never get done, because, as she herself almost tearfully complained, while she was buttoning up one child another child would come unbuttoned, and while she was washing one child's face another's face would get dirty, and while she was brushing one child's hair another's hair would get all mussed up again. Finally a wise woman came along who showed her how to do it. From that time she paid attention solely to Molly, finished her, and placed her in a chair with a book. Then she did the same to Bess. Then to Ben, and so on. In a wonderfully short time the whole family were ready for breakfast.

And I think this story applies to other tasks than dressing children in the morning.

TACT.

The Kindly Way.

Once, as S. Roland Hall relates, there was a salesman of quick wit and kindly heart. A customer asked this salesman if one of her feet was not a little larger than the other. "On the contrary," replied the wise man, "one of your feet is a bit smaller than the other!"

It would be hard to find a better example of the kindly way of speech. Everything may be said gently and tactfully or everything may be said harshly and boorishly. The difference is the difference between success and failure for us, and between pleasure and irritation for those we meet.

Every day the truth is so spoken to us as to be more harmful than a lie, spoken to us in a false and insulting fashion that transforms it into a lie. And every day, perchance, some ingratiating rascal tells lies to us so pleasantly that we almost love him for it. This is one of the absurd topsyturvies of life, that the good some-

times leave kindness out of their goodness, and so render it almost badness.

That ingenious salesman shows us the right way. He put his best foot foremost by putting his customer's best foot foremost.

There are two kinds of barbers. One will remark jestingly on my bald head and the small amount of hair-cutting it involves. The other will say that baldness is becoming to me.

There are two kinds of tailors. One will say that he makes the coat long to hide my long legs. The other will say that only a fine, tall man can wear a long coat successfully.

There are two kinds of critics. One will say that a certain line spoils my poem. The other will say that no one could hold every line to the high standard of such a poem.

Tact, tact, tact—it is the joy of contact; and contact is the greater part of life.

TALENTS.

The Musical Animals.

The lion, king of the beasts, desiring to promote music in his realm, once offered a prize for the best performance on any musical instrument, the offer being open to all the animals. On the appointed day the various contestants performed in the presence of a large company.

First came the elephant, who played on the piccolo. Then came the monkey, whose instrument was the bass drum. He was followed by the donkey, who sang a soprano solo. Next came the nightingale, who attempted the xylophone. After him was the turtle, who played the violin; and the giraffe, who performed on the cornet; the pig, who gave a piano solo; and the screech-owl, who used the mandolin. There were many other contestants, and all of them played instruments that were unsuited to them.

At last, however, they came to the rattlesnake, who, being very shrewd, had taken a snare-drum, which he struck rhythmically with his head, at the same time using the rattles on his tail as castanets. The result was so pleasing that the lion at once gave him the prize, at the same time commending him for choosing an instrument within his powers and suitable to his nature.

Talent or Genius?

A writer in the *Boston Transcript* says:

"A German friend expresses a great truth in so delightful a way that it is impossible not to note it down in precisely the way he expresses it. It is really so great a thing that it ought to be printed like an inscription, thus:

DE WORLD ISS VULL OF DALENT
IT ISS ONLY
DE ZUBREME CHENIUS
VOT GOUNTS."

Perhaps that is a great truth, but it sounds to me like a brilliant falsehood.

It depends on what is meant by "counting."

If by "counting" is meant permanent fame, the sentence is correct; but if by "counting" is meant profound and permanent influence, the sentence is absolutely wrong.

Of course supreme genius is a marvelous gift, and of course it counts greatly. Napoleon was worth an army. Shakespeare's least line is worth all of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." An hour of Edison's time is worth a year of an ordinary inventor. Lincoln said more in his Gettysburg address than Edward Everett in all his polished orations. But, just the same, the army counts, and Tupper counts (or counted), and the ordinary inventor counts, and Edward Everett counts even to this day.

In many fields no supreme geniuses

are at work. None is now laboring in literature or in statesmanship or in oratory or in art. No supreme genius has appeared in the Great War, yet it is the greatest war in history, and will "count" the most. At night, when no sun is in the sky, an electric light "counts," or even a tallow candle.

And even when the sun is in the sky, it cannot do everything. Its work in making the crops is vastly greater than the farmer's, but the sun can do nothing for the crops till the farmer sows the seed, and the loftiest genius must often wait for conditions that talent alone can supply.

We need always to remember the parable of the talents, and to bear in mind that the faithful two-talent servant received precisely the same praise as the financial genius who was successful with five talents.

TEMPERANCE.

A Plate-glass Parable.

A drunken man stood before a large plate-glass window in Boston. He contemplated it unsteadily for a minute. No one knows what silly thoughts were passing through his crazed mind. Then suddenly he threw up his fists and drove them through the glass, shattering it. He pulled out his hands, terribly gashed and pouring out blood. He ran away, but was caught by the police and hurried off to the hospital, where a severed artery was sewed up and many stitches were taken to close the other wounds.

That is an acted parable of the whole miserable business of the saloon.

It is destructive. It builds up nothing; it tears down everything.

It is suicidal. It destroys health, and strength, and life itself.

It is insane. There is no reason in it, no method, no logic, no law.

And the harm the drinker does is never confined to himself. He plunges

his stupid hands through the property of others, through their happiness, through their very souls.

We all live in glass houses when it comes to the liquor business. The only way to save them is to shut up the saloons forever.

"Murdered."

It was a horrible sight. He lay at the bottom of the cellar stairs in a pool of blood. Red wounds were gaping open. Fearful streams flowed from them. The poor fellow was evidently bleeding to death, if indeed he was not already dead.

The man who discovered the unconscious form rushed off to the police station. At once a wagon-load of patrolmen hastened to the scene of the murder. They found the body of the victim, and promptly burst into a roar of laughter. The "blood" was red paint. The unconsciousness was a drunken stupor. The "victim" had been "painting the town red" in a debauch, and on his return, stumbling down the cellar stairs with the pot of paint, had painted himself red in a literal sense. This all happened last week in Boston.

But was the discoverer of the "murdered" man so far wrong? If not dead, he is rapidly on the way there. His life-blood is being drained from him slowly but no less surely. His murderer will never be arraigned at a human bar of justice, but he must answer for his deeds at the Great White Throne. His murderer is the saloon-keeper.

"The Whisky without a Headache."

"The whisky without a headache!"—that is the line used to advertise a certain brand of the vile liquor. What a commentary is the phrase upon the

whole abominable business! Is it necessary to advertise "the bread without a headache"? "Lemonade that doesn't make pimples"? "Pies that are not poisonous"? "No red noses from our chocolate"? "Here are apples without heartburn, and figs without fever, and dates without delirium tremens"? Did you ever hear of anything, besides this brand of whisky, that is advertised not to make one's head ache?

But even if this whisky can carry out its preposterous claim, and can manage to blotch the skin, and fire up the nose, and shake the nerves to pieces, and eat out the stomach, and blast both intellect and conscience, and do it all without a headache, even then it must be said that a little something remains for the distillers to discover and advertise. When they have found it, let them paint every fence red with its virtues, and emblazon them in electric lights over the door of every saloon: "*The Whisky without a Heartache!*"

"The Ideal Whisky."

"The ideal whisky." I saw these words in glaring letters on a sign-board by the side of the railway. The audacity of the term tickled my fancy. I began to construct for myself a description of the ideal whisky.

It will be a whisky that does not intoxicate, I said to myself; a whisky that does not redden the nose, and blear the eyes, and thicken the tongue into stupidity, and befoul the mouth with vile oaths, and blotch the skin, and coagulate the brain, and inflame the blood, and nurture disease, and burn up conscience, and paralyze the will, and stifle the affections, and transform the son, brother, husband, father, into a brute, and the brute into a devil,—that is what the ideal whisky will not be and do.

But hold! I said to myself; what-

ever such a liquid as that is, it will not be whisky at all. The ideal whisky cannot answer in any particular to such a description. Try again.

Then I decided that the ideal whisky, if it must be whisky, should exercise its fiendish power as rapidly as possible; should, at the first touch of the drinker's lips, cause him to swallow the dose in a mad delirium, and as the fatal liquor descended, in a flash it would draw down with it proud reason, lofty purposes, tender love, as a maelstrom sucks all things to itself,—draw them in and drown them. As the burning stream passed the lungs, it would shrivel them up. As it passed the heart, it would make it a ball of black cinder. As it reached the stomach, the man would fall dead. No gradual heart-rending loss of this noble faculty and that. No eating out of strength and joy, bit by bit from the lives of dear ones. No fall now to a lower and then to a lower place in the world's regard. Improved machines work more speedily. The ideal whisky would do in a moment what the ordinary whisky does none the less surely, but in the course of several years.

But then, I thought, while I am about it, why not give this ideal liquid one quality more, and transform it into a great blessing? And so I gifted it with the knowledge of whose throat to run down, the shrewdness to turn from the buyer often to the seller, from the tempted to the tempter, from the poor tottering wretch, infirm of will, crazed with a fearful appetite, to the diamonded, smirking villain behind the bar; yes, and to the proprietor of the hell, in his luxurious home; yes, and to the voter that upholds his hands. Into their greedy mouths the sensible liquid leaps, and rids the earth of them forever.

Ah! that must be the ideal whisky. How I grieve that I did not notice where it is manufactured!

The Poison-book.

I was startled the other day.

It was in the prescription department of an apothecary's, and I was receiving a package of acetate of copper for which I had asked.

"What is your name?" inquired the clerk, "and where do you live?"

I told him, but asked why he wanted to know.

"I want them for our poison-book," he replied.

Then for the first time I learned that the substance I was buying is exceedingly poisonous, and the thought of what might have happened if I had *not* known, together with the novel sensation of having my name in a "poison-book," gave me quite a shock.

Now do you know what I should like? I should like to require every bartender, whenever he deals out a glass of strong drink, to inquire for the name and address of the customer.

"Why do you want my name and address?"

"For our poison-book, sir."

Tipsy Permits.

It is seriously suggested that cards be issued authorizing the bearers to purchase liquor. On the first arrest for drunkenness the offender is to be warned; on the second offense he loses his license for a year; on the third offense he loses his license forever.

A permit to drink! Let's see; how should it read?—

\$1. TIPPLER'S PERMIT. \$1.

Having paid One Dollar to the Tippling Commission, John Smith is hereby authorized to soak himself in alcohol indefinitely, destroying his digestion, ruining his heart, dulling his brain, befouling his conscience, losing his situation, bringing misery upon his home, and cutting himself off from eter-

nal life; provided only he retains his senses enough to walk straight and keep out of the hands of the police.

By authority of the city of Boston,

WILLIAM JONES,
Tippling Commissioner.

In the light of all that science has proved against even the most moderate use of that dread poison, alcohol, how unutterably silly is all license, whether given to a man or a saloon!

The Master Driver.

He was a master driver.

His automobile club conducted an annual contest, and he had won that proud distinction.

He had kept up the required average speed on the day's run.

He had taken the shortest route through the designated towns.

In spite of all obstacles, he had kept his car moving.

Running on a schedule which was not disclosed to him, he had arrived at each checking-station just on time, neither too early nor too late.

He had made a perfect score, and he was a master driver.

But the next day this master driver got drunk and ran over a child, killing it.

Query: what is a master driver?

Glorious Arithmetic.

Here are some marvelous facts.

In 1912 the Russian people saved a little more than \$20,000,000.

In 1913 they did not save quite so much.

During the first eight months of 1914 their bank balance showed a net loss of \$55,000,000.

Then came national prohibition, the abolition of the curse of vodka.

During the last four months of 1914 the Russians saved \$70,000,000,

During 1915 they saved \$405,000-000.

And during the first eight months of 1916, which is all for which we have figures, they saved \$750,000,000.

You could not persuade anyone in Russia that total abstinence does not pay.

It is conservatively estimated that the liquor traffic costs our country at least \$2,000,000,000 a year.

Who can doubt that the glorious arithmetic of Russia would apply to the United States?

Crowley's Billboard.

Jim Crowley, being an enterprising carpenter, erected on the roof of his house a large billboard, ten feet high and twenty feet long. He left it blank, and placed in his front yard a sign stating that the billboard was for rent.

Along came an atheist, who hired the billboard and used it to announce to the community, in large letters, "THERE IS NO GOD!" But such criticism was aroused that Jim canceled the contract and painted out the sign.

Next came an anarchist, who made terms with Crowley and painted on the sign: "DOWN WITH ALL LAW!" The town authorities made Crowley erase the sign, returning the money.

The following day a druggist, who was a cynic, hired the billboard for this announcement: "*When tired of life, buy your bichloride of mercury tablets at Carson's.*" There was a howl from the whole community, and this sign also was obliterated.

Finally a distiller purchased the right to the billboard and painted his sign: "Benton's Whisky: Strength, Health, and Fun!" Not a murmur arose and Crowley was allowed this time to keep his rent.

Yet one man drank that whisky, and cursed his God. Another man drank it, and committed a crime that

sent him to prison for life. And a third drank it till his ruined career ended in suicide.

Why He is a "Bum."

Dr. Johnston Myers, the well-known Baptist pastor, offered a prize to tramps for the best statement of why the writer is a "bum." The prize-winner follows, with our comments interspersed:

"Unrestricted immigration. There are not jobs enough to go around." (And that with the farmers out West and down South going on their knees for helpers!)

"Incompetence, both from birth and bad habits. Employers want the best men. We are not the best." (True enough; but the recognition of that fact by any man is a long step toward the reform that lies in every man's reach.)

"The drink habit, a form of moral insanity." (That euphuism is absurd. "Moral insanity" indeed! Making all allowances for heredity and environment, no truer word was ever written than this by James, "Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away *of his own lust*, and enticed." Drinking is not insanity; it is devilry.)

A Sensible Request.

The Coudersport, Penn., *Enterprise* once contained a novel paid advertisement. It was three columns wide and twelve inches long, and it was an application for a license to steal horses!

The petitioner said he was willing to pay liberally for the privilege, and in view of the licenses granted to others to carry on a business producing at least three-fourths of the crime committed in the community, he did not see why his request should not be granted.

He considered that the business of horse-stealing for which he asked a

license would do far less injury to the community than that of selling intoxicating liquors.

He pledged himself not to take away the senses of any man, or cause any man to beat his wife or to commit murder. He agreed to do nothing that would destroy any man's soul.

He promised not to steal horses on Sunday or on election-day or on legal holidays or after ten o'clock at night. He also agreed not to steal colts, or horses that have no sense, or old broken-down plugs.

He reminded the court to which he applied that "the community could not be run without license fees," and that "if he did not steal horses someone else would," and that "all attempts to prohibit horse-stealing only result in sneaks and liars." He also directed attention to the number and character of those subscribing to his petition, which included Eaton B. Merry, Barr T. Ender, Wurse N. Useless, A. Ward Heeler, and Justwon Glass.

This bright advertisement is one of the shrewdest temperance arguments ever set forth. And why is it not a perfectly legitimate argument? Practically everyone acknowledges the harmfulness of the saloon. If we license it, why not license less harmful sins also?

If the advocates of license were capable of seeing a point they would see this one.

A Dastardly Deed.

I have been reading of the attempt made to destroy the town of St. Mary's, O.

There is a great reservoir above the town which is said to be the largest body of artificial water in the world. For a time many persons living near had felt that the banks were not safe. The State has spent large sums of money to strengthen the earthworks.

Whether it was popular hostility to the reservoir that led to the deed, or not, an attempt was made to blow up by dynamite the gates at the head of the great mass of water. The rascals did not use enough dynamite, and so the masonry was not destroyed and the gates were not moved. If they had succeeded in their dastardly attempt, a great flood would have swept through the valley and wiped the town out of existence.

Well, of course there was tremendous excitement in St. Mary's, and every voice was raised in condemnation of the outrage.

And yet—and yet—

Well, how about the miscreants who let loose on a community a flood of *firewater*, beneath whose fatal surges men's souls as well as their bodies go down to death?

And the towns vote to let them do it!

Only a Little Sooner.

Early in the morning a Boston policeman found an unconscious man in the heart of the city. He was taken to the nearest station, and there it was discovered that he had been poisoned. The use of a stomach-pump brought him to consciousness, and he was taken to the Relief Hospital. After full recovery he told his story.

The evening before he had been walking around Boston, when he was accosted by two strangers who invited him to step into a doorway and have a drink. It was dark and he could not see the contents of the bottle, but he took a swig. Very soon he found that what he had taken was not whisky, but a strong disinfectant. He became unconscious and his companions disappeared promptly.

The evident moral, "Do not drink with strangers," is not needed by my readers, for they will be quick to expand it into the moral that is quite as evident, "Do not drink at all." Alco-

hol is a poison as deadly as that disinfectant; the only difference is that it does not always get in its work so speedily. All the symptoms of poisoning come in time, however, and the result is the same precisely—death.

Those two strangers would have been punished if they had been caught. But how about the men behind the bar, who, protected by the license that the State and community give them, deal out poison to the thousands day after day and year after year? When shall we have the sense to punish them?

The Blister Rust.

The blister rust is a peculiar tree disease, imported from Germany in nursery stock. It affects that beautiful and valuable tree, the white pine, and rapidly destroys it. A remarkable characteristic of the disease is that it passes from the pines to wild currants and gooseberries, and then returns to the pines without injuring the gooseberries and currants. The only way to stamp out the disease, and so save our enormously useful forests of white pine, is to destroy all infected trees, and with them all wild currants and gooseberries in the infected woods.

These currants and gooseberries are like certain persons we meet, who, though themselves seemingly uninjured by the follies they harbor, yet pass them along to others that are greatly harmed by them.

Some, for instance, can use slang at will, and it does not vitiate their language when they choose to be dignified and serious. But by this restrained use of slang they pass it along to others who use the slang incessantly, to the ruin of their conversation.

Some seem to be able to smoke and drink in moderation, though of course any use of alcohol or nicotine poisons them; but they are able to refrain, perhaps through long life, from noticeable excess. Their example, however,

leads on others who ruin their health with tobacco, or go early to a drunkard's grave.

Some can read infidel books but keep their faith, but others who are led by them to read the same books lose their faith forever.

It is the story of the blister rust in human lives—the uninjured currant or gooseberry harboring and passing on the disease which slays the giant trees.

"If meat injures my brother," said Paul, "I will eat no meat while the world lasts."

He did not intend to serve as a half-way station for blister rust.

The Fatal Liquor.

Once, while the Government officers were making a raid on a "wildcat" brewery in the mountains—a secret affair run without a license—a strange accident occurred. The three men who ran the brewery had wrecked the plant and poured the beer into a well. After the danger from the raid was over, the illicit brewers tried to dip the beer from the well, and while they were making this attempt, all three fell in. Early the next morning they succeeded in attracting the attention of some passing children, but before rescuers reached the place, the three men drowned.

It would be hard to find a better illustration of the perils of alcoholic liquor than this true story. Any of it, poured into the human body, drowns the muscular strength, the nervous energy, the mental keenness and poise, the spiritual power, purity, and peace. It eventually submerges the soul itself.

TEMPTATION.

The Dog's One Bite.

It used to be said that every dog was allowed one bite. After that first bite he was known to be a vicious dog, and

his master must look that he did no more damage; but how, it was argued, before that first bite, could his master know that he needed special watching and restraint?

But now that old ruling has been overruled. In Wisconsin a boy died as the result of wounds received from a dog. The father of the boy brought suit against the dog's owner, but without success, as it was the dog's first bite; he was not shown to be vicious. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, and there the decision was reversed. The Supreme Court held that when a dog attacks and bites anyone, he is necessarily vicious; a dog has no right even to his first bite. This would seem to be sensible and just. Certainly you would think so if it had been your child that was killed.

But why are we not equally sensible and just with reference to less material affairs? Why must we wait till we or some dear one has been bitten by some vice or sin before we will label it as vicious and to be shunned? Why do we allow so many of Satan's beasts to have a first bite of us? Why can we not see from the experiences of others that the first bite is often fatal?

There is a Supreme Court in such a case, too, and we know what its decision will be; but, alas! what decision will avail us then, if the lad is dead?

A River Victory.

"When the Missouri River goes after anything, it gets it." This is the common saying on the banks of that swift and treacherous stream.

One of the pluckiest fights ever made was made against the Missouri River, and the river won.

It was the town of Barney in southwest Nebraska. Once it had fifteen hundred inhabitants, all kinds of stores, a bank, a railroad, and neat and pretty residences. Now the last building has

floated down the muddy current, and the place is given up to the devourer.

This was not without a spirited contest. A great dam was built, but the river made short work of it. Immense willow mats were made, weighted down with big rocks and anchored against the banks. The river tore them easily away. Then costly cribs were constructed, but it was all in vain.

The residences were moved backward slowly as the waters advanced. Then the river reached the brick business blocks which could not be moved, and as they crumbled one by one into the stream the disgusted owners packed up and left for other regions where the Missouri could not come. The hills prevented the location of the town elsewhere.

Finally, as I have said, the last building fell into the victorious sweep of the river, and sailed away toward the gulf. Barney was a name and a memory.

I have told the story, not to show up the evil ways of the Missouri River, since probably the gentle Charles, upon whose banks I live, would do the same if it had the opportunity—and the size; but I have told the tale because it affords so fine an illustration of the ways of temptation. Build upon the banks of *that* dread river, and you may expect the fate of Barney, and in much less time.

Eating—eating—eating—night and day its dark waters will creep nearer! One after the other your good resolutions will topple over and float away. One after the other the stanch buildings of your life will sink into their watery graves. You may struggle with what heart you can, but it is useless. There is no hope for you while you remain on the bank of the river.

Oh, pack up and move away! Do not dally with the baneful current. Get up on the highlands, and build your city there!

Who Was Tricked?

I have a right to a little revenge, so I'll tell you all about it.

We were out walking down on Cape Cod. There were four of us, and the other three were Jones, Smith, and Robinson, whose real names, for charity's sake, I conceal. They are all well known, however, to the religious world.

Our objective point was Telegraph Hill, a splendid eminence from which we viewed the country for a radius of some twenty miles,—catching blue glimpses of Cape Cod Bay with the sands west of Provincetown beyond, while to the south lay the waters of Buzzard's Bay smiling clear down to Wood's Holl, where we saw the clear sweep of the Atlantic.

Perhaps it was the exhilaration of that view. I will be kind enough to suppose so. At any rate, on the way back, the other three prepared a conspiracy.

I had been in the lead on the way to the hill, and they objected to my long legs and merciless stride, so they put in the lead Smith, the fat man of the party. Relieved of responsibility, I lingered behind and ate huckleberries. "Come on!" they shouted, far in advance. Obediently I ran to catch up with them, and thus they lured me past the only guideboard on the path, and off into another path, as strange to them as to me.

It was a waste, howling wilderness. Not a sign of man on the three miles we had come, save the path we had carefully followed. The new path was just like it, to my unaccustomed eye. And Jones chuckled. And Smith chuckled. And Robinson chuckled. They had fooled me finely.

It was about that time that Robinson got a cramp in his foot. And Smith began to perspire, for it was a day in August, and high noon. And Jones began to peer anxiously through

the trees in search of some distant landmark. And I strode calmly on, picking huckleberries from a big bunch of branches in my hand.

On, and on, and on.

"Why is it," I suddenly asked, "that it seems so much farther going down hill than up? Why, we haven't come to that sign-board yet!"

But no reply.

On, and on, and on. Smith getting hotter, Robinson hobbling more painfully, Jones peering around more anxiously, and I striding serenely along.

After an hour of this, I suspected that something was wrong. I was sure of it when we came across a broad, sandy wagon-road. We had passed no such road going up.

Then Smith & Co. owned up, and tried to laugh at me, but the laugh came hard.

"I like it," said I. "I'm good for ten miles more." And I certainly was.

Well, do you know, when those three conspirators hit upon a road they recognized, it was four miles from the top of the hill and two miles below town,—six miles in all, as against the three miles I had led them. And I had the longest legs of the party!

Perhaps there is room to tuck in a tiny

MORAL.

It is impossible to lead others astray without going astray yourself.

Sir Hiram's Confidence.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor, was approached one day by a Hindoo juggler, who, while performing his tricks, asked Sir Hiram to lend him a watch.

The inventor remembered the famous story of Robert Houdin, who, performing before the Pope, pounded to pieces in a mortar a valuable watch that the Pope gave him, rammed the

fragments into a gun, and fired them at a rose-tree. On the tree the amazed company saw hanging the identical watch, or what seemed the identical watch. In reality it was an exact duplicate, which the clever conjurer had had made, and had hung there before beginning his trick.

Remembering Houdin, then, Sir Hiram handed over his watch, which was a costly affair. It was smashed, all right; but, alas! the juggler was unable to restore it. It is still smashed, and no duplicate watch, from a rose-tree or any other mystifying source, has come to take its place in the pocket of the chagrined owner.

One moral is plain: Don't trust a Hindoo juggler.

But another moral is brought out by experience and observation: Don't trust *anyone* that intends to smash what is precious, and promises to give you back something "just as good."

Your innocence, for example.

Or your faith.

Or your health.

Or your conscience.

If there is to be any smashing in your neighborhood, let it be a smashing of what is bad and worthless, and can stay smashed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Harmless Dueling?

There was once in Paris a club of queer fellows whose purpose was to promote what was called harmless dueling. It was considered a fine sport, and the members were very enthusiastic over it.

The persons that engaged in this truly modern form of dueling used ice-cold pistols and frozen wax bullets. They wore over their clothes a slight protection and on their heads a mask something like a diver's helmet. The wax bullets simply flattened out upon the person that was hit, and did no damage. The points of the game were

made according to the places where the players were hit, the wounds being theoretically slight, or dangerous, or fatal, as the case may be—but only theoretically. A player might be technically dead, yet walk off and enjoy a good dinner.

Well, this sport may perhaps promote peace in a land where the duel still exists. It may prove a harmless vent for the dueling instinct. But I doubt it.

Rather it seems to me that the very opposite would be the case. Men that become expert at "killing" one another in fun will not be so likely to hesitate before giving a challenge to a real duel when their anger is roused.

If a man has rheumatism from too much beef, it is not best to feed him veal, but vegetables. If a girl is stage-struck, it is not best to seek to win her from the theater by one-man impersonations, but by games of tennis. If I wanted to cure a gambler, I should not ask him to play any card game, however innocent.

Wounding and killing are sins, when they are in earnest; they are unwise, to say the least, when they are only pretenses. Never imitate an act in fun if you do not want to do the deed in reality.

Move Out.

For three years somebody with a commendable amount of patience investigated the connection in Paris between consumption and places. The French capital, though its population is only a little more than a million souls, sees every year the death from "the white plague" of 9,500. That is a fearful record. There must be a reason for it.

There is. The reason is the tenement.

The poor people of Paris are housed in immense blocks, each swarming with

life, and each reeking with the seeds of death. These tenements are built around narrow courts, and many of the rooms get very little light or air. Now during 1906 no fewer than 7,807 deaths from consumption occurred in houses where before there had been deaths from consumption. During 1905 the figures were 7,829—almost exactly the same. One-third of the deaths from consumption in Paris are traced continually to 5,263 houses—the same 5,263 houses every year. The houses that show the most deaths from consumption in one year show it in the other years also. There is one group of 281 houses in which 109 people died from consumption during 1905, and 114 during 1906. And these death areas are all the time reaching out, widening into other houses.

The remedy is obvious. Tear down and burn up the worst houses. Thoroughly cleanse the rest, and let in the air and the light. This—though only to a slight extent as yet—is what Paris is doing.

The lesson is a spiritual one also. There are plague spots in my life. There are scenes in which I have met temptation. There are circumstances under which I have fallen a prey to the evil one. There a disease of the soul has come upon me that is far more terrible than any disease of the body.

Shall I go on living in those scenes, exposed to the same temptations?

No! no! and again, no!

Let me move out. Let me get into the clean sunshine and the fresh, pure air. Let me flee from the germ-infected region. Let me surround myself with circumstances that will carry no reminder of temptation.

For to the soul a baneful acquaintance, or a vile picture, or a slimy book, or even the smell of a liquor, or the sound of a certain piece of music, may be a house of death more certainly fatal than any consumption-plagued house in Paris.

Look Out for Air-pockets!

Flying in an air-ship is a hazardous performance at the best, and it is rendered doubly perilous by "air-holes" or "air-pockets." The *aéroplane* will be moving along sedately, when of a sudden down it drops just as if it had fallen into a shaft. Perhaps the aviator rights it before it reaches the bottom; if not, there is a funeral.

Formerly it was the theory that these "air-pockets" were collections of thinner gas or rarefied air, partial vacuums; but it was soon seen that such gas would become almost at once diffused through the surrounding atmosphere. Now it is believed that the "air-holes" are descending cataracts of air caused by the wind and by temperature differences. Air rises over a heated earth area and falls over a cool area; this tumbling of the air makes what seems to be an "air-hole."

Aviators can escape the "air-holes" very often by traveling rapidly, just as a swift skater flies over air-holes in the ice. Moreover, experience shows them where the *aërial* cataracts may be expected, and at those points they are ready to balance their air-ship and prevent disaster.

In the equally perilous navigation of our lives, through a medium more tenuous and treacherous even than air, we often come across spaces much like the "air-pockets." They are periods of mental depression, days of "dumps," rushes of anger, cataracts of crossness, falls into sin. We can avoid these danger-points, as the aviator avoids his, by rapid going by tense industry, by the absorption in our task that leaves no time for the "idle hands" for which Satan finds mischief. Also, we can avoid them by thoughtfulness, by a knowledge born of experience, noting the circumstances which bring our soul-ship into trouble and being on the watch thereafter. But best of all we can escape these spiritual perils

through the help of the Holy Spirit. He alone can guide our ship of life through the sudden fits and falls of its uncertain way. He is the expert Aviator. Coming as the wind comes, and we know not whence it comes or whither it goes, yet *He* knows, and can command its direst perils into peace. Every craft is safe that has Him on board.

TESTS.

How Many Points?

Present-day investigators of child life, after examining thousands of children, have built up a very complete series of physical and mental tests whereby they can determine with a fair degree of accuracy the place of each child in the line of development. One child, for example, may receive twenty points for physical development and thirty points for mental development, while another of the same age will reverse those figures. The rating may show that a child of six is mentally and physically where the average child of four is, or the average child of eight. The tests are simple, but they have most important meanings and results.

Some day we shall set the scientists at work upon adults in the same thorough fashion, and upon their souls as well as their bodies and minds. We shall be given "points" on giving—not on the amount given, but on the enjoyment of the act of giving. We shall be tested on our sympathy—not on our feelings of horror or even on our tears, but on the practical outgoing of our lives in kindly helpfulness. We shall be graded in honesty—not on the literal exactness of our words or of our money payments, but on our scrupulous desire to be truthful and honorable. We shall be marked regarding our prayers—not on their length or frequency, but on the real worship that prompts them.

How many points would you get in such a series of tests?

Can you not devise the tests for yourself?

Will not a wise man do that very thing?

Put Yourself to the Test.

In Detroit an automobile manufacturer has built a half-mile track for speed tests. In the field is a sand-pit. The cars are driven into the sand up to the hubs and then driven out again. Detroit is a level region, so this manufacturer built a steel ill five hundred and forty-two feet long and thirty feet wide. The grades vary, and the car must be able to take the steepest of them on high speed. The aim is to make sure, before a car goes out, that it can meet triumphantly the severest conditions of the roads.

Oh, that mental workers and spiritual workers were as careful to put themselves to the test before embarking on any enterprise! Would you be a preacher? See whether you can gain and hold the attention of Christian Endeavor societies and unions. Would you be an evangelist? Try your soul-winning powers on a Sunday-school class. Would you marry and establish a home? First make happy your mother and father and sister in your boyhood home. Make sure, before you go out on the highway, that you will not stall at the first hill.

THANKSGIVING.

The Good Day.

Once there was a Good Day. It was a Perfectly Good Day, warm but not too warm, bright and snappy and glorious.

It took a walk to receive men's praises and bask in their gratitude, and this is what it overheard.

Casper Rinehart: Dear me! we need rain.

Mary Jones: How monotonous this weather is!

Samuel Sprague: Getting horribly dusty.

Morton Grant: It's so windy to-day I can't burn my leaves.

Granny Simmons: Horrid cold! I wish the sun would come out real hot and cure my rheumatism.

Ned Greeley: Heigh-ho! The weather to-day gives me spring fever.

Then the Good Day went back home discouraged. "What's the use," it said, "of being a Perfectly Good Day, if this is all I get for it?"

So the next day it rained.

THEATER.

Death in the "Movies."

A four-year-old boy in Auburn, N. Y., picked up a revolver which he found lying on a mantelpiece, and fired a bullet into the brain of his two-year-old brother, killing him instantly.

"I saw them doing it in the moving pictures," he said, "and I wanted to."

It is time that parents realized the danger of the "movies." That danger is in many cases very powerful and quite unwatched.

A new education has quietly risen among us. In some respects it is more influential than the education of the public school, the Sunday school, the home, and even the street.

It has all the fascination of the theater, and is far more irresponsible. We have not learned to set up safeguards against its perils.

The moving picture has been appropriated by the children. It costs less than the theater. It has been hailed as an "educational adjunct." Parents consider it respectable. Often it is merely an incentive to crime and lust.

It has, of course, tremendous possibilities for good. That it may not go the way of the theater, it behooves all parents to know what sort of moving-

picture shows their children are attending, and keep them strictly away from all that are of even slightly doubtful tendencies. Let them not play with fire.

An Audacious Advertisement.

I once saw what was, I think, the most impudent and daring advertisement to be found anywhere in America, this land of audacious advertising.

It was a great shaft of beautiful light, and I saw it darting across the road as I walked down Tremont Street, Boston.

It was a moving shaft. Slowly and impressively it rose, precisely along the front of noble old Park Street Church, up the plain façade where some day, perhaps, there will be a tablet stating that "America" was first sung within. Still higher it rose along the line of the lovely tower, one of the very finest that the old days have left us. Finally, as it passed off into the blue sky it touched a golden something at the very top that looked to be a cross. Then it slowly moved down again, only to begin once more its loving pilgrimage. The first time I saw it, I thought it a splendid thing.

That was before I came up to it, and, as thousands more did nightly, traced it to its source. And whence do you think it came? From a vaudeville theater directly opposite! Not a tribute to the church did those beautiful rays swing up and down, but in order to draw men's eyes and mind to the Blatherskite Brothers, manufacturers of the roaring farce, and to Mademoiselle Skirtina, in her unequaled fire dances!

As yet, the air is common property for purposes of exploitation, and probably no legal barrier could be erected against that hypocritical shaft of light. Doubtless it continued to swing there as long as the theater thought it paid.

But what if, some day, it became a true symbol? The theater shedding light upon the church! The theater opposite the church, the two bound together by a band of light! The very absurdity of the suggestion is a vivid condemnation of the modern theater; and yet why is it absurd? For there was a time when lessons of divine truth were proclaimed from the stage as from a powerful pulpit, and it is not at all impossible that godly men and women should some day make the dramatic portrayal of life an instrument of godliness.

But, alas! things are far enough from that nowadays, and until it happens, about the most incongruous thing in all the world is that swinging shaft of light that moved from the theater up and down the steeple of Park Street Church!

Who Was to Blame?

A ten-year-old girl walked the streets of Boston all night.

In the morning the police found her and summoned her parents to take her.

The previous afternoon the girl, sent on an errand, had spent the money at a moving-picture show, and was afraid to go home.

Whose fault was it?

Primarily, the parents'. They should not have inspired in their child so great fear of them. They should have trained her conscience to resist temptation. They should have given her amusements superior to moving-picture shows.

Secondly, the public's. It is certain that the girl was not crazy after moving pictures of a highly moral and instructive character. Moving-picture shows are permitted that are pestilences more perilous than smallpox or cholera. They are worse than the lowest theater, because they wear an appearance of respectability.

Thirdly, the child's. But she is more to be pitied than blamed.

"Even Critics Blush."

I wish I had space here for printing in full an article in the *Buffalo Evening News*. It is from the New York correspondent of the paper, and is headed, "Even Critics Blush." This correspondent is dealing with the present-day aspects of the drama in the nation's metropolis. It is necessary, he says, for the newspapers sometimes, in presenting the news of the day, to deal with unsavory and indelicate subjects. "Newspapers cannot be edited," he remarks, "entirely with a view to their being read by very young persons." But, he goes on to say, the indecency of the modern theater has come to such a pass that the newspapers do not dare to report the average play fully, while even to criticize its objectionable features would subject them to the charge of indecency.

"The laxest of the newspapers," says this writer, "cannot keep pace with the stage in the free presentation of risqué themes. It has reached a point where dramatic critics and theatrical reviewers are put to it to describe plays in terms which will be proper reading for the general public. To describe the plots of plays and write around the most natural expressions to use instead of using them is one of the difficult tasks of dramatic writers, even on newspapers that make a specialty of divorce and criminal news. They manage to do it, even at the cost of making their comments sometimes appear a bit hazy and indefinite."

The writer goes on to give a few examples of these indecent plays, though very guardedly, and adds: "These are not plays shown at second-rate houses. They are at the best theaters, which are crowded at evening and matinée performances by mixed audiences composed of those sufficiently well-to-do

to pay the exorbitant prices now prevalent for seats at any successful play. At the matinées women and girls form the greater part of the audiences."

All this is written not by a preacher, or an editor of a religious weekly, but by the anonymous correspondent of a daily paper. It points out very clearly the reason for the power of the modern theater. No wonder it gathers so great throngs! It ministers to the most insidious and debasing of human passions, and throws over its devilish work the glamour of art. Those that object to this abominable work are sneered at as old fogies and as puritanical. Any attempt to impose upon the theater an effective censorship is banned as oppressive.

This is an institution which Christians are asked to uplift by patronizing it—by selecting the best theaters and the best plays, to be sure, but by going, and not holding aloof. But these evil plays are the ones put forth at the best theaters, the high-toned theaters, the theaters of the well-to-do and intelligent. One would get far safer amusement in the theaters of the slums.

THEOLOGY.

Theology is "Practical."

Colonel Roosevelt is said to have remarked, when inspecting missionary work in the slums of London, "I am very little interested in dogmatic theology, but very much interested in its practical application."

I do not believe he ever said it, or that his clear mind would assent to this evident confusion of statement; but I quote the alleged statement because it is a remark often made by all sorts of people, and especially by just the active, practical type of man that Mr. Roosevelt is.

For if mission work in the slums of London is the practical application of dogmatic theology, how can any thoughtful man fail to be interested in

dogmatic theology? One might as well say, "I am not interested in gravity, but I am much interested in its practical application to the lifting of blocks of stone, for I am a builder." No one can be a builder without being interested in "dogmatic gravity." His practical application of its laws depends upon a knowledge of what they are.

All human brotherhood and helpfulness rest finally upon God in man. It is as man comes to know God and His will that he begins to know his brother and his need. A dogma is merely a clear-cut expression of a truth. Those that want truth left at loose ends, so that they can palm off as truth their whim of the moment, hate dogma; but the sincere truth-lover loves dogma of necessity. Dogmatic theology is simply scientific theology, theology with no guesswork about it, theology firmly based upon revelation and reason. It is a part of the application of it, just as the law of gravitation is a part of the application of that law to the hoisting of stone.

The fatherhood of God—that is part of dogmatic theology. The all-knowledge of God—that is another part. The omnipresence of God—that is still another part. Whatever we know about God and God's revelation to men belongs to dogmatic theology. Those that love God want to know all they can about Him; and they want to *know* it, not guess it; they want it to be dogma and not dream. Then, knowing it, they proceed to act upon it, to make practical application of it.

In the interest of clear thinking and of fruitful conviction let us hear no more about that foolish and impossible opposition of "dogmatic theology" to "practical application."

Theology and Brotherhood.

In writing of a famous Unitarian clergyman who had died recently a

Boston newspaper remarked, "He cared little for theology, but everything for his fellow man."

What an absurd collocation of ideas!

Theology is our knowledge of God, as geology is our knowledge of the earth and zoölogy our knowledge of animals. "He cared little for the knowledge of God, but everything for his fellow man!"

We cannot care for men without knowing them. The more we know about them, the more we are quite certain to care about them. The great students of mankind are the great lovers of mankind.

We cannot care about God without knowing Him. The more we know about Him, the more we are quite certain to care about Him. The great students of God—the great theologians—are the great lovers of God.

We cannot care about God if we do not care about men. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

But the contrary also is true. We cannot care about men if we do not care about God. "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

These common sneers at theology are very shallow; it would seem that anyone with half a brain would reject them indignantly. But they are very harmful, for they lead many to set off theology against brotherhood, whereas the two are essential to each other. They degrade alike the noblest human study, the study of God, "whom to know is life eternal," and the noblest human occupation, the helping of men, which can be lifted into its highest realm and power only as we do it in the love of God.

Probably in that flippant sentence the Boston editor intended a fling at

theology he does not like, theology that he thinks false—cold, hard, repellent, a travesty on God. But false theology is not theology, and that great word is not to be discredited because it has been used as a label for untruth. Theology is the knowledge of God. It includes all we know of God, all that God has revealed to us of Himself. If it could be rightly set off against the love of men, God could deny Himself. Theology and philanthropy are the two halves of wise living.

THEORIES.

The Trouble with the World.

"The trouble with the world," said the single-taxer, "is that the rich pay only a small part of their share of the taxes."

"The trouble with the world," said the civil-service reformer, "is that the office-holders are corrupt."

"The trouble with the world," said the free-trader, "is that the tariff keeps up the cost of living."

"The trouble with the world," said the Socialist, "is that society does not control what is necessary for the welfare of society."

"The trouble with the world," said the social reformer, "is that men's vices and sins drag them down to poverty and misery."

"The trouble with the world," said the lecturer, "is that it doesn't take my advice."

"The trouble with the world," said the radical, "is that it is too set in its ways."

"The trouble with the world," said the conservative, "is that it runs after all the newfangled notions."

And, while they were talking, little Mrs. Brown baked four loaves of lovely bread, bound up Tommy's cut finger, pacified Sue and Bess when they quarreled, tidied up the sitting-room, ran in to see a sick neighbor

and carried a glass of apple jelly, and put on a bright dress in which to welcome tired Mr. Brown when he came home from his work.

But I don't suppose that little Mrs. Brown has any idea what is the trouble with the world.

THOROUGHNESS.

Temporary Cables.

During a gale one September a 304-foot wireless tower at Tufts College, Mass., blew over right in front of a swiftly moving railroad train. The engineer threw on the emergency brakes and prevented a wreck, though the engine plowed through the steel framework of the tower and was derailed and badly injured.

The tower, which was for special research in wireless telegraphy, was so firmly jointed that it did not buckle. It was founded on solid concrete, and would have stood against any wind if the top cable had been in place; but the structure was in process of erection, and the top was held only by a temporary wire guy-rope, much slighter than the permanent cable which was to have been put into place the day following the accident. The builder stated that in erecting the new tower he would use permanent cables as fast as the tower rose.

Moral: Don't build your life-structure any faster than you can make it solid and safe. A blow may come to-morrow.

"Dictated by Mr. —, but Signed in His Absence."

This, in various wordings, is coming to be a familiar tag at the end of letters. Sometimes it is used customarily, and is merely stamped on the letter with a rubber stamp. Sometimes the stenographer types it in.

It means that the writer of the letter, after dictating it, did not read it and

sign it, but allowed his secretary to do the rest.

Sometimes there is necessity for this. I have myself been obliged occasionally to resort to this device when called away from the office suddenly. But if it becomes a habit, the practice is reprehensible.

For no stenographer, however accurate, is perfection. You may have made a blunder.

And no "dictator" (not to say "dictator") is perfection, either. Even if the letter is just as you dictated it, reading it over may suggest some important changes.

And it is not fair to your secretary to throw upon her frail shoulders the entire final responsibility for your correspondence.

And it is not courteous to your correspondent to imply that you do not think enough of him to read over the letters you send him.

The entire contrivance, though absolutely necessary sometimes in these strenuous days, smacks of haste, shiftlessness, and heedlessness, and should be largely given up.

But so also should it be given up in other spheres. How many tasks are outlined by "leaders," tossed upon the shoulders of subordinates, and then left there, while the "leader" rushes off elsewhere in his auto! They are "signed in his absence." They lack the finishing touch. They go forth raw, crude, minus an effective personality. This happens in social organizations, in political and civic affairs, and even in religious and reform undertakings.

I have always admired purblind Paul, who, though he was compelled, on account of his sun-dazzled eyes stricken on the Damascus road, to write in large and straggling letters, yet signed his marvelous dictated Epistles "with his own hand." No delegated autographs for Paul, or for Pauline men!

My Centerboard Box.

Down at the beach I have a skiff that I do not like. It is a nice cedar skiff, light and swift, easy to pull, and in every way satisfactory except that the maker tried to do too much with it. He built it to be used also as a sailboat.

There is a hole for the mast, and in the middle, between two of the seats, there is a long and very narrow box into which a centerboard may be slipped for steadying the skiff under the pull of the sail.

Now I am no sailor, for I have lived most of my life in Ohio, so that I had no use for the sail even if the man from whom I rented the skiff would let me have it—which he wouldn't, having a desire to see his boat—and me—again. So I went out without it.

At once I began to have trouble with that centerboard box. Rowing on one seat, I had to straddle it. Rowing on the other, I had to sit back on it. And worst of all, the centerboard box being open at top as well as bottom, whenever I got up a little speed the waters from below would come spurt-ing up—splash, splash, splash—and in a jiffy I and the other occupants of the boat would be wet.

I stood it for a while, and then went to the owner of the skiff, and got him to screw a lid down over the centerboard box. The first time I took it out the water came through the crack of the lid even worse than when the whole thing was open, because it did it more craftily, when no one was expecting it. I am now spending half my time trying to stuff up that abominable crack. I might as well try to hold back the tide.

The entire experience has been only another illustration to me of the truth that no ingenuity can make one thing take the place of two things and do it in a satisfactory way. A sailboat won't answer well for rowing, nor a rowboat for sailing. I have heard of

college girls that, in default of other vehicles, slid down hill on dust-pans; but sleds would have been better. A sofa-bed is a poor bed and a poor sofa. A vacation that is relied upon to make money, makes little money, and amounts to little as a vacation. The men whom I have seen working at preaching while going through college, in the main preached poor sermons and recited poor lessons. They would have got along faster if they had preached one year and gone to college the next.

No, "work while you work, and play while you play." "One thing at a time, and that done well" is the best rule. Do not try to ride two horses, write with both hands, or compose a poem while you are taking a walk. Let your sailboat be a sailboat, and your skiff a skiff.

Leaving Things Ready.

Wise people, on leaving anything, will make it ready for their return. If a house is closed for an absence of weeks or months, going back to it is anticipated with pleasure if all things are in order and waiting to be used again; but the return is thought of with annoyance all through the absence if the house is left unclean and in disorder. If a busy man leaves his desk at night heaped high with unfinished tasks, he dreads going back to it in the morning; but if it is left entirely clean, all his work done, he looks forward with positive joy to opening its roll-top the next day.

So it is with all the affairs of life, and especially with our acquaintances and friendships. If on leaving those with whom we have to do we are conscious that our debts to them are happily paid so far as they can be paid, that our intercourse with them is satisfactory, and all our relations are frank and clear, we rejoice in the thought of them throughout our ab-

sence, and come back to them with sunshine in our hearts.

When we leave things ready for our return we are only doing in season what must be done at some time, and the seasonable deeds earn large interest every day till our return.

Body under Garments.

For nearly twenty years Frederic, Lord Leighton, was president of the British Royal Academy. He won this crowning honor by the classic beauty of his paintings and sculpture and by their amazing finish and accuracy. Lord Leighton was a painter of power and insight, but he was also a superb master of the details of his art. In this he was a model for all of us, even though we have nothing of his genius.

Here is the way he made his wonderful pictures.

First he sketched his idea carefully on brown paper with black and white chalk.

Then he posed the nude model precisely in the position the painting was to show, draped the model, and made another careful sketch.

Then a third sketch was made, this time in colors to get the color scheme.

Then from these sketches the nude figure was accurately and painstakingly painted upon the canvas that was to contain the finished picture. This was in monochrome.

Then, using his brown paper sketch which he had first prepared, Leighton arranged the draperies that were to cover the figure in the painting—those wonderful draperies for which Leighton was so famous, placing them carefully in position, fold upon fold, and carefully painting them over the nude figure upon the canvas, still using the monochrome.

Then, over this monochrome, Leighton placed the exquisite colors that made his paintings dreams of beauty.

The artist's canvasses were always

crowded with figures, and for every one of them the president of the Royal Academy went through the same laborious course of study. Indeed, for many of his figures he even made clay models, to study the effect of foreshortening and for other purposes. It is no wonder that his figures stand out from the canvas full and rounded as if the living flesh and blood were beneath. The body was beneath every portion of the intricate garment folds.

Oh, that is the way I want to do my work in the world!

There are some men whose utterances have solidity and substance. When they speak, every word carries weight. Their decisions have results. Their opinions move men. Their sentences are quoted and influence events.

Other men may use ten times as many words, but their words seem to burst like bubbles. They are empty and ineffectual. Their sentiments go out into the air as fruitless as it is.

The cause of the difference between the two is this. The first man speaks as Leighton painted. He forms his opinions by study. He has looked on both sides of every question upon which he gives a judgment. He can give a reason for the faith that is in him—nay, twenty reasons, and all of them good ones.

The second man has done nothing of all this. His words express his feelings of the moment, and they change as his feelings change. Men have learned this with regard to him, and estimate him accordingly.

There is only one way to give body to words, and that is to paint the body in back of them by thorough information and long meditation. Such words are events.

Specializing—in Athletics and Elsewhere.

Our British cousins, badly beaten in the Olympic games, once consoled

themselves, in a measure, by charging that the American athletes are specialists.

That is true, if it means that the splendid athletes whom this country sent to Stockholm have made special study of their respective sports, and have developed themselves in those sports more than in others. It is not true if it means that our athletes do not possess an all-round development, and a healthy interest in all forms of exercise and sport.

Of course it is not best for a young man to confine his athletic interests to pole-vaulting, for instance. There are some sports, such as running, tennis, and swimming, that come near to being universal and comprehensive exercises; but not even these furnish the all-round development needed for a perfect physical equipment. The rower needs to run and the runner needs to row.

This being taken for granted, in athletics as well as in all other fields of action the highest pleasure and success depend upon specialization. We need to do one thing long enough and hard enough to do it surpassingly well. In no other way can we gain a sense of mastery. In no other way can we minister to the pleasure of others conspicuously through it. In no other way can we get from it the finest contribution it can make to our own well-being.

Everywhere a Jack-of-all-trades is a master of none. The world is flooded with poems that are "just dashed off," and as quickly dashed into oblivion. Artists' studios are crowded with "impressionist" pictures that convey no impression whatever to anyone but the artists. The counters of all shops have back of them rows of clerks that know nothing beyond the goods they are selling, and that therefore will never get beyond the counters—nor stay there very long.

The specialist is simply one who has

a business and knows it. He may also have many avocations, and know them, too; but his business he knows supremely well. And in these days of competition—heavier than Olympic competition—no one has much chance that does not know his business supremely well.

On "Getting By."

"He got by."

This bit of present-day slang is typical of present-day conditions.

It signifies carrying a thing off when the performer does not deserve to carry it off.

It means fooling folks into thinking that you are more than you are, wiser and brighter and stronger.

"Getting by" is triumphant hypocrisy. It is acting a part successfully. It is making a little go a long way, about twice as far as it ought to go.

"Getting by" is a popular process. We have no time to be thorough, or think we have not. We see make-shifts winning prizes by the hundred. We see shoddy sold over many thronged counters. We do not see why we should take pains to sell honest goods, as long as people are so willingly cheated.

All this is because we forget that there is One who can never be cheated, and He is the only one that counts. His purchase alone buys. His verdict alone clears. His vote alone elects.

If our acts and words and thoughts "get by" His judgment, then only do they arrive at success.

The Top Button.

Probably everyone knows this story about the Emperor of Germany, but never mind if everyone does.

The Kaiser likes to wear the army uniform, and, in fact, he is seldom seen in any other garb. When he sits at

his work-table in his palace in Berlin he is in the habit, for the sake of comfort, of unbuttoning the stiff military coat and throwing it open. But when, as frequently happens, some body of soldiers marches by, the Emperor at once buttons his coat to the very top and stands up at the window to receive their salutes.

One day a member of his court, seeing the Emperor do this, asked him, "Your Majesty, why are you so particular to button your coat, even to the top button, when the troops are marching past?"

"My soldiers," replied Emperor William, "have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I don't intend that they ever shall." And then he added, with great impressiveness, "*The efficiency of an army is a matter of the top button.*"

That is true of an army, and it is also true of a man. Slovenly in one thing, slovenly in all things. Nothing spreads over a life so quickly as carelessness.

It is the top button that makes the difference between a cheerless home and an abode of comfort—whether the bread shall be sweet or sour, the pie-crust heavy or flaky, the beds pleasant to sleep in or destructive of slumber.

It is the top button that makes the difference between a successful business and bankruptcy—whether or not the stock is kept replenished, the counters polished, the windows bright, the books often balanced.

It is the top button that decides whether or not you are a success in the Father's business, doing your best with every Sunday-school lesson you teach, every prayer-meeting speech you make, every friendly letter you write, or letting your second best or your tenth best answer.

Of course by this top-button principle I don't mean that all things are to be done as well as we can do them. Emperor William, careful as he is about his top button, might not stop

to make copy-book letters in penning an army despatch. A housekeeper will not make a floor chemically clean or darn every hole in Tom's socks with perfect regularity. Some things are not worth doing supremely well, at least at all times. Other things are worth doing supremely well at all times, and we must reserve time for these.

The wise man, then, is the man that knows just what the top buttons of life are, and what are the under buttons that in an emergency may be left unbuttoned altogether. And he will button those top buttons though the heavens fall.

Shoes and Success.

In a newspaper which lies before me is the description of a shoemaker's contest which the government has been conducting. The government wished to find the best-fitting shoe for the army. If an army cannot march, it makes no difference how many soldiers it has or how able are its generals or how powerful its guns; it is beaten before the war begins. And, other things being equal, the army marches best that wears the best shoes.

So the experts went to work to find the ideal shoe. That wonderful agent, the X-ray, was called in. Scores and hundreds of X-ray photographs were made, showing the positions of the bones of the foot in all attitudes and under all circumstances—before a march, during the march, and after the march was over. At the same time models of shoes were made, scores of them, and compared with these photographs. From these studies the experts made up their minds what the shape of the shoe should be. It must be straight on the inside, it must have a closely fitting instep; the toes must be left at liberty to move as freely as if the wearer were barefooted. These requirements were determined

upon by the most thoroughgoing scientific investigation.

Then the manufacturers were called in. One hundred and twenty firms took part in the competition. Each received a copy of the specifications, stating the government's requirements, and each submitted two pairs of shoes as samples of what it could do to meet those requirements. These samples were considered most carefully, and two fat contracts for all the shoes used by the army went to the two firms whose shoes were judged to be the best.

It is a Persian proverb, "To him who wears a shoe the world is covered with leather." After this careful action by our government the world should be covered with velvet to our gallant soldiers. They should run on their marches and leap at their foes.

Now let the church militant take a lesson from the United States Army. Too often we plan our campaigns without planning our shoes. Our forces should be here to-day, there to-morrow, over yonder the next day; but when those days come we are behind the schedule and are sitting by the roadside, while far ahead of us the enemy have thrown up entrenchments.

We have neglected to ease the contact between the ideal and the actual. We have not fitted shoes to the feet of our good intentions. They may have needed shoes made of greenbacks. Or the necessary shoes may have been constructed out of hours and minutes and seconds. Or they may have been co-operation shoes, or friendship shoes. We may have been trying to carry out our plans by ourselves, or with poor equipment. No wonder we have stumbled. No wonder our fine anticipations have failed of realization. We have been trying to march with wooden shoes.

The adaptation of means to ends is a large part of living. There are many who feel that a house is built as soon

as they have sketched the ground plan. Foundation, frame, floors, walls, roof, windows, doors, these do not enter into their calculations. They rub the lamp of their fancy, and the achievement stands before them, fully formed and complete. Their castles are all in cloud-land.

Others haul great carts full of stone and wood, collect their tools, hire their laborers, and then, standing in the confusion of material, discover that they have no plan for the house.

Each is foolish. We need a plan for our material and we need material for our plan. The wise man will provide both.

Therefore the next time you are moved by some noble purpose, set yourself at once to imitate our War Department. Put shoes upon it, and aim to make those shoes as nearly perfect as possible, worthy of the wise intention they are to carry to its goal. Get the help of others. Read books of instruction. Put upon the problem your own sturdy thinking. And then, having evolved the best method-shoes you can, lace them on the feet of your purpose and trot off up the hill of success. For to him who wears a shoe the world is covered with leather!

THOUGHT.

The Manufacture of Fog.

In California the wise fruit-growers have learned how to circumvent nature by pitting fog against frost. When a cold snap arrives out comes the fog-wagon.

This ingenious contrivance carries a tank made of sheet iron. This tank is filled with straw which is kept wet all the time by water sprinkled over it from a cask. Underneath it is a grate where tar is kept burning, a revolving fan maintaining the draft.

The result, of course, is a dense steam rising from the cart, which is then driven down the rows of fruit-

trees, wrapping them in a thick layer of the warm vapor—a protection which even the keenest Jack Frost is unable to penetrate.

Long before this affair was invented in California it was well known and frequently used in the domain of thought. Fog-wagons have been introduced into discussions from time immemorial. However simple a proposition may be, someone is sure to arise and exhale such a vast cloud of words, confused ideas, inconsequential arguments, and queries that are not at all pertinent to the subject, that the speaker and all that listen are straightway immersed in a mist which the brightest shaft of reason would fail to pierce.

What we need in the fruit orchards of discussion is not a fog-wagon, but a fog-dispeller. Perhaps someone will invent, some fine day, a mental cannon that will serve the purpose.

Contagion without Contact.

London folks were once grievously disturbed by a report of the London Local Government Board. This eminently respectable and trustworthy set of gentlemen authorized experiments, by Dr. Gordon, to determine at what distance harmful bacilli will be harmful. It was proved that a vigorous speaker, if his mouth harbors any of these tiny pests, may scatter the dangerous germs over an entire audience. "Presumably," says the account, "the stalls of a theater, even the front rows of the pit, may be inclusively contaminated by a first-rate actor."

Now, "contagion" comes from the word "contact." To speak of contagion without contact is a contradiction in terms. And yet such a thing is possible, and probably very frequent. We are bound together by many ties, and not the least effective is the bond of the air.

I, for one, however, am not going to worry about this. Life becomes a long torment as soon as one begins worrying about germs. But there is a long-distance contagion that is worth worrying about, and that I wish to avoid. I mean the contagion of worded thought.

An actor contaminate an entire theaterful? To be sure! It is done often. Such abominable plays as "Camille" will do it easily. Infidel lecturers contaminate everyone within sound of their voices. So do the singers of vulgar or trashy songs. So do the tellers of vile stories. So do the preachers of false doctrine, such as the Mormon missionaries.

We would not immerse our bodies in marsh mud. We would not even touch the tip of our finger to pitch. We avoid the poisonous sting of a mosquito or a hornet. We give a wide berth to smallpox and diphtheria and scarlet fever. We do not even want a consumptives' home established in our town. When shall we take equal care of our minds, that they be not smitten with the foul diseases that are a thousand times worse than death?

The Price of Brains.

A letter I once received from Springfield, Ohio, told me the following story.

While my correspondent was waiting for her change at the meat-shop a woman came up, and, after inspecting the various meats displayed, seriously asked the butcher, "How much do you ask for your brains?"

"As I came away," remarked my correspondent, "I amused myself with speculations on the possible outcome of such a tragedy as seemed impending."

But brains are sold, and bargains for brains are made, in many places besides Ohio meat-shops.

How much do you ask for your brains, young man?

Here is the saloon-keeper, who will

pay you a few years of half-crazed revelry for them. Do you agree?

Here is Mammon, who will give you a bank-book for them, perhaps a book with seven figures in a row after a dollar sign. Is it a bargain?

Here is Ambition, who will give you a seat in the legislature or in Congress. Make the exchange?

Here is Sloth, who offers a feather bed and a morris-chair. Take 'em?

You may question some of this. "It takes brains," you may say, "to get into office or to make money."

Yes, brains of a certain kind. But do you want to sell your brains for that sort of work,—money merely for money's sake, and power merely for power's sake, without considering the good you may do with the money or the power?

Ah, but here comes the Maker of brains.

"How much do you ask for your brains?" He inquires. "I will give you wisdom (glorified brains), and joy, and honor, and friends, and eternal life."

Will you make the exchange? Is it a bargain?

There never was a better bargain in all the world.

Sub-irrigation.

There is a new method of irrigation that is employed in the thirsty lands of the West, a method that seems to be decidedly preferable, at least in some cases, to the old way of distributing the precious water to the growing crops through ramifying ditches from the central reservoir. This method makes no show upon the surface at all, but the operation is carried on beneath.

The difficulty with sub-irrigation has been that the perforations in the water-pipes laid in the ground would get choked up. By the improved arrangement the water escapes from the pipes through pinholes protected by

caps, so that dirt cannot get into them. The pipes are of concrete, made and laid by a machine right on the field.

This method of irrigation requires only one-seventh as much water as the surface method, for in the latter method six-sevenths of the water is lost by evaporation or sinks into the ditches before it reaches the ground to be irrigated. It also means a great saving of land, since one-tenth of every acre cultivated by surface irrigation is occupied by the irrigation ditches, laterals, and borders, while every inch of the sub-irrigated land is used for the crops.

Now whatever may be true of the water, the moral of all this lies plainly on the surface. It is this: Cultivate the under regions of your life!

Surface supplies are showy; you know just what you are doing; you can see the vitalizing stream flowing swiftly toward your mental and spiritual acres, and you rejoice in the coming harvest. This subterranean enrichment is not apparent. You pour in the living fluid at a distance, of time and space. It will be a book you read last year. It will be a sermon you heard when you were young. It will be a conversation with a wise friend, held long ago. It will be prayers in secret. It will be quiet Bible meditations. They sink into the ground of your life, and disappear. Perhaps it is years before you think of them again or see any result from them. And then, the beautiful harvest!

The surface irrigation of the mind is well enough, and certainly is not to be despised; but it is these hidden under-currents, forgotten and mysterious, that bring success to your spiritual farming. Lay your pipes for it, and fill the reservoir full to the brim!

The Kind of Ink.

Week after week, month after month, year after year, I use the same fountain

pen. It is ever the same, an unchanging, smooth, ready point.

But my writing is not ever the same—far from it! Sometimes it is bold and black, a John-Hancock-y script to be proud of. At other times it is weak and dish-watery. That is the way it is just now.

And the reason? Of course, the ink. The fluid I am now using I bought at a bargain, the label torn off, at "a great reduction." A poor bargain it has proved for me, however pleasing to the seller, and its feeble gray tracings do no credit to my pen or my character. And yet I hate to throw that ink away.

Even thus—for you will accept a moral, won't you?—I have seen a stalwart fellow, with a splendid physique, and the inheritance of a good brain from thoughtful and acute ancestors. But when I come to talk with this Hercules-Apollo, when his fountain pen begins to write,—bah! what paltry and ignoble sentences! They can scarcely be distinguished from the level of flatness on which they lie outspread.

The trouble with our broad-shouldered friend is that he has filled himself up with poor ink,—trashy novels, frippery jokes, political gossip, sporting news,—and has left the good black ink untouched in the inkwell. He got his ink cheap and easily, but it will be a dear bargain before he is done with it.

For, amid the multiplied leaves of the world's chirography, the millions of scrawled and deplorable pages, there is only one way to notice and distinction: this is to write with clearness and force, *and with black ink.*

THOUGHTFULNESS.

Making an Investment.

Not very often probably in the experience of most of us does it fall to our lot to make investments of money. These opportunities come so seldom

that we hardly know how to avail ourselves of them. If we are wise, we go to some reliable investment-house, whose business it is to watch the market and advise purchasers of stocks and bonds and notes where best to put their savings. If we are unwise, we trust to our untrained and over-enthusiastic friends, or to our untrained and credulous selves, and invest our dollars where the promised return is largest—ten per cent, forsooth, with an occasional extra dividend thrown in for good measure. We receive handsomely printed certificates of ownership and—a heritage of anxiety, disappointment, and loss. Oh, it is a tricky art, this making of investments!

We are glad to assume the burden of such decisions, however, and our only regret is that these occasions are not more frequent. But there is a sort of investment which we may be making all the time, and it is really of more importance than investments of money. The material for it, moreover, is exhaustless and the returns are enormous—hundreds upon hundreds of per cent. You would think that every man, woman, and child on earth would be rushing to the banks and to the bond houses eager for these investment opportunities, but you will be surprised to learn that millions of chances remain unimproved every day. No, you will not be surprised, either, when I tell you that I refer to investments of thoughtfulness.

Yet all my claims in favor of that investment are true beyond a peradventure. My own money investments have generally brought me little but trouble and worry. I do not look back upon them with pride or satisfaction. But the investments of thoughtfulness which I happen to have made are increasing joys to me, every one of them.

Just try it. Think up some jolly word which you will say to the blind

man you pass on the way to the office. Write a tender, strong little note to the mother who has lost her baby. Remember to congratulate Tom Brownson on his promotion the next time you see that young man. Give your sister Lucy a lift with that abominable third conjugation. Kiss grandma as you pass her, and whisper to her that she is the light of your home. Thank the minister for the comforting sermon he preached last Sunday, and borrow it for the benefit of bedridden Mr. Folsom. Plan a merry party for your Sunday-school class. Put a blossoming geranium on a plate and set it in the middle of the dining-table. Oh, these investments of thoughtfulness are endless, and when you once begin with them there is absolutely no stopping.

Who was it said that shrouds have no pockets? They have; but they are selective pockets. They will hold some things, and other things they will not hold. Try to stow your money there, and they are all holes. But they are good, stout, roomy pockets for every one of the investments I have named. These investments would be well worth while were it only for the returns they bring in this world; but the joy of them and the comfort of them and the strengthening development that they bring go on increasing at compound interest through the endless ages of eternity.

Ah, whatever my calling, I want to add to it that of an investment-broker, and these are the stocks and bonds in which I want to deal!

My Friend's Birthday Book.

I have a friend who has a birthday book,—one of those convenient affairs, with pleasant quotations for every day in the year, and after the quotations generous blank spaces where folks write their names in the room allotted to their respective birthdays.

I always like to look over such books, when I know the people, noting the frequent resemblances or contrasts between the sentiment of the quotations and the character of the persons whose autographs are attached.

But my friend's birthday book has a far higher interest and value. He has a way of bringing it out, quite incidentally, when you are making a first call at his house. He shows you some of the most interesting autographs—and the book contains not a few signatures of famous people; and then he gets you to add your own name to the number. You do so, and forget all about it.

Not so my friend. When your next birthday anniversary arrives, you are likely to be called up on the telephone, and to hear his cheery voice wishing you a happy day and many a happy year. Or, there may come a ring at the door-bell, and you will find there a mysterious dish of rosy-cheeked apples, with a card of birthday greetings. Or, some delightful reminder of the day may come through the mail.

I have seen many birthday books, but I know of none that is so likely as my friend's to be found in the Library of Heaven!

Looking Out for the Exceptional.

The fine art of living with others requires a constant thoughtfulness that can hardly be overdone. For example, we report what a friend told us not long ago. "I have a neighbor," he said, "whose habits are very neighborly except that he has a little dog of the barking variety. He keeps this dog in the house all night, I will say to his credit, but regularly at seven o'clock every morning there is a barking explosion next door when the dog is let out. Of course my neighbor, if he thinks about the matter at all, reasons that everyone is awake at that hour; but my business sometimes pre-

vents my going to bed until one o'clock in the morning, and to be aroused thus violently at seven is most annoying. That dog could be taught to make his daily entrance into the world less vociferously. Nor is this all," said our friend; "for on the other side of me is a neighbor, also unexceptionable in other respects, whose daughter plays the piano, very finely but very rapidly and very loudly, until ten o'clock nearly every evening. She doubtless thinks that no one is in bed so early as ten, but sickness, or the necessity of rising early the next morning, very often sends someone of our family to bed by nine, so that her evening music is sometimes a serious nuisance. Yet in other ways these are the best of neighbors, and I cannot bring myself to speak about the matter." As our friend left us we made up our mind that we would try at least, in all our relations with others, to exercise a friendly imagination, and make ourselves fit not only the customary but also the unusual requirements of their lives.

TIME.

Putting in Time.

It is a commonly heard expression: "I will put in the time some way!" What do we mean by it? We mean that while we are waiting for somebody, or something, we will be doing something or other, we do not know what, but we will while away our time in some fashion. No one "puts in time" with a definite plan; it is always at blank haphazard. No one who "puts in time" expects definite results; he only expects to avoid ennui, and get through the hours till something comes along that is worth while.

But the expression is an admission that time is being put into something. Into what is it put?

Plainly it is being put into a hole, the big, black, bottomless pit of vacu-

ity. Nothing comes out of that hole, though oceans of time flow in. It is one of the most greedy maws in the universe, and one of the least profitable. Time is far too valuable to throw in there. Time is the one thing that man cannot make, nor can ever hope to make. Though it is given so freely, it is given most grudgingly—only a second at a time, and not for a king's ransom a shred more than a second at a time. Moreover, time is what everything else that is worth while is made up of. Time is the universal solvent sought by the philosophers of the world; it may be transformed into all other valuables. Think of putting time into the yawning gulf of emptiness!

When next you have a chance to put in time, put it into a plan. Have a plan all ready, for you will have no chance to go after it. Time is the most volatile and effervescent of substances.

You may put it into a book you have at hand in your pocket. You may put it into an essay, half-written, or half-outlined. You may put it into your Sunday-school lesson, having your Sunday-school quarterly where you can readily lay your hands on it. You may put it into the Bible—new reading, or heedful thought of what you read in the morning. You may put it into the topic of the next prayer meeting. Ah, there are so many fine places to put time in!

The difference between failure and success in life is largely in this matter of putting in time. Tell me how you spend your spare minutes, and I will tell you how you spend the rest of your life—and what salary you get for doing it!

TREACHERY.

Traitor Powders.

The British authorities discovered a gang whose business it was to make

"traitor powders." These powders were sent to soldiers at the front, by their wives and sweethearts and mothers, and were said to have been able to give them such palpitations of the heart that the army doctors sent them home as unfit for service. We are not told whether the powders worked or not, but this is the claim made for them. Very likely they were worse for the soldier's health than the bullets of the enemy.

Since reading about these traitor powders I have been wondering whether the use of them is confined to soldiers at the front in the Great War. I think I have seen many indications of the use of traitor powders in the great warfare of life.

I have seen many a resignation from church committees just when the work had become burdensome. Health has suddenly given out, or their duties have suddenly become very pressing; but I have suspected that traitor powder was at the bottom of it.

I have known weddings put off and finally abandoned on one pretext or other when I was compelled to believe that traitor powders were at the bottom of the abandonment.

I have seen politicians desert the reform party and go over to the machine. Back of their smooth speeches and plausible explanations I have thought I could smell the traitor powder.

I have even known men and women who joined the church with loud professions of joy and purpose and gratitude to the dear Saviour, and I have seen these same persons grow lax in their zeal, cease to attend church, and finally drop out of all connection with the church activities. Traitor powders again.

There is a real palpitation of the heart. There are genuine reasons for failures in all the directions I have named. When these real reasons exist the Good Physician will admit and

accept them, and so should all His children. But as to the false palpitation, the palpitation produced by traitor powders, what is it but a lie and a disgrace and treason to the cause of our King?

TRIALS.

Wars and Stars.

London is in the gloom of war. Thousands of her fathers and sons are in France, exposed to hardships innumerable, to sickness, wounds, mutilation, death.

London is in peril. At any moment a flying monster may appear in the air, and crashing bombs may destroy priceless buildings and invaluable lives.

London is in the dark. No lights are permitted in the world's metropolis that can point the way for a hostile Zeppelin and indicate where to strike. This physical darkness symbolizes the darkness of the times.

But London is seeing the stars! Now, for the first time in centuries, the world's metropolis is seeing the stars!

Hitherto the lights of earth have concealed the lights of heaven, the splendors of the electric arc have put out the distant suns. Things near and transient have by their brilliance thrown a mist over things far and permanent. Now London is back in the early days, when country folk looked through darkened air at the glittering sky, and lived close to God.

That is one of the few fair results of wars—they show us the stars; they solemnify us; they force our thoughts upward and onward; not for centuries have the multitudes been thus thrown back upon God.

Detour.

One is unlikely to make an automobile journey of any considerable extent, at least through the well-settled parts of the country, without meeting the

sign, DETOUR, placed forbiddingly in the center of the road. It means that the road ahead is being repaired, and that traveling over it is forbidden.

Obedying the command, and going in the direction of the arrow—the sign is always placed where two roads join—the motorist is very likely to enjoy the roundabout way more than he would have enjoyed the direct highway. It is longer, of course, and the road is probably not macadamized, but it leads the traveler through quiet, wooded stretches, past lonely farms, and through tiny villages which the automobile seldom reaches. The detour is a welcome break in the journey, and one returns to the highway at the farther end with something of a sigh.

It is so when we are forced to turn aside from the straight and smooth course which we had marked out for ourselves in life. It is a long detour, but nevertheless necessary. Sickness may cause it, or poverty, some mishap to a friend, or some disaster to our city or country. "Detour" is the sign. We frown when we see it, but it usually means an introduction to a new and very beautiful region. Christ knows best where to send our life car. Indeed, is he not the Way?

Bait for Something Better.

A visitor to a large establishment for the preservation of fish was amazed to see that the great washing troughs were full of squid, or cuttle-fish. Following the buckets as they were hoisted to the loft, he found men engaged in packing scores of crates with the repulsive, eel-like creatures, with rows of tentacles around their mouths. He could not look at them without thinking of the black ink which they squirt through the water when hiding from their foes.

"What use can be made of squids?" he asked.

"Bait and food," answered the

owner of the establishment. "Lots of people eat them."

The visitor turned away with the thought that some good use may be made of everything that God has created, as well as of every lot in which God places us. However disagreeable our fortune may seem, however dark the cloud which it throws around us, there is food in it for our higher life, and it may become bait for the catching of something better!

A Matter of Clothes.

It is amazing what a difference there is in our feeling about a storm when we are clothed to meet it. When the puddles soak into our shoes, and the rain drives down our backs, and the wind chills us to the bone, we dodge from shelter to shelter. Our heads down, we make desperate dashes, and are wonderfully relieved to get indoors. But when from top to toe we are garbed against the weather, we plunge into the puddles gayly, meet the gusts with a laugh, heartily challenge the storm, and stay out in the exhilarating turmoil as long as we can.

Very much like this is our experience in the storms of life. If our souls are not properly clothed to meet them, the pelting annoyances, the drizzling glooms, the downpour of worries, the blast of fear and misfortune chill us through and through, and we long for some shelter against them, but do not find it. If we are stoutly protected by faith and hope and love, by patience and peace and prayer, we can look any fate cheerily in the face and sing exultantly through any storm. How foolish it is to go half clad, when the warmest of clothes may be ours for the asking!

TRIFLES.

One Rain-drop.

"I can't accomplish anything," said a rain-drop to a comrade up in the

sky. "When I fall I merely sink into the ground and disappear. By and by the sun lifts me up here again. What an aimless, useless life! I don't intend to go down to earth another time."

The rain-drop to which it spoke agreed, and passed the word along to the next rain-drop in the cloud. That agreed, and in turn passed the word along. Soon all the rain-drops in that cloud had come to the same decision. Moreover, the cloud touched another cloud, and that touched another, and very speedily the decision was adopted by all the clouds in the sky.

But down on earth there was a terrible time. The grass withered. The flowers dried up. All the grain perished, and all the fruit. The trees were bare of leaves. Men and women and children were perishing of hunger.

Then the first rain-drop, looking down, saw the fearful state of things, and was stirred to pity. "I can't do much," it said, "but I must do what I can." So it fell to earth, and was at once swallowed up by the dry soil. But the good example was followed by the next rain-drop, and that by the next, until all one cloud was emptied, and all another cloud, and all the clouds in the sky. Freshness came back to the fields, and health came back to the human folks, and everyone went to church to sing songs of thanksgiving.

For one does count; even one rain-drop.

A Toy.

A ten-year-old boy in Boston lost his life in a strange way. He was playing in a park through which flows a rather deep stream. His companions threw into this stream a wooden horse, one of his belongings. A policeman warned him away, but he persisted in wading in after the toy, and was drowned.

How foolish, you say? A life for a toy.

But remember: he was only ten years old. And are not grown-up men and women by the thousand, in Boston and every other city, losing their lives daily for toys worth no more in eternal values than that wooden horse?

All for a Hat.

A party of five were out sailing off Boston Light. They were two men, two young women, and a boy,—a family party.

Of a sudden, the straw hat of one of the men blew off. All five leaned over the side of the boat and tried to reach it. A fresh wind was blowing, caught the boat, dipped it under, and caused it to fill with water. It sank like lead, and instantly the five were overboard.

The two men were good swimmers and did their best, but, before help could reach them, one girl, the boy, and one of the men were drowned.

And all for a hat!

Alas, what a picture of much of our living! Lives thrown away, daily, hourly, for trifles light as air!

Is there, after all, a more valuable sense than a sense of proportion?

TROUBLES.

Singing Sands.

You know what they are. You would never forget, if you once walked over them. From the sand comes as you tread upon it a weird, elfin music, high-keyed but exquisite. It is like no other sound in nature.

Part of the ocean front of Manchester, Mass., has long been called the Singing Beach, and geologists have come from far to study into the causes of the strange sounds. It is only recently that Professor John H. Sears, of the Peabody Academy of Science,

has put forth a scientifically proved explanation of the phenomenon.

The sand, the professor explained, is the quartz and feldspar of broken-down granite. Now with the diamond ranking as 10 in the scale of hardness, quartz ranks only as 7 and feldspar at 6. But both quartz and feldspar occasionally include crystals of harder substances, especially tourmaline, with a hardness of 9, and zircon, with a hardness of 9 or $8\frac{1}{2}$. When the softer substance is worn away by the sea, the bits of harder mineral are left protruding; and these, as they are trodden upon, or washed back and forth by the waves, scratch upon neighboring sand-grains, and cause the singing sounds.

Well, the musical sands have sung me a truth.

Can't you guess it? It is this:

Trials are at the bottom of harmony. It is the wearing of the sand that makes possible its music. It is the grinding sorrows of life that result in life's sweetest strains.

You don't believe it? You don't see how it can be? Try it, and you will know; and I don't think that any words can make you know.

The myriads that sing around the Great White Throne, who are they?

"These are they which come out of the great tribulation."

And "tribulation" means, literally, a "rubbing."

TRUST.

Trust Folks.

When one travels in England, his journey is one long agony of watchfulness over his baggage, or "luggage," as they call it over there—because, I suppose, they always lug it around with them. You cannot check your luggage. There are no checks. You must take care of it yourself. You throw it into the "luggage van," and you rush off to get a seat. At impor-

tant stations you fly to the luggage van to make sure your possessions are still there, and have not been thrown off somewhere or taken off by someone else. When you reach your destination, you pounce on them promptly, for anyone else may pounce on them as well as you, and there is no one to say him nay. One result of this system is that an enormous and very uncomfortable amount of luggage is brought into the stuffy little compartments of the trains. You sit in a row of passengers, facing another row, and the space between you will be piled high with bags, boxes, bundles, and valises, up breast high sometimes, while the narrow rack above is loaded with a precarious burden of lighter articles.

I shall not soon forget a delightful journey I once made with a charming Englishman for two thousand miles in the United States. With much misgiving at the beginning of the two thousand miles he resigned his valise to a baggage-master, and received in return an insignificant bit of pasteboard. They hurried the valise out of his sight, and all along the route he was worrying about his "bag."

"I'd feel a deal safer if I could see my bag," he would say. And "I wonder where my bag is now." And "'Twill be a long while, I fancy, before my bag catches up with me."

At last, when we were within a few miles of Boston, I thought I would take him into the baggage car and relieve his apprehensions. I went over the heaps of trunks, and at last in the farthest corner of the car was his valise. It had traveled the two thousand miles keeping exact pace with him, making every change as he made it, and was ready to be delivered in return for his bit of pasteboard as soon as he reached the Boston platform.

He could not seem to comprehend it. I think the marvel impressed him

more than anything he had seen in America.

"Well done!" he said; which is an Englishman's highest praise.

That, after all, is a small matter. People might have worse things to do when traveling than watching after their valises. But the principle involved is a large matter, and it is this: Trust others. Do not think that you must see to everything yourself. Put affairs in other people's hands. Give them a chance to do their duty. Expect them to do it. Go away, and leave them to do it.

You cannot do everything yourself. The more you amount to in this world, the more you must accomplish through others. The great leaders are those that *lead*, that organize the working force of others. Throw responsibility on the public officers, and hold them to it. Do the same with your servants, your clerks, your friends, the workers in your church, your Sunday school, your Christian Endeavor society. Take checks from them—that is, take promises, pledges; and then expect them to redeem the checks.

Not to Be Taken In.

It does not pay to be too suspicious.

The other day a man in Massachusetts saw a man in what seemed to be the fake "make-up" of a countryman scattering fake money along the street. This man was not going to be taken in by any advertising dodge, not he; so he walked calmly on his way, congratulating himself on his superior insight.

Along came another man who was a little more credulous. He picked up the bits of paper and found that they were real money, twelve crisp one-dollar bills.

It was a real farmer, too, who had thrown them away, as it turned out. Someone had given him \$12 in new

bills, and he thought they were counterfeit.

Two men, therefore, cheated themselves by thinking that other men were cheats.

A Modest Request.

The other day, on some cars moving out of Boston, I heard a young lady exclaim: "I do hope it won't rain to-morrow, because I want to go in to the city." The remark set me to meditating.

There had been drought for many weeks. The grass was burning up. The parks and lawns of the rich, though kept constantly watered, were yellow and dead. The trees were covered with dust. The long-continued dryness had caused their leaves to turn yellow before their time. The stoutest flowers were drooping; the frail ones had died long ago. The dust was four inches thick in the sweltering streets. Yet this suburban girl hoped it would not rain the next day, because she wanted to go in to Boston.

More than that. The hot sun was drawing miasma from the fevered earth. In the festering city, alas, the poor babies were dying by the score. The doctors were all overtaxed. The sick, even among the well-to-do, were praying for cool weather and for rain. Yet this girl hoped it would not rain to-morrow, because she wanted to go in to the city.

The farmers were in trouble, also. Miles and miles of parched lands were reaching up thirsty lips to the empty sky. The labor of thousands of men was running to waste through lack of the kindly showers. Thousands of families were going to have less to eat next winter on account of the drought. Yet this girl *did* hope that it would not rain next day, because she wanted to go in to the city.

Ah, my readers, this is a complicated world. You and I may well be

glad that we do not have to run it. It is enough to make one's brain reel to think of the vast interests that depend on every shower. Let us trust God's wisdom to direct these mighty concerns, and *keep our hands off*; yes, and keep our foolish *wishes off*, too.

TRUTH.

Over-illumination.

A certain great railroad is to give up the use of white signal lights meaning "clear" or "proceed." Strong green lights will be used instead, which can be seen at a great distance.

The reason for the change is the growing number of white electric lights near the railroad's right of way. The engineers cannot distinguish them from the railroad lights, and get confused.

Only recently have green lights been perfected strong enough to meet this need. Only recently also have yellow lights been invented of a yellow so intense that it will not look like white when seen from a distance.

It will be seen that light is not always a good thing. We can have too many lights, too much illumination. It is possible thus for light to defeat the ends of light.

And is not something like this true also of the light of truth?

How to Tell a Liar.

It will be advantageous to you, doubtless, in many situations to be able to distinguish truth from falsehood. The scientists have just discovered how. Just put on the suspected prevaricator a delicate contrivance for measuring his breathing. Divide the time of inspiration by the time of expiration. The quotient will always be diminished by the act of lying; and the liar, the sages say, is unable to affect the result by breathing irregularly.

Now isn't that fine? If a young woman fears that her lover is indulging in statements not warranted by cold facts, she has only to say, "George, dear, just slip on this respiration-recorder and say that over again." George's fate will be sealed on the spot.

Or, apply it to the agents for mining-stocks, to beggars with hard-luck stories, to politicians making stump speeches, to witnesses in divorce trials, to infidel arguers, to hubby when he comes home late, to the young man who has been eating cloves, to the boy whose hair is wet,—in short, to half of the social output.

The lie-detector will be, I perceive, a necessity in all editorial offices, and in every well-regulated home.

Perhaps, in time, it will eliminate the lie itself, and transform this world into a truthful paradise.

Guaranteed.

Often we buy goods, such as a fountain pen, a hot-water bag, or a pair of stockings, which are guaranteed to last a certain number of months or years. If they wear out before the guaranteed time, it is a temptation to let the matter drop. To follow it up and obtain a new article according to the guarantee, takes time and a measure of hardihood. One must face possible suspicion of unfair practice, possible reluctance, and sullenness. But it is our public duty, as it is our private privilege, to follow up all guarantees.

Nor is this less true in the fields of thought and of the spirit. When a writer or a teacher of any kind makes an assertion, sets forth an alleged principle or guiding truth, it is to be tested fairly, and if his claims are not substantiated, he should be brought to account. Guarantees in the matters of morals and of religion are of far greater importance than in matters of

trade. They are made freely, and sometimes they are shoddy. It is our duty to follow them up. If they prove false, it is our duty to expose them. Equally it is our duty, if they prove true, to give them hearty gratitude and praise.

UNIFORMITY.

Fitting In.

It happens often, when great conflagrations call for the concentration of fire apparatus from a number of cities, that the apparatus is of little value when it arrives, simply because it cannot work with the facilities provided by the city that is burning up. Of course the chief difficulty is with the different sizes and threads of the hose-couplings.

It is strange that so obvious a reform should be so long delayed, but it is only recently that any strong movement has been made for uniformity of hose-couplings, and thus far only about seventy-five towns and cities have adopted the standard coupling that has been selected. It would cost a little. And folks are so slow!

But the practical advantage of uniformity is apparent in regard to many other matters where advantage has not been taken of it. What a gain, for instance, would be a uniform system of shorthand that could be taught (as it would be) in all our schools and serve as a universal means of correspondence, thus appreciably lengthening life for each one of us. What a gain would be a uniform place for street names and a uniform size, color, and letter for the signs. What a gain would be uniform laws regarding automobiles, a uniform parcel-post rate for all distances just as we have a letter rate for all distances, a similarly uniform telegraph and telephone rate, and other improvements of the kind to an extent almost endless.

So also in the religious realm. The practical advantages of the uniform Sunday-school lessons are enormous. In the Christian Endeavor society the gains from a uniform set of prayer-meeting topics are apparent to every worker; they place at the hand of every Endeavorer a wealth of suggestion that would be impossible otherwise.

In many ways the churches might well become uniform, to the vast gain of religion—in the time for the mid-week prayer meeting, in the hour for Sunday school and for Sunday services, and the like.

Independence is a good thing—within limits; but in matters where men need to pull together uniformity is a principle of more value than independence. Protestants need to learn this lesson.

USE.

Two Sticks.

Said the Hockey Stick to the Golf Club, "What a queer shape you have!"

The Golf Club quietly replied: "How strange! I was just thinking the same of you."

"You bend so much at the end," said the Golf Club.

"And you bend so little," the Hockey Stick objected.

"Where is your iron tip?" asked the Golf Club.

"Why have you an iron tip?" asked the Hockey Stick.

"You are so light," the Golf Club objected.

"You are so heavy," objected the Hockey Stick.

The owner overheard this conversation and had a stick made that was half-way between a Golf Club and a Hockey Stick, combining the features of both.

He found that it was perfectly useless.

Ink-bottle Lives.

For a long time, now, I have been carrying my fountain pen without any ink in it. That is for several reasons, the principal one being that I am too—busy, let us say, though my friends might use another four-lettered adjective ending in y—to take proper care of it. At any rate, for months I have been carrying around a fountain pen whose sole use is to dip into an ink-bottle.

Why do I carry it at all? Because it has a cap, and can be put safely in my pocket; and also because a fountain pen, dipped in the ink, will write three or four times as long as an ordinary pen without dipping in the ink again. Another evidence of la—of busy-ness, you see.

And so here is this ingenious contrivance, this generous reservoir, this pen of precious gold with its point of still more precious diamond, this nicely devised apparatus for conducting the ink from the reservoir to the tip, all this is in my hand, as the concentrated embodiment of the twentieth century, and I use the instrument precisely as if it were the quill pen of the Pilgrim Fathers!

And in doing this, brethren, I perceive that I am a walking parable. For there are so many men to whom God has given fountain-pen outfits, who nevertheless are living ink-bottle lives!

What do I mean? Well—

Here is a girl who has learned to read, has become mistress of that ability which chiefly lifts man above the brutes; and when she reads, what does she read? *The Sunday Garbage-Bucket* and "The Suicide of Susy Silly."

Here is a lad who has gone through college, and has a mind stored with the most inspiring results of the ages; and how is he using that mind? He is playing financial highwayman and freebooter in the stock market.

Here is a man whose persuasive powers might make him a glorious winner of souls, as a Sunday-school teacher, perhaps, or a helper in some mission; and how is he using his abilities for the Master who gave them? He is passing the collection-box when they are one deacon short!

Here is a Christian whose memory is keen and true; and to what use is he putting that wonderful instrument, so far as the things best worth remembering are concerned? He has not in his mind a single Bible text that he can quote accurately, not even John 3:16; he has to run to the ink-bottle for every line of comfort or faith he uses.

Now you see what I mean by ink-bottle lives. And now perhaps you will answer to yourself this question: Are you using all your resources, and using them, too, for the God who gave them?

"Buy as You Sell."

Before a meeting of the Jobbers' Association of Dress Fabric Buyers, held during the Great War, a speaker proposed the motto, "Buy as you sell." He was urging his hearers to be cautious in laying in stocks; not to allow their stocks to run too low, but also not to make extravagant purchases in unsettled times. Simply let their purchases keep pace with their sales.

This principle of prudence applies to many matters besides dress fabrics. It applies, for instance, to recreation. Some allow their stock of recreation to fall too low; they do not replenish the waste of work; they get below par physically, and therefore mentally and spiritually. Others overdo their recreation, play more than they need, and soon become bankrupt in the matter of work. The wise man, on the contrary, buys as he sells, makes his accretions of muscular and nerve force keep even pace with the destruc-

tion of muscular and nerve force, and so makes of life a profitable and sensible business.

Again, apply this principle to the mental realm. Here also we should buy as we sell, take in new information, new truth, new mental stimulus, in fair proportion as we give it out to others and build it up into our own mental structure. All that is beyond this rots in our brain storehouses. If our mental income is less than our outgo, we become mental bankrupts, mere emptyheads.

Most clearly and vitally of all, the principle should be applied to our spiritual life. Buy as you sell, in religious truth, in the higher things of time and eternity. Faith must act itself out in works, or it ceases to be faith. Love must spend itself in action, or it is only a vain emotion. Worship itself must be more than an ecstasy; it must be an outgoing, pulsing life, or it is only idolatry. But if we buy as we sell, if the income and expenditure of religion are kept well balanced, there is no danger of spiritual bankruptcy.

Indeed, the cloth-buyers' slogan is a good one, not only for these days of uncertainty, but for all days and all circumstances.

VALUE.

Not "Going, Going, Gone!"

What is the assessed valuation of Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, New York City?

Sixteen million dollars.

And of St. Paul's Church at Fulton Street?

Eight million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Are they for sale?

Emphatically not.

Could they be bought?

The rector of Trinity says there is not money enough in the United States to buy them.

Why is this, in commercial New York?

Because New York is far from being wholly commercial. Because the best things in New York, as everywhere else, are not put up at auction and are absolutely priceless. Love cannot be bought. Happiness cannot be bought. Faith cannot be bought. Honesty is not for sale. Manhood is unpurchasable. Blessed homes and true marriages by the hundred thousand, motherhood, fatherhood, filial affection, those have no price-tag and never can have.

This the commercial age? There never was an age that was less commercial than this.

Synthetic.

First Diamond (greatly excited): I hear they have made synthetic diamonds!

Second Diamond (yawning): What! Really?

First Diamond: Yes, in Geneva, Switzerland, where a chemical process has been found to form crystals in every respect the same as the diamond.

Second Diamond: Physical processes have long ago done that. Artificial diamonds that are absolutely genuine are nothing new.

First Diamond: Then we shall soon be given to children to play with!

Second Diamond: Not so fast. These manufactured diamonds are always, at least thus far, very small, almost microscopic. Moreover, small as they are, they are usually made at enormous cost, far more expensive than real diamonds.

First Diamond: But won't they be likely to improve the processes, so that artificial diamonds will be perfect, and genuine, and very large, and beautifully colored, and very cheap?

Second Diamond: Very likely.

First Diamond: Then people will cease to value us.

Second Diamond: Very likely; most persons.

First Diamond: Then what will become of us?

Second Diamond: Shall we be any the less diamonds? Shall we lack any of the hardness, and brilliancy, and beauty which God gave us?

First Diamond: But these others?

Second Diamond: Shall we grudge the world just that much more hardness and brightness and beauty?

First Diamond starts to say something, but falls into a reverie.

\$1.25 an Inch.

London real estate has prodigious values, probably the highest in the world. The heart of the great city is worth \$16,250,000 an acre. One square mile is worth \$750,000,000. The ground under the Bank of England is estimated to be worth \$35,000,000. In many places land is sold for \$1.25 a square inch, for \$200, or \$250, or \$350 a square foot.

What makes these enormous values? Of course, the people gathered in that great population center. Let the people move away, and you could get an acre of London for a hundred dollars. Land is worth much or little, roughly speaking, according to the number of people around it, and also according to their character, intelligence, and enterprise. That is, if Canton, China, had as many inhabitants as London, land there would not be nearly so valuable as land in the world's metropolis.

These facts lead me to ask myself a very personal question: I live in Boston; how much am I raising the value of Boston real estate? I count for one in the United States census; how much do I count in the spiritual census which is the final decisive rating of influence and values? Boston has been a great center of culture, character, and patriotism. What am I doing to continue these characteristics

of the noble city? For Boston is not merely the peninsula of land bounded by the Atlantic Ocean and the Charles River; Boston is folks.

What are you contributing to real-estate values in your town, to the *real* real-estate values? The exact answer to that question will tell you some things about yourself which you may very much need to know.

No One Believed Him.

A London pawnbroker made a wager with a friend not long ago. He asserted that he could put in his window a diamond worth \$500 (one hundred guineas), and mark it for sale at 56 cents (two shillings, three pence), and that no one would buy it at that price, though he waited five days. The experiment was made, and the pawnbroker won. The diamond was exposed for sale, thus absurdly ticketed, and by the end of the five days it remained unsold.

A good illustration, that, of the common dependence upon high prices and show. Let a man or a thing be rated extravagantly, by themselves or others, and in most cases the world will accept them at the inflated valuation. Let them be set forth as of little worth, and they will be little esteemed.

How I wish I had been in London during those five days, and had chanced to look into that pawnbroker's window! And yet why do I think that I should have had so much more discernment than others? Probably I also should have glanced carelessly at the stone, muttered "Paste!" and passed on my way.

It is thus with the most precious things of life. They are all given away, or sold at a price ridiculously below their real value. Thus it is with love, and friendship. Thus it is with fresh air and sunshine and birds' songs. Thus it is with flowers and sunsets and all the beauty of the natural world.

Thus it is with the divine pardon and comfort and helpfulness. Thus it is with heaven. Thus it is with Jesus Christ.

Ah, because these are give away, "without money and without price," shall I be so foolish as to spend my time and strength and money upon the costly toys of the transient world?

\$10,000 for \$50.

Would you—provided you could—give \$10,000 for \$50?

I can imagine what your answer would be: "Who would be so foolish?"

But the thing was done in New York the other day, and not only once; it was done twice over.

It will make a difference in the view of some folks, but not of all, if I say that, so far as is known, only two fifty-dollar gold pieces were ever minted by the United States government, and that unheard-of price was paid for those two coins. In the early days of California eight-sided fifty-dollar gold pieces were struck from private dies, but no others were ever made by the government than these two coins that came from the Philadelphia mint in 1877. And now they are worth \$10,000 each, the highest price ever given for an American coin.

Don't say, "A fool and his money are soon parted," for the collector probably made a good investment. Those two coins will be worth much more before they are worth less. Mr. Woodin knew what he was about.

The transaction emphasizes the truth that value depends largely upon uniqueness. Anything, no matter what it is, that only one person or a very few persons can have is estimated very high in human price-lists. And in the realm of action, if you would become wealthy and honored, you must learn to do something so much better than others can do it that your work will be unique. Between the average and

the exceptional there is all the difference that there is between a fifty-dollar bank bill and those fifty-dollar gold pieces of 1877.

He Would Not Be a Figurehead.

Talk as you will about these conscienceless days, I believe that never before in the world's history have we been more careful to give a good money's worth in return for money. Whether we sell goods or labor, I believe that on the whole we mean to give full value, heaped up, pressed down, running over.

Take an illustration supplied by a newspaper. Mr. Robert C. Winter, of New York City, was an assistant superintendent of buildings, getting a salary of \$4,000 a year. There was a second assistant superintendent of buildings, receiving the same salary. Mr. Miller concluded that there was not work enough for the two, that he was not earning his salary, and therefore he resigned his office on that ground. The president of the borough of the Bronx looked into the matter, discovered that there really was not work enough for two such officials, and therefore reluctantly accepted Mr. Winter's resignation, and abolished the place he had been filling.

Now isn't that fine? Such a man ought to have found a ten-thousand-dollar job at once, and I hope he did.

Every worker should be as eager to give full value for his salary as to get full value at the grocery or the dry-goods store. Instead of complaining when he works beyond office hours or in other ways passes beyond his duty, he should rejoice at the opportunity to heap up his measure of service. He should call himself an unprofitable servant if he does only what it is his duty to do. As Mark Tapley exulted in misfortunes because they made it possible for him to get some credit for being cheerful, so the worker should

exult in extra calls upon him, as affording proof of his willingness and capability. Strict union laws against overtime are necessary at the present stage of the labor problem, but they are a sad necessity, and are teaching hundreds of thousands to give grudging services, and as little as the law allows.

The true worker will refuse to be paid for doing nothing, and will be glad to contribute freely to the welfare of any man.

"That Costs Money."

Someone is making a too lavish use of something—of blank paper, perhaps, or paint, or sugar. "Be careful, that costs money!" cries the owner with emphasis. Do not scar your shoes, children. "They cost money!" Do not turn the gas too high. "Gas costs money!" Do not leave the water running. "Water costs money in a city!"

The implication of this expression is that money is the supreme cost. Whatever costs that, we must guard at all hazards. As for other things, never mind.

But in reality there are many costs that are far more important than the cost of money. There is the cost, for instance, of a mother's strength, or a wife's. Many a heedless son or husband, weeping over the untimely grave, would gladly have given all his wealth to bring back again the precious life. Perhaps he would not have had to weep if he had known in time how to spend money and save what is better than money.

There is the cost of character. No saving in the world is worth while if that is lost. You are in a bad business. To give it up will cost money. Well, let it. That cost will be the most gainful expenditure you ever made.

There is the cost of growth. If the saving of money stunts your mental

or spiritual stature, if in any way it makes you a smaller man, that saving is the most expensive thing in your life.

It is hard—one of the hardest things in the world—rightly to estimate values. Yet it must be done, for the power and beauty and happiness of our life here and hereafter depend upon that. If money and the things that go along with money make up our standard of value, that standard is a stake piercing through our life and fastening us to the world. If character, if love, if growth make up our standard of value, it is a banner lifted up on the ramparts of heaven, and ever urging us thither.

"That costs money"—well, what of it? The question is, "What does it cost besides money?"

VERSATILITY.

One-crop Lives.

Alabama used to be a one-crop State. It grew nothing but cotton. It was sending west for meat and paying from twelve to thirty cents a pound when it could raise it at home for from two to five cents a pound. It was sending west also for hay at fifteen to twenty-six dollars a ton, hay which it might raise for one dollar and a half a ton. Alabama had the world's record for corn, two hundred thirty-two and one-half bushels an acre, and yet it was not raising corn on any large scale.

What Alabama has learned many an individual needs to discover. It pays to diversify our mental and spiritual crops, to read different kinds of books, to study various matters, to attempt different sorts of work. One-crop lives are likely to be uninteresting, lives at the mercy of circumstances, lives comparatively unproductive. "One thing I do," said Paul; but he accomplished his great single aim by means of one of the most varied and versatile lives ever lived. Let us all be Pauline Christians.

VIGILANCE.

When "Sprinklers" Do Not Sprinkle.

"Automatic sprinklers" are not always automatic. No human contrivance can be trusted to take care of itself. All of them are outrageously fallible. The most that can be said of the best of them is that they will bear watching.

The automatic sprinkler is a series of plugs in a series of water-pipes running along the ceilings of the "protected" establishment. These plugs are made of a metal easily melted by a slight heat. When they melt, streams of water deluge all below, and put out the fire.

That is, if the water is in the pipes! But within a few weeks, as I write, the fires in buildings thus "protected" have caused a loss of more than a million dollars, together with the loss of a number of lives.

In one case there was a slight leak in a sprinkler, which had led to the shutting off of the water-supply till it could be mended; then came the fire. In another case, there was a small fire, and the water was shut off until new plugs could be inserted; then came a big fire. And in still another case the water had been shut off from the pipes, and no one knew why.

Ceaseless vigilance is the price of many things besides liberty. It is the price of safety, the price of prosperity, the price of purity, the price of wisdom, the price of power. Nothing can be left to run itself. Everywhere we need the track-walker, and nowhere more than along the rails of human life. Everywhere we need inspectors and watchmen, and nowhere more than in the complicated and dangerous business of living. Down through the centuries ring the needed words, never more needed than now: "Watch! Watch! for ye know not the day, nor the hour!"

WAR.

The Peace-lovers.

"How terrible is war!" buzzed the mosquito. "How sickening is the carnage one reads about in the papers! How can these men spill one another's blood in a fashion so barbaric?" But his tirade was cut short by the coming of a man, into whose neck the mosquito speedily plunged his proboscis.

"How awful is war!" twittered the phoebe-bird. "These fearful winged creatures that dart through the sky flinging down their death-dealing bombs, what a travesty of nature they are! I am ashamed to be a bird when I think of them!" The phoebe would have said much more, but it spied the mosquito. Darting from its perch, it soon captured the insect and ate it up.

"How horrible is war!" purred the cat, sunning herself comfortably. "I cannot understand the insanity of these men. Why should they wish to murder one another? Why——" But the cat's remarks were abbreviated by the flash of a phoebe's wing close to the ground. In a trice the cat made a spring, caught the bird, and set its teeth through its neck.

"How fearful is war!" barked the dog, as he bounded playfully along the road. "The blood-thirsty humans seem to delight in nothing more than slaughter; yet they pride themselves upon their law, philosophy, and religion! Bow-wow!" The dog intended to say much more, but he spied the cat, upon whom he at once pounced and worried her to death.

"How tragic is war!" mused the bull, chewing peacefully in the meadow. "No man can give life, but all men seem ready to take it. War is the insanity of the human race. War is——" Here the bull saw the dog trotting by, charged him, and instantly flung his dead body across the field.

"How absurd is war," growled the tiger. "It settles nothing. The vic-

tory often falls to the unjust side. The stronger battalions win. There is no reason in it, no——" At this point the tiger saw the bull, stole along the fence, sprang upon the bull, and in spite of its struggles was soon feeding upon its carcass.

"How wicked is war!" meditated the philosopher. "It is a sin against nature and against God. 'Thou shalt not kill' is justly placed among the fundamentals of all law. Life is sacred. Life is——" But the philosopher caught a glimpse of the tiger creeping along, snatched his rifle, and was soon skinning the magnificent animal for a parlor rug.

WARNINGS.

"Slow Board."

It is a great yellow-and-black sign, and the railroad sticks it up beside the track to warn its engineers of construction work, perhaps, or a bad curve, or a bridge over which the train must go cautiously. When the engineer sees the "slow board," he at once lessens speed. After the difficult space is passed, he sees another board, a green one this time, which reads "Resume Speed." Then he opens wide the throttle.

The wise Governor of our lives puts up a "slow board" now and then along our way. The signal may be a bad cold, or a headache, or a fretful mind. It means that something is wrong either in our own lives or in our surroundings. It is a warning to be heeded carefully. We must go slower and more thoughtfully. Then, after a while, when matters have been righted, we may safely resume speed; but not till then.

Trolley Alarmists.

Along a line of electric railroad over which I often pass has appeared lately a startling sight. The poles at cer-

tain places have blossomed out in broad red stripes. Sometimes there are four, sometimes three, two, or one. They are all very bright and prominent. I puzzled over the matter for some time, trying to find a reason for this decoration, and knowing perfectly well that there was a reason apart from decoration. Railroads care little for ornament. At last I asked a section hand about it.

"Those stripes," he said, "are danger signals. They are placed just before a sharp curve, or a turnout, or a country cross-road, or something of the kind."

"And why are some poles marked with four stripes, and others with three, two, and one?"

"They diminish in number toward the point of danger, beginning with four poles away, and so pointing toward the danger spot. The motorman cannot remember all these points, for the line is long. Some of them have thirty or forty miles to run."

Lately on this road they have taken still another precaution. Just before all such dangerous places a large plain sign in black letters on a white background is placed so that it juts out from the side almost into the face of motorman, and it says: "WHISTLE."

Is that being too fussy? Over-anxious?

You would not think so if you had ever been in an accident, or if anyone dear to you had ever been killed by one.

Brethren, there is no danger of having too many danger signals on the road of life. I hate to hear the sneering cry: "O, he is an alarmist!" An alarmist is better than a happy-go-lucky indifferentist, any day. The real danger is in forgetting that there is any danger at all.

Let us who know what temptation is talk often to the young about it. Warn them constantly away from saloons, from gambling, from impurity of speech and deed. There is no danger? The

sky is clear? No other car is in sight? The road is straight? Ah, there is a sharp curve hidden behind those trees, and on that curve is another car. The very person whom you think to be in no need whatever of your warnings may be in the most deadly peril. Paint the post red! Whistle at every cross-road! Watch, and teach others to watch!

Surprise Tests.

When a railroad sets down its iron foot, affairs generally go according to its desires. Not the most elaborate system of "block signals" will provide safety for passengers unless the signals are obeyed; but when the railroad officials make up their minds to have them obeyed, they *are*.

These remarks are illustrated by the results of some tests which the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad once made. These were surprise tests; that is, no one but the managers knew that a test of efficiency and obedience was being made at any time. And the number of the tests was 1,625.

Every test was successful. Every signal was obeyed. Not a red light was disregarded. Not a signal was misunderstood. Not an order but was carried out. The grade was 100 per cent.

And the reason?

Severity in some tests that had preceded. Carelessness was discovered by those surprise tests, and the careless engineers were promptly taken to task. "It is not your fault," they were told, "that a terrible accident has not occurred in each case of negligence. If the conditions had actually been what the signals indicated, no power could have prevented fearful disasters." Ten engineers were dismissed. It was made perfectly plain that failure to observe signals and obey them meant the loss of situations. And that is why those 1,625 surprise tests did not in a single

instance catch the engineers napping. The matter had been brought home to them.

And now, beloved, our lives are one long series of surprise tests. The signals of warning are set, red and glaring, right along our way. Shall we run by them? Ah, through carelessness or blear-eyed stupidity, how often we do run by them!

Well for us if the great General Manager of life's railroad takes us in hand. Well for us if He metes out any penalty, however severe. Let Him "lay us off," on sick-beds, perhaps, or with our hands fettered by poverty. It is far better—*anything* is far better—than the horrid crash at midnight, the burst of steam, the blaze of flame, the groans of death, and the ruin and shame that never end.

That never end; for, unlike every other road on earth, this railroad of life has no "terminal."

WASTE.

Take Care of Things.

All honor to Cad Burba!

Who is Cad Burba?

He is a clerk in the customs office at Louisville, Ky., of whom I have just been reading.

And why is he to be honored?

Because he carried and constantly used:

One knife for 18 years,
One key-ring for 19 years,
One pen for 14 years,
One pencil for 5 years.

His example is worthy to be made known everywhere, as a model for us careless and wasteful folk.

His pen was bought, second-hand, fourteen years ago, and has worn out two penholders. It is still in the best of conditions.

His key-ring bears the date, 1885, for it was bought at the Louisville Exposition of that year.

His knife-blades have often been

sharpened, but they are still whole and sound.

His pencil, an indelible lead-pencil, has still a goodly length. He never breaks a pencil point.

What is the secret of this longevity of things that usually remain with men for only a few days or a few months?

Simply care. Mr. Burba has a special pocket for the four articles, and when he has used them, he puts them back there. He does not allow them to 'lie around.' He keeps them in order. Rust is a stranger to the knife and the key-ring, grit to the pen, and a dull knife to the pencil. The result is a saving of much vexation and trouble, and the spending of a few cents where others waste dollars.

Now a penny saved is a penny earned, and to waste pennies, in this world where there is so much for pennies to do, is no less than a sin. The proper care of our clothes, brushing them, cleaning them, putting them away properly, guarding them from moths, would add millions of dollars a year to the Lord's treasure in Christian hands. So with furniture, books, adornments, tools of all kinds.

We are a wasteful people. A French housewife will prepare a good meal with what an American housewife throws away. An English laborer will wear his clothes twice as long as an American laborer, and look just as well. To save money is to lengthen life. Economy is part of Christianity. Taking care of our things belongs to taking care of our souls.

So let us all go to school to Cad Burba; and, in no spirit of miserliness, let us wisely save, that we may have wisely to spend.

WATCHFULNESS.

Why Hot Boxes?

The New York and New Haven Railroad runs more than 2,500 pas-

senger-cars, each with eight to twelve "boxes" which by friction of the axle and lack of oil and cotton waste may become "hot boxes," may burst into fire, and delay the train while they are opened, cleaned out, cooled, and repacked. Every twenty-four hours these 2,500 cars run 240,000 miles, or ten times around the world. What opportunities for hot boxes are here! And yet during the week before the day of this writing the entire railroad system had only eighteen hot boxes, whereas a year ago in the corresponding week there were forty of these delay-breeding and accident-threatening nuisances.

Why? What is the cause of this great improvement?

Simply care and frequent inspection of cars, journals, and journal bearings. The hot boxes are found to be quite unnecessary troubles.

So also on the railroad of life. You think it necessary to "flare up" once in a while with a burst of passion, a fit of fever, a blaze of sin? It is not necessary. Look to your axles. Watch the oil. Clean the bearings. Nothing is necessary that is bad.

WEALTH.

"I Wish I Were Rich."

"I wish I were rich!" sighed Gertie Gammons. "Then I could have a new dress every week."

"I wish I were rich!" exclaimed Sam Spaulding. "Then I could spend all my time playing pool."

"I wish I were rich!" Bernard Booker whispered sadly. "Then I could read all day long."

"I wish I were rich!" Mrs. Gaylord Gaddis cried eagerly. "Then I could travel from one end of the year to the other."

"I wish I were rich!" Oliver Overwork said grimly. "Then I would leave my job and never take another."

"I wish I were rich!" Bill Spender

ejaculated. "Wouldn't I treat the fellows?"

"I wish I were rich!" moaned Mrs. Shiner. "Then I would put it all over that upstart Jane Jenkins."

And these are seven reasons why these seven persons never will be rich.

A Strong-box That Was Too Strong.

A man in Boston, seventy-five years old, went to a safe-deposit vault to look up some business papers. He was a rich man, a director of a number of companies. While he was searching for the papers, a strong-box, weighing six hundred pounds, fell from its shelf above him and threw him to the floor. A doctor was called at once, but before he could get there the old gentleman had expired.

It is not often that wealth kills a man in this way, but in other ways it often happens. Many a man's fortune is placed in a strong-box over his head, and hangs there by an insecure fastening ready to fall upon him and crush him. Some men go about the world with the knowledge that this terrible possibility is impending. Most men that are threatened by it are entirely ignorant of it.

Few men to whom their wealth is a peril are conscious that it is a peril. They have become hardened to the danger by degrees. When they began life, the strong-box was very small and very light. If it fell, it would hardly harm a fly. But the box has grown with the passing of the years,—grown both in size and in weight,—till at last it has many times the weight of a man and can easily crush a man under its deadly mass.

How foolish men are to live in such hazard when they might so easily "stand from under"!

"So easily," did I say? Ah, but suppose the soul has rooted itself right beneath that strong-box.

WIDER INTERESTS.

Use Periscopes.

Everybody knows that the periscope (at least in its most famous application) is the mechanical "eye" raised above a submerged submarine to show its commander whatever is in sight.

Now most of us, probably all of us, are submerged as deeply as ever any submarine, "head over heels," as we say, in work, in social engagements, in household cares, letters to write, committees to meet, and endless other complications. We have no time for the new books, the world news, the latest discoveries of science, the latest advances in art. We are covered deep with trivialities.

Let us up with our periscopes! There are periodicals and books, many of them, that will give us precisely the outlook we are lacking,—reviews of the very best that is doing in the world. We should read one of these periodicals carefully all the time, and keep an eye out for such books. Our daily paper, indeed, will give us much of this outlook, if we select the right paper and read the right parts of it. Often a lecture will serve as a periscope. Always a conversation with a well-informed friend has periscopic qualities.

The point is that it is not necessary, even for the man most deeply submerged in petty details, to lose sight of the broad horizons. He can get a periscope, and he can make good use of it.

WIDE VIEWS.

The Open Spaces of Life.

I once owned a lawn which was a fair specimen of the style of lawn-making in vogue everywhere a few decades ago and still followed in most homes. Trees and bushes entirely filled the quarter-acre. The nursery-

man had evidently laid off the yard in a checkerboard fashion, and had placed one tree on each of the squares. It was a forest of saplings, and would always remain a forest of saplings, because no tree had room to grow.

Well, I did not own the place long before something I read gave me the idea of the landscape architect that for small grounds the thing to do is to make a border—an irregular border—of the shrubbery, leaving in the center a large open space given up to lawn—just the smoothest, grandest lawn that could be contrived.

I acted upon the idea. Up came the pears and the cherries, the mountain ashes and the spruce, the cut-leaf birches and the fringe trees and the hawthorns, and a level expanse of flawless turf took their place. And then around the edge sprung up a delightful hedge of flowering shrubs, sweeping in graceful curves that left here and there fairy-like bays of greenness and color. There were flowering almond, bridal-wreath spiraea, weigelia, snowball, Japanese quince, and all the rest of the lavish blossomers.

At once my lawn gained unity out of confusion. It was restful to look upon. It gave a sense of largeness, of scope. It was a genuine landscape, though only a quarter of an acre. And all because of that empty space in the center.

And now, my brother, try a little landscape gardening in your life. Vacant spaces are quite as necessary there as in your front yard. A higglety-pigglety mixture of occupations is as bad for your spirit as a hodge-podge of trees for your premises. Mass things. Take wide views. When you work, work in great sweeps. When you play, play generously. Do not cram your life full of petty undertakings. The course of ordinary living will see that you get quite as many of these as is good for you. When you plan for yourself, do not plan for these,

but plan for great things, for the things worth while.

I mean courses of reading that really pay, and not this chance novel and that haphazard essay. I mean some charity that has wide outreaches and long results. I mean some system of training of eye, hand, voice, or person that will invigorate and enrich your entire being. No dab at this and that.

And when you play, play as fully and boldly. Achieve long vacations. And if not that—as that is not always possible—at any rate make thorough vacations of your evenings, your nights, and your Sundays. Do not stick them full of petty occupations. Do not set out in them all sorts of fretting tasks and postponed jobs. There is no restfulness to be won in that way. Put work where it belongs, and play where it should go; work your work with all your might, play your play with all your soul, and you will find yourself gaining, as the years go by, a life that is more and more harmonious, a fine piece of landscape, on which other men as well as yourself will look with joy and serenity.

WILL.

Willing a Century.

A man died in Baltimore at the age of one hundred years and thirteen days. It is said that early in life he made up his mind that he would live a century. He was a man of strong determination, and he carried out his intention, and thirteen days over.

Now it is quite sure that no amount of will power could make certain persons with inherited physical taints live a hundred years; but it is equally sure that with determination to do so they would live much longer than otherwise, and that the ordinary individual would stand a good show for a century if he put his mind on it.

The fact is that few men really know what determination is. They know

mulishness, but that is won't power rather than will power. Will power involves intelligence. It includes discrimination, choice, wise selection of the objects and methods of living. No heedless, ignorant, or besotted man can properly be said to have a strong will power.

Willing one's self into a century of noble life is a magnificent achievement. More will undertake it and accomplish it every century, till it becomes the common thing.

WORK.

Where Sympathy Doesn't Fit.

I am always busy.

I hope I always shall be.

Not over-busy. I am *that*, often; but I try not to be. That is usually something to be ashamed of. But busy. That's different.

The other day I was talking with a hale old gentleman, who has passed by some years his eightieth milestone. He was on his way to his daily work in the city,—with all his faculties alert, a young man still in eager interest, warm sympathy, and solid endurance. And why? Because he had been a worker all his life.

I shall never forget one sentence of his. He saw me take out my writing materials, and said something about my always being at work. (I am *not* always at work, I am glad to say!) Said he:

"My sympathies never go out to a busy man."

To be sure; why should they? Is anyone really happy but he? really contented and satisfied, with himself and the world?

I have just been talking with another capital worker, an insatiable worker. The subject of our conversation was the seemingly unfair distribution of toil, whereby tasks are constantly heaped upon the willing workers just because they have become more effi-

cient, while the drones are given continually less and less to do.

And my friend said thereupon, "That doesn't seem quite fair, does it?"

Why not? *Noblesse oblige!* To the true worker his burdens are his epaulets. The heavier they are, the loftier is his brevet. The more eager men are to add to his work, the more sincere is their unconscious applause.

No, no, any way you look at it, the worker needs no sympathy. He, and he alone, is king.

Working on Skates.

There is a best way to do everything, and that best way is never found by sticking to ruts. A billing clerk in a large shoe-factory has made a discovery which greatly increases his own efficiency, and will doubtless increase the efficiency of many more clerks as the idea spreads. It is his duty as the orders come in to go back and forth over an immense floor space, selecting the proper lasts and in other ways arranging for the filling of the orders. That he may cover the ground more expeditiously he has donned roller-skates. Now he skims back and forth like a bird, traveling from eight to twelve miles an hour, handling twice as large an amount of goods as before and being less tired at night than before.

The secret of that clerk's discovery is this: put play into your work! It is possible to make a sport of any task; which is very different, by the way, from making light of it. Introducing the play element introduces alacrity, zest, good cheer. The worker has a continual pleasant spur. He is doing, not what he has to do, but what he wants to do. His mind is alert and happy.

You may not discover your skates at once. You may not see immediately just how to introduce the play ele-

ment into your daily task. But study the problem, learn how to play as well as how to work, and some glad day you will put the two together.

Scissors Secrets.

There are a number of resemblances between a pair of scissors and a good method of work. It may not be unprofitable for workers to make a note of these correspondences.

In the first place, the worst thing that can befall a pair of scissors is for the rivet to work loose. No matter how sharp are its blades, a loose rivet makes a dull tool.

And so, if there is a screw loose in your method of work, it—won't work. The teacher makes full preparation, but all his questions are leading questions, and his class goes to sleep. The preacher writes capital sermons, but he delivers them in one tone, and his congregations dwindle. The business man is thorough, energetic, and honest, but he fails to study the tendencies of trade, and his bank balance becomes leaner and leaner. If you are sure you have the right tool for your work, and still your work goes halting, look to the rivet. There's a screw loose somewhere. Tighten it up.

Occasionally one gets hold of scissors whose blades have become bent, and a pair of drumsticks would be as useful as such scissors. They may start well, close to the rivet, but in a jiffy the cutting becomes a haggling, and then there's a cloth clog, and that's all.

It is just like any method of work that is not quite "straight," that admits any deviation from the truth, such as false statements about goods, or a fictitious show of learning in the Sunday-school class or the pulpit. These methods work well for a short day, but they soon bring confusion and failure.

Another essential for a usable pair

of scissors is that the handles should just fit your fingers. If the thumb- and finger-holes are too large, or too small, or inclined at the wrong angle, though they deviate only a trifle from a perfect fit, yet that trifle will wear your muscles and nerves through hours of toil, until at last you throw the scissors away. They may be precisely adapted to Miss Edna's thumb and finger, but that fact makes them no fitter for yours.

In like manner many a worker has taken up a method because Mr. Jones or Mrs. Brown has used it effectively, without stopping to think whether he resembles Mr. Jones, or she Mrs. Brown. Mr. Jones may extemporize successfully, while a quire of paper is your tool. Mrs. Brown may serve Christ best by managing the socials, and you by baking the cake. There's a pair of scissors somewhere for every hand, and alas for the weary fingers that get the wrong pair!

The foreman in our printing-office has the hands of the mighty, as well he may, working with heavy masses of lead. But not even his strong hands can cut much with the great pair of shears that lies on his composing-stone, because the shears are very dull. The frailest girl compositor in the office can do better work with her slight hands and her little pocket scissors, because her tool is sharp. It isn't so much the strength of the hands as the edge of the scissors.

Wherefore, workers, keep your methods in good order. Even Socrates could grow tiresome if he always asked questions in the same way. Even Wanamaker could grow poor if he ceased to invent new business. Even Tennyson would have lost his bays if he had followed "The Brook" with "The Torrent," "The River," "The Lake," and "The Ocean." However stout your steel, friction is stouter. There's no edged tool but its edge needs the occasional grindstone. New ways

are good, even though they are no better, just because they are new. Keep your scissors sharp.

Finally, have you never noticed how much more briskly you use bright scissors than scissors that sulk from the eye? They may not be rusty, they may be straight and sharp, but they have the color of a cloudy day, while the polished steel flashes merrily under every sky. If anyone employs large numbers of seamstresses, it will pay him to hire a boy just for the purpose of shining up their scissors.

Oh, enjoy your work! It really makes little difference what method you use if you take little interest in it. It may be the best way in the world of doing your task, but your success will be short if your face is long. Polish up your toil. Exult in your labor. Rejoice in the most humdrum details of your occupation. Know sunnily that this is God's world, and that God is in it. And God bless your scissors and you!

WORLDLINESS.

The Soul's Caustic.

The distinguished naturalist, Oswald Latter, has made a great discovery.

There is a moth, whose visiting-card reads "*Dicranura vinula*." In the process of changing from larva to moth it shuts itself up, as other larvæ do, in a cocoon of its own spinning, tough and strong. Out of this, as has long been known, the moth, when formed, makes its way by secreting some liquid which softens the cocoon, so that the insect can make its way through easily. But what that liquid is, the world has been waiting for Mr. Latter to discover.

The secret is a surprising one. It is nothing more or less than caustic potash. Mr. Latter cut off the tips of cocoons, caught the liquid as it was

being ejected, analyzed it chemically, and proved its nature.

Now caustic potash is powerful stuff. Put a drop on your hand, and it will promptly burn its way through skin and flesh, as it burns its way through the moth's silken cocoon. But how can the moth itself manufacture it and contain it without being eaten away by its own product? That is the puzzle.

Well, while we are waiting for Mr. Latter to learn this also, we may be preaching ourselves a little sermon.

For we are all enwrapped by layers of worldliness, of habits and feelings and ambitions and customs that seem impossible to be broken, but that hold us back ever from the life of freedom, the life of sunshine and beauty and wings. And what are we to do, tied hand and foot in the dark, pressed on every side by the web of worldliness?

Burn our way out! Not a soul but can manufacture a solvent for all circumstances, however unfavorable to the spiritual life they may be. We may form within us a hot indignation against these snares of the evil one. This wrath will not burn us; we may be thus angry and sin not. And as we come to love the life of the spirit and hate the life of the flesh, the prison walls will fall away, the light of the blessed sun will flash in, summer scents and sounds and the touch of the summer breeze will arouse our bewildered senses, we shall crawl out into the fine, free air, and we shall fly away!

There is a way out of every prison, and that way begins in the heart of the prisoner.

WORRY.

That Other Shoe.

A certain traveler, arriving at a hotel, found it crowded; the landlord assured him that not a room was left.

But the traveler was persistent and

desperate. He must find lodging. He urged the lateness of the night. He bullied the landlord. He threatened him. And at last he extorted from him the information that two of his rooms were empty.

These rooms, however, had been paid for by an excessively nervous invalid, who rented the rooms on both sides of his bedroom in order that he might not be disturbed by noises on either hand. After much persuasion, the landlord agreed to open one of these to the traveler, who on his part agreed to creep into bed in perfect stillness.

Scarcely breathing, our traveler entered the room and proceeded to disrobe with the greatest care. He was getting along well, and was congratulating himself on his enterprise, when unluckily he dropped a shoe. He remained motionless for a time; but, hearing no sound from the other side of the partition, he completed his undressing, got cautiously into bed, lay awake for some time trying to compose his strained nerves, and at last was on the point of falling soundly asleep.

Just then came a thud. The invalid had jumped out of bed. Then came a furious pounding on the door connecting the two rooms, while the frantic shout is heard: "In heaven's name, do you want to drive me crazy? *When* are you going to drop that other shoe?"

This is a ridiculous story, bearing all the marks of truth. In spite of its funny aspects, however, it teaches a very shrewd lesson.

For how many times we work ourselves into a frenzied apprehension of some evil that is not on the way! There have been indications of it, very likely. One shoe has fallen. There must be another shoe, at least, we argue. And we lie there, every nerve tense, our ears alert, our heart beating fast. The time drags along. Oh, this fearful suspense! We cannot endure

it. We shall go insane. We—oh, misery!

And all the time there is no other shoe to fall.

A Worry-book.

I wish I had begun, in my boyhood, to keep a worry-book.

By a worry-book I mean a sort of ledger, in which I would record, on the left-hand page, each worry that I entertain, and on the right-hand page opposite the actual event, whether it bears out the worry or convicts it of folly.

I find that my worries pass out of my mind as soon as they are proved useless and unwarranted. Of course, also, if an occasional worry is followed by the calamity that is feared, the trouble swallows up the memory of the worry, being so much greater. The result is that I do not remember my worries at all, and have no means of judging whether, on the whole, they are well based or the reverse.

As a matter of fact, I know that most of those worries are empty hobgoblins. The time I spend with them I recognize to be worse than wasted. I castigate my soul whenever I think of my idiocy. Then I go and do the same thing.

Perhaps even the definite writing down of the worry would show its falsity. Most hobgoblins run away as soon as they are faced. At any rate, I should have it pickled for future examination.

I think I shall try it, even though it is rather late in life to begin. It is not too late, I fear, to fill the left-hand pages of such a book. And as for the right-hand pages, they will be mostly ciphers, anyway.

Nursing a Worry.

Yes, my dear Worry, I have come to nurse you. I know all about it. I

have nursed many a Worry, and got it strong and active before it knew what I was doing. You may trust me for *that*.

Mercy! who opened that window and pulled up the curtain? Don't you know that the very worst thing for a Worry is fresh air and sunshine? There! we will shut it all up tight, and make the room as dark and stuffy as possible. You will begin to feel better at once.

And now, what have you been taking? Let's see. H-m-m! Well, of all things! What doctor *have* you been having? Bible tonic! Promise pills? Tincture of faith! Don't you know that you couldn't take anything worse for a Worry than those very medicines? No wonder you are flat on your back, and hardly able to breathe. It's a marvel you weren't dead long ago. Why, those drugs are made for the express purpose of killing off all Worries, and putting them out of the way. Here, I will open the window a bit, and toss them out, every one of them. There! a good ridance to them!

I have brought something better with me, for I suspected the doctor you have been having. Dr. Komun-centz, wasn't it? I thought so. I got these from Dr. Longface, and he knows his business, I tell you. Best doctor for Worries I know of, and these are his favorite prescriptions.

First, you must have a spoonful of this suspicion syrup. That is just to tone you up a bit, and get you ready for something stronger. There! doesn't that sort of stir you up all over? I thought it would. You look better already. In half an hour I am going to give you a hypodermic—essence of doubt. And at the same time you are to take a pill made up of envy, discontent, and ill will, one part each. That pill is a specific, it is indeed. I never knew a Worry that wasn't set right up on its feet by it—I never have; not one.

But first, I do not like the looks of your pillow. Excuse me for taking it so unceremoniously, but what *is* it stuffed with? I thought so! With prayers! Why, don't you *know* that a Worry simply cannot get well and strong on a contrivance like that? A prayer pillow! If that doesn't come near to murder!

Now here is something like. You try it, and you'll see the difference in an instant. There! I told you so. You rest easier at once? I thought you would, and you'll find it a very great comfort to you. What is in it? Just the finest collection of disagreeable thoughts I could scrape together! I made it all angular, and hard as a brick-bat. Yes, I knew you'd like it. As for that prayer pillow, I've thrown it into the fire.

And now for the pill and the hypodermic, though I declare you look so much improved that it hardly seems necessary to give you anything more. But I like to make a thorough job of it when I am nursing a Worry. I'll give you one dose of each, and then I'll warrant you will be on your feet again and running around as lively as ever. I shouldn't be surprised if you should be able to go right out and do a good night's work killing sleep. And it will all be due to my treatment, every bit of it. Goodness knows what would have become of you if I hadn't been called in!

The Philosophy of Mosquito Netting.

I have been thinking about mosquito netting. I hate with a mortal hatred every buzzing, flying, stinging, poisonous pest, and if a situation were offered me on top of the North Pole, I would seriously consider it, because of the absence of those nuisances from the neighborhood.

Now the philosophy of mosquito netting is this: You must have some-

thing that will keep the mosquitoes out and let the air in.

It is a delicate adjustment. A little too wide meshes, and the vicious beasts will contrive to slip through. A little too small meshes, and you smother. Our standard of mosquito netting is the result of long experience, and wisely combines the maximum of atmosphere with the minimum of mosquito.

I am especially glad to extract a moral from mosquitoes, because that is all they are good for. Therefore:

The properly furnished mind will provide itself with mosquito netting. This netting will sift out the little stinging, buzzing frets that make life miserable and raise great welts on our dispositions.

Some folks let them all in. Open doors and windows, light the lamps, never a bit of netting, and, of course, not a curtain. In they come, June-bug, 'skeet, snapping beetle, lady-bug, gnats, sand-flies, moths, millers, even bats. There is no end to the number and variety of frets that will get into a mind if it has no mosquito netting.

Others have great, cool, calm, quiet minds, undisturbed by a single fret. But somehow, before you know such people long, you begin to gasp for breath, it is so close. The fact is, that doors and windows are hermetically sealed. Not a whiff of air can get in. There are no mosquitoes, to be sure, but also there is no oxygen. You grow drowsy. Your head nods. You talk as in a far-away dream. You would welcome even a mosquito to wake you up.

You see what I mean. Freedom from frets is too dearly bought if it costs life, energy, vivacity, sympathy, and enthusiasm. In order to shut out the worries of life, there is no need to shut yourself up in a glass case. Use a mosquito netting. Let in the air, and at the same time keep out the frets. Serenity need not be stagnation.

And what is this sieve which will keep the worries out and let the ozone in? It is the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled"—that is the mosquito netting; "Ye believe in God, believe also in me"—that is the ozone! The peace of Christ will keep out the frets, and the love of Christ, which includes love of all Christ's children, will bring in with it the vitalizing atmosphere of sympathy, aspiration, and duty.

So there, Master Mosquito, I have made my moral. But no thanks to you!

A Consecrated Imagination.

A dear old lady once gave a friend of mine a lesson in cheerfulness. She had a drunken, cruel, worthless husband. One evening she sat on her doorstep, her kind old face wreathed in smiles. Passing by, my friend asked, "Why, Aunt Mary, what makes you smile so?" "Oh," she answered, "I was jest a-settin' here and thinkin' how happy I'd be if my old John was only a nice man." "Well," said my friend to herself, "now let all the Marys whose Johns *are* nice smile."

How many of us have consecrated our imaginations to God? How many of us have *deseccated* them to the devil? Our Johns are nice, and we sit on our doorsteps with our handkerchiefs at our eyes. "Alas!" we moan, "what would happen to me if my John should go to the bad?"

My readers, let me whisper something true: If you had a great balance, with the diameter of the universe for a crossbeam, and should put in one pan all the woes you have dreaded, and in the second pan all of these woes that ever came to pass, the first pan would sink so quickly and so far as to knock all the real woes clear out of space!

If you should prove this to yourself by an actual account, it would be the

most profitable bookkeeping you ever undertook. Write down all your worries. Wait a while and watch, and then check off all the worries that have not come to pass. Keep what is left, and read them over every night just before you read the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of John. Then kneel down, and pray for grace to consecrate your imaginations to God who gave them, so that, instead of the faithless work of fancying future woes, you may the rather busy yourselves with picturing the joys that Christ has gone before to prepare for us,—those joys that eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of timorous man even dared to imagine.

Will you do it?

ZEAL.

Too Vigorous.

Five French war-ships shot themselves silent one day.

All they did was to fire at the same time the two big guns in the fore and aft turrets of each.

The tremendous concussion jammed the turrets, and left the guns sticking up in the air immovable.

They were firing at targets, and the targets immediately received a long vacation.

This is a lesson to war-ships that they should mollify their zeal, and henceforth let off their big guns on only one end at a time.

It is a lesson also to us human ships plying the ocean of life, and more or less eager to do execution and make a noise in the world.

Vigor is a fine thing, provided it does not put us out of commission.

There is a zeal that sends one to bed with overwork. There is a manner of emphatic statement that instills doubt by its very boisterousness. There is a plethora of argument that dulls and wearies instead of convincing.

In fine, much of the effectiveness of

life consists in the right proportion. Do not overdo or underdo your work or your play, your speech or your attire. Remember the comical lesson of those French men-of-war.

Church Bees.

A London paper gives an interesting account of a swarm of bees that for more than twenty years had possession of the roof of the nave of Ifidel Parish Church. But they abused their privileges. At one time hundreds of them were found in the church, their bodies sprawled all over the floor. They annoyed the vicar in the pulpit. They stung a member of the choir. Their room came to be decidedly better than their company.

Therefore someone that understood how to handle bees was called in. He studied the situation, mounted the roof, made a hole in it and bagged the entire colony of honey-makers. Off they went to find more suitable quarters in a hive, and now that church is at peace.

The bee is a fine insect. For centuries it has received the praise of moralists for its industry and its commendable social qualities. But, in spite of this, it is no model for the Christian, and no fit member of a church. That is because the primary Christian quality is not industry, admirable as that is, but love; and in love the bee is sadly wanting. When smitten on the one cheek it does not turn the other; it turns its sting, and with efficiency. It is hot-headed. It is a nuisance in a crowd.

And so I do not like church bees. They are busy, but they are busy-bodies. They are all the time doing things, but they do some things that would better be left undone. Their zeal outruns their discretion. Their tongues are as sharp as the bee's sting, and quite as ready, on no provocation worth mentioning. Their unkind re-

marks, their sarcasms, their innuendoes, their faultfinding, their officiousness, tear down faster than their labor, however constant, can possibly build up. They are bees, but their honey is bitter.

We want church workers, but not bees. The horse is as industrious as the bee, and it has no sting. The cow is as good as plodder as the bee, and its temper is pleasant, usually. And if I want sweetness in a church I can get it without bees—by raising sugar-cane, for instance.

The Mormons chose a beehive for their symbol. They may keep it.

ZEST.

"It's Great Fun."

Once someone asked President Roosevelt whether being President wasn't hard work.

"Yes," he answered, "it's hard work; *but it's great fun.*"

The reply, so characteristic of the man, is full of instruction. It discloses the secret of President Roosevelt's remarkable hold on his work and on the nation. More than that: it illustrates a principle that all workers must heed, if they would accomplish anything worth while.

"No profit goes," wrote Shakespeare, "where there's no pleasure ta'en." The great poet was writing of books, and urging his fictitious character to "study what you most affect." But the advice is of the widest application.

Shakespeare found his keenest pleasure in writing. Edison finds inventing his most delightful relaxation. The Raphaels would rather paint than eat or sleep. The Websters are eager for the forum.

Nor is this true of genius alone. Every worthy toiler, in the humblest arts, repeats the experience of Jacob, laboring for Rachel, and his long years of service "seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

Every true worker's task is his Rachel, whether he is a plowman or a President.

If your work is *not* "great fun," change it to some other that is. If there is no other that is "great fun," or if you cannot change, then—change your nature. Learn enthusiasm. Toss self aside. Throw yourself into your tasks. Live for others. Enter into the spirit of the Master, whose meat and drink it was to do the thing for which He was sent into the world. All this is possible for you, if you are where God would have you be.

Stand Up to Your Task.

Postmaster General Meyer believed that it is a bad plan to sit down while at work, even if one is engaged in what is known as a sedentary occupation. He had a desk brought all the way from Massachusetts to the Capitol, a desk which he used in former years when speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. It was a desk so tall that he could stand up at it and do his work. He was sure that by this means he got a larger amount of work done in the course of the day.

There is still to be seen in the famous tower room in the "Wayside" at Concord, Mass.,—the house now occupied by "Margaret Sidney," Mrs. Lothrop—the standing desk made by himself at which Hawthorne used to write his great romances and charming sketches. This wonderful artist in words seems to have held to the opinion of Postmaster General Meyer.

There was an English judge—I do not remember his name—who had the curious habit of always placing his ink-well six feet away from his desk. Every time, therefore, that he needed a penful of ink he was obliged to walk that distance to get it. This was the only exercise he took, and it sufficed to bring him to a sound old age.

Stand up to your task! There is warrant for the idea in our popular

slang, for "to stand up to" a man or an undertaking is to attack it (or him) with vigor and perseverance, like a man.

There is a sitting-down habit of mind as well as of body. It means a relaxing of the mental fiber, a letting up of resolution, a weakening of spiritual force. No one can work at his best under such conditions. To work at one's best one must be alert in every nerve and muscle and brain corrugation. The red blood must course along the veins and arteries in a jubilant stream. The shoulders of the soul must be firm and erect as well as the shoulders of the body. The backbone must be well poised—the spiritual backbone as well as the backbone of bone. If a little standing up to my desk will help me into that spiritual and mental attitude, I will prop up my desk on dry-goods boxes this very day.

The Outgoings of the Evening.

There is a gallant and romantic sentence of the psalmist which reads,

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." How like David that is!

Most of us, though we think of the outgoings of the morning, do not think of the outgoings of the evening, but rather of its incomings. To us the morning is radiant, vital, full of gifts, pouring forth its light and power and zest without stint. The evening, however, is drowsy, receptive, an empty well rather than an overflowing fountain. But to David, the man of the open air, all phases of nature were full of eager life, and the evening as well as the morning was crowded with outgoings.

Should it not be so with all of us? Not that we should have no time for rest, for relaxing; but should not the rest be as vital as the work? should not the sunset be as full of rejoicing as the sunrise? Let us remember that we all must pass through the evening time, and the evening is as long as the morning. But God is in the evening as well as in the morning, and all of God is there.

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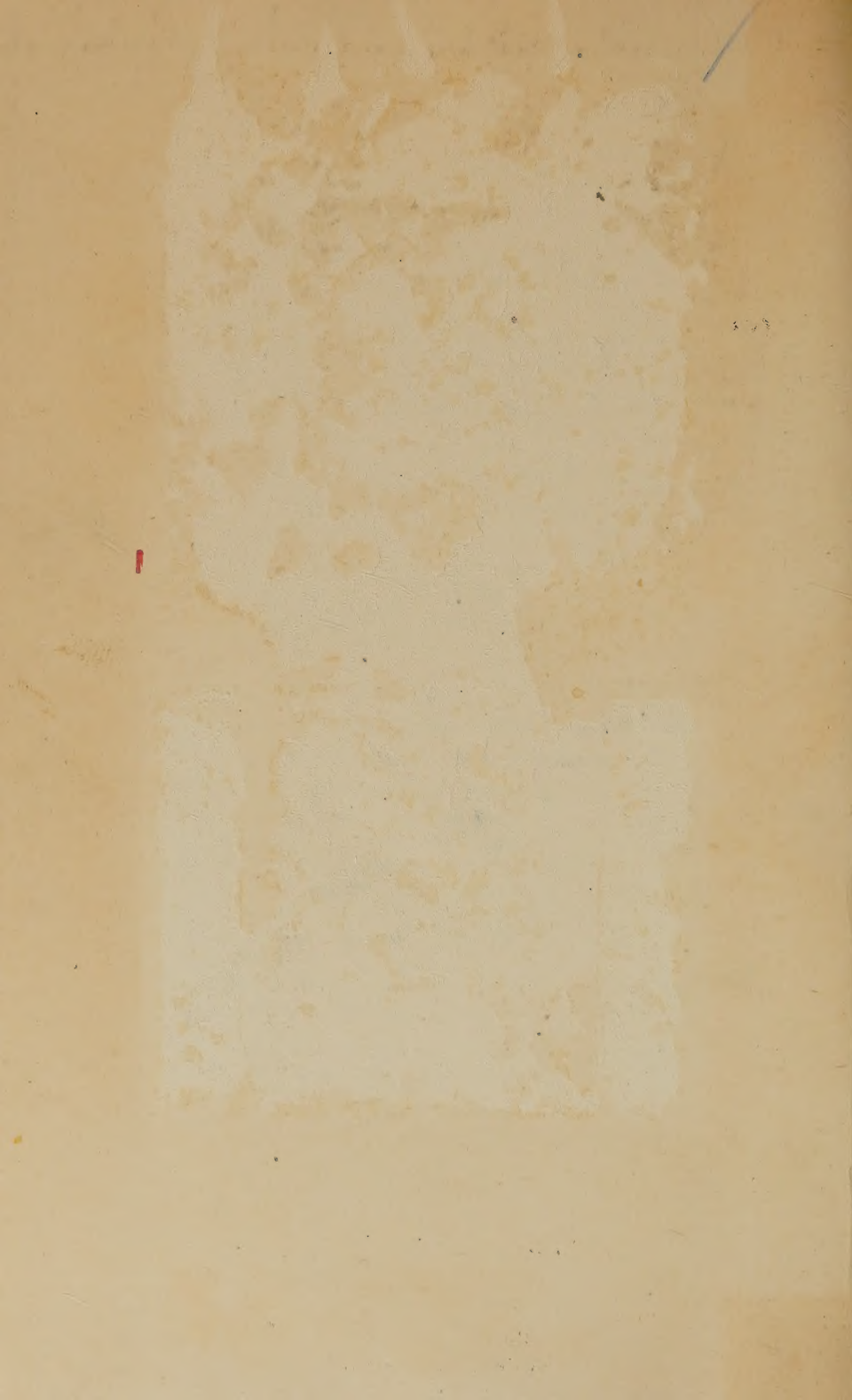
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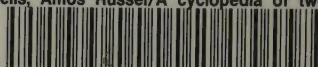
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